The Saturday Evening
POST
February 15, 1958 – 15¢

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I CALL ON **ED SULLIVAN**
By PETE MARTIN

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S
TALES OF HYDE PARK

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Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, styles 766 and 796, with "butterflies" of 760. Rug is Deltox—another fine Armstrong product.

this plastic floor gives you so much for so little

Revealed in this smart, modern living room is a secret every homemaker should know: the *secret of using the floor to give* your home real character—and saving a lot of money in the process. Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile is not just something to cover up a bare floor. It's a wonderfully versatile decorating material. You can create almost any design, for *this floor offers you dozens of handsome styles* and colors. Combine them interestingly, set off different features of a room with different colors, add accent touches in contrasting color. When you think of the luxurious difference Excelon Tile makes, you'll be surprised at its low cost. It's one of the most inexpensive floors made! And it's the easiest of all to put down—over wood or concrete—if you want to do the job yourself. To all these advantages, add the easy care of its smooth plastic surface, and you'll see why *Armstrong Excelon Tile is an ideal floor for any* room, from living room to kitchen.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING." 32 color pages show how to give your home personality, style and comfort. Sketch plan of this modern living room, with list of furnishings, available free. Write Armstrong Cork *Company, 5802 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE,
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LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • LINOTILE® • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • ASPHALT TILE

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She helps people find the products and services they want. Mrs. Vonna Shelton, telephone representative in Minneapolis, Minn., checks the advertisements that business men have placed in the classified directory.

This telephone girl is a big help to businesses

She has a loyal following in the "younger set." *Mrs. Shelton has a way with the children of the neighborhood which inspires a faithful attendance at her class in Sunday School.*

When you think of a telephone woman you probably think of the operator. But there are many other women at the telephone company who do interesting and important jobs for you. And they, too, have the "Voice with a Smile."

For example, Vonna Lou Shelton handles a very necessary service in the business man's world. She is one of many women throughout the country who help different concerns plan and place their advertising in telephone directory Yellow Pages.

Friendliness, good judgment, and follow-through have won for Mrs. Shelton the confidence of business men who appreciate quick, competent service and painstaking efficiency.

Vonna Lou's life is filled with people. Among her principal off-the-job interests are her husband and Sunday School class. She's a program chairman of a missionary society. Sparks many a fund-raising campaign. Goes to college to study piano and takes lessons to improve her golf.

Like so many folks in the telephone company, Mrs. Shelton has made a lot of friends—on her own, and on the job. "I don't know of any other work," she says, "that would bring me so close to all my neighbors. Our customers get to think of us as their personal representatives. I like that a lot."

YELLOW PAGES

Working together to bring people together... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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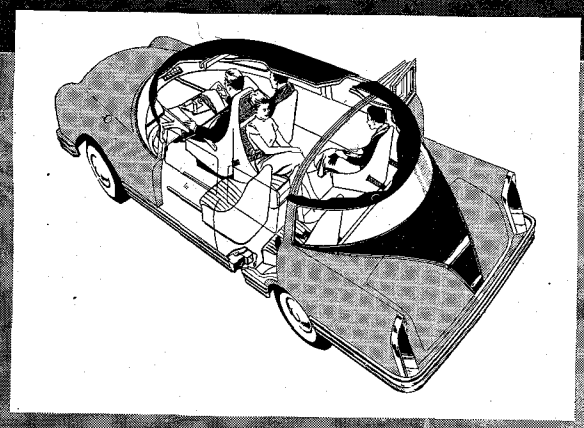
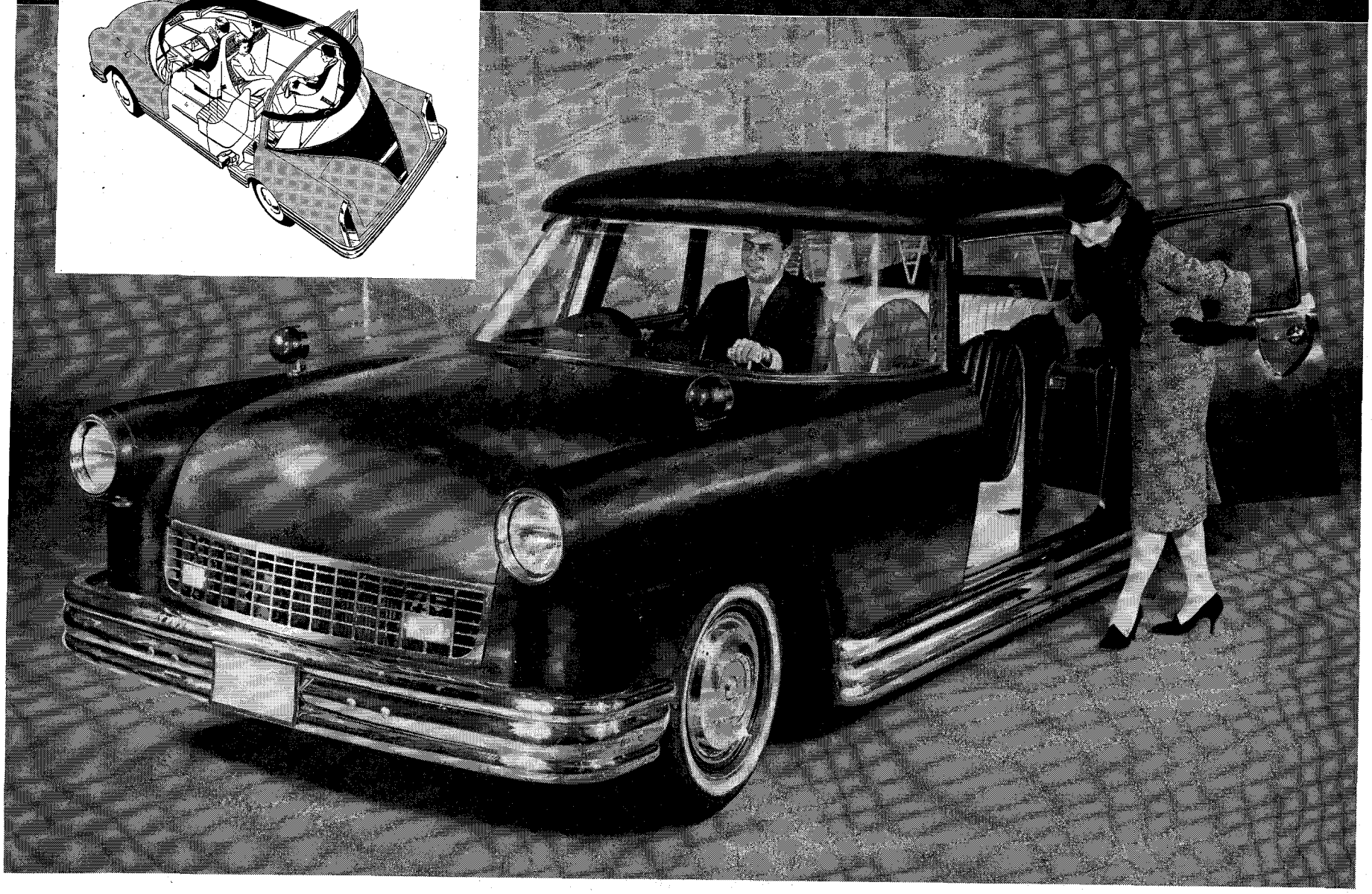
LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®





The "survival" car

LIBERTY MUTUAL HELPED PIONEER THIS GREAT LIFE-SAVING IDEA

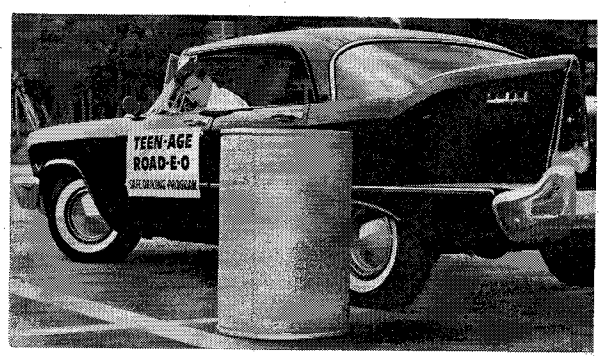
EXPERTS SAY that the safety features built into this experimental car will keep passengers safe even in a head-on crash into a bridge abutment.

The "survival" car came out of five years of research by Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory sponsored by Liberty Mutual. Its hinged doors cannot fly open in a crash and spill out passengers. The standard — and dangerous — steering wheel and post are replaced by levers, and the car is steered like a child's sled. By the use of ingenious padding, proper seat belts and a rear facing seat — over 50 safety devices in all — passengers are "packaged" comfortably and safely.

You cannot buy this car. But Liberty expects it to suggest safety ideas to car manufacturers. Some of these features are already found on 1958 models.

This "survival" car dramatizes a new line of attack on highway tragedy. The idea of safety devices, however, has long been used by Liberty Mutual to protect workers from dangerous industrial machinery.

If drivers and passengers can be protected from the automobile, as industrial workers are safeguarded against dangerous machines, the saving in life and limb would be enormous.



MAKING GOOD DRIVERS OUT OF TEEN-AGERS

500,000 boys and girls compete across America for the chance to win prizes for driving skill in the National Teen-Age Road-E-O in Washington. The Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsors this yearly contest. Liberty Mutual, the American Trucking Associations, Chrysler Corporation and The Pure Oil Company co-sponsor it.

** Acknowledgment **

FOR THE COOPERATION OF THESE ELEVEN PUBLIC-SPIRITED COMPANIES

The creation of this "survival" car has been a joint undertaking. In addition to the primary part Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory played, there were eleven other organizations which made valuable contributions. They are: A. C. Spark Plug Division of G. M., Bendix Aviation Corp., Colorado State Medical Society, Houdaille Industries, Inc., Irving Air Chute Co., King-Seeley Corp., Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Rigidized Metals Corp., Standard Products Co. and U. S. Rubber Co.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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IN THIS ISSUE

February 15, 1958 *Vol. 230, No. 33*

4 Short Stories

Bush-League Bandits . . . . . *Verne Athanas* 24
The Ghost of Maudslay Castle . . . . . *Robert Standish* 28
Tough Customer . . . . . *Richard Stern* 31
The Legacy of Mr. Lincoln . . . . . *Marshall Russell Skinner* 34

9 Articles

Florida Thinks She's Got it Made . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 19
The Yankees Know Me Now! . . . *Lew Burdette, as told to Joe Reichler* 21
The Face of America: Urban Pest . . . . *Photograph by John R. Wells* 22
Is the U.N. Old and Tired? . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 25
I Call on Ed Sullivan . . . . . *Pete Martin* 26
Rough Road Home (Last of five articles) . . . *Melissa Mather Ambros* 30
On My Own, Part II: Hostess at Hyde Park . . . . *Eleanor Roosevelt* 32
Roundup in Bloody Basin . . . . . *Paul Schubert* 36
They Probe the Future . . . . . *Clay Blair, Jr.* 40

Serial

The Case of the Footloose Doll (Third of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 38

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 42
Verse . . . 52, 65, 77, 101, 110
Keeping Posted 116

THE COVER

It's typical of the male sex that Johnny is realizing how much his favorite lady means to him only when she is about to go away—and that's enough psychology for this week. So John wants to cling to her, which will overlay a stunning new chocolate pattern on her dress, a chic addition to what seems to be a golden-fingerprint motif already put there by designer Amos Sewell. Without meaning to be unreasonable about this, is Miss Sitter going to come to the rescue or wait until the television program ends? Johnny's situation *is* a bit pathetic as mamma delivers what football fans will recognize as a beautiful straight-arm; yet he does have loving parents, a swell home, luscious food, brisk entertainment and a pretty girl to dine with—what more can a young fellow ask?

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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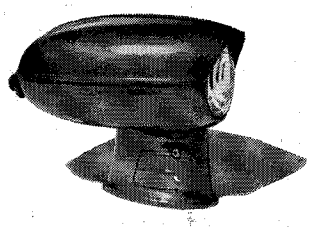
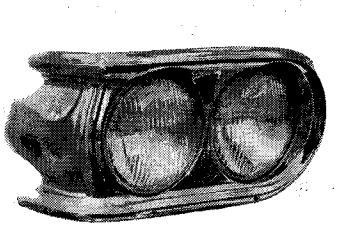
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

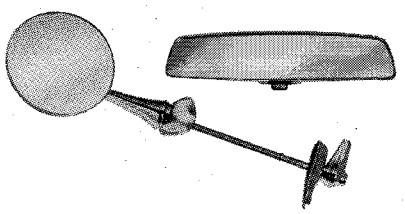
Guide
for greater safety on your '58 GM car



Autronic-Eye
. . . automatically dims your headlamps for oncoming cars . . . switches them back to bright when the way is clear. New sensitivity adjustment allows you to control the distance at which it dims your lights.



Safety-Aim Four-Beam Headlamps
. . . assures 1958 General Motors car buyers more safety for after-dark driving. Each headlight beam electronically located in manufacture to assure precision mechanical aiming at all times for the ultimate in safety-sight at night.



Guide Rear-View Mirrors
In today's traffic, no driver can afford to be without two rear-view mirrors. Guide offers you the View-Finder for better visibility, less glare . . . the Inside-Controlled Side-View Mirror for your extra convenience and safety.

Guide Lamp
BRIGHTEST NAME IN LIGHTS
GUIDE LAMP DIV., GENERAL MOTORS CORP., ANDERSON, IND.

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CHROME-ON-COPPER
Universal's famous deluxe quality for everlasting beauty

FLAVOR-SELECTOR
Makes coffee mild, medium or strong as you prefer

HEAT SENTINEL
Keeps coffee piping hot without increasing the strength

EIGHT-CUP CAPACITY
Makes up to 8 cups faster than you can boil an equal amount of water

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY AMERICA'S FINEST COFFEEMAKER!

Give yourself a real coffee break with this famous Coffeematic now priced for every budget. It brews coffee to the exact strength you choose time after time. Just set Universal's exclusive Flavor-Selector and forget it! Your coffee will be kept hot without increasing the strength. And you'll be proud to serve from this gleaming chrome on copper beauty. But hurry—the supply is limited.

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Letters

Traitor to Her Sex?

Dear Sirs:
It was a blue Monday until I read My Husband Ought to Fire Me!, by Peg Bracken, Jan. 11. The truest, funniest, most honest article I've read in years.

MRS. GEORGE SALMON
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:
If Peg Bracken keeps house the way she paints herself, maybe her husband should fire her.

MRS. JAMES WEST
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sirs:
That Peg Bracken! She had to go and squeal on all of us. Just when I had my

husband convinced I was worth a raise. I am hiding the January 11th Post forever.

MRS. FLORENCE SHOR
Skokie, Ill.

Dear Sirs:
Now I will be able to enjoy my morning bridge games with an easier conscience.

MRS. W. G. WOOD
Panama City, Fla.

Dear Sirs:
Peg Bracken's article . . . is sabotage (pure fiction, too)! I have spent the last twenty years convincing my husband that I am efficient, charming, smart, even pretty. The bubble has burst; her article has completely demoralized my position. This sort of a thing must be stopped or we housewives will be forced to form a union in order to protect our position.

MRS. DOROTHY WHEAT
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Sirs:
I know some pretty wonderful women who should fire their husbands.

MRS. JOHN MCNEIL
Du Bois, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
My husband feels that Peg Bracken should get a medal for admitting what he has always suspected about wives in general. *I* think she should get a medal for *getting paid* for admitting it!

MRS. BEATRICE S. BOKERT
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
What she says may be true but must she "blab" it to *all* the men?

MRS. ALICE M. ROSENBERG
East Greenwich, R.I.

Dear Sirs:
Please urge Peg Bracken to write a full-length book on the subject. She has only scratched the surface.

MRS. CHARLES H. BARKER
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Sirs:
The article . . . sure took the wind out of my sails. What with all the other articles I have read about how much a housewife has to do, etc., I'd begun to feel I wasn't appreciated nearly enough. In fact, I had begun to make noises like a martyr to my husband.
After reading Peg Bracken's article, I sheepishly admit she's right.

MRS. E. M. WEBSTER
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sirs:
To me it is pure unadulterated tripe.

MRS. HAROLD L. ISENHOUR
Salisbury, N.C.

Dear Sirs:
. . . She should at least heed her conscience enough to keep her remarks on a personal basis, and not try to include wives in general.

MRS. JEAN BURKE
Warehouse Point, Conn.

Dear Sirs:
Mr. Lull must be an emotional wreck.

MRS. JERRIE ARNEY
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:
Peg Bracken's article . . . was obviously written by her husband, because it so very obviously omits the wife's chief job—as whipping boy!

MARGARET RUDSER
Portland, Ore.

● *For lively reading we thank the 135 women and 10 men who wrote (73 pro; 63 con; 9 undecided).* —ED.

Wartime Shenanigans

Dear Sirs:
Ginral Lee, the Cunnel and Me by Richmond's Joe Bryan, III, Jan. 4, makes me chuckle whenever I think of it, which is often. . . .
This delightful tomfoolery by a group of courageous, wonderful young men facing possible death almost daily in the service of the United States makes one optimistic about the future. . . .
Let us seek such as these out from all areas and put them to working for us to bring harmony and tolerance into our mixed-up relationships.

ELLEN HARVIE SMITH
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:
I want to applaud Joe Bryan, III, and the others for the American humor and ingenuity which prompted them to make the most of those brief intermissions between their countless dangerous flights during the recent war.
How anyone could see sectionalism in their slogan, "Yankees fust, Japs second," I cannot see. . . .
Since my mother came from Connecticut, I have heard a good deal about Yankee ingenuity. Seems to me that in weaving their Southern fantasy, these chaps showed almost true Yankee ingenuity, don't you think?

JUANITA HAMILTON
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:
Ah declare, how thet J. Bryan, III, does run on! (Continued on Page 6)

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WHENEVER THIRST GETS IN THE GAME, HAVE THE

real thirst-quencher!

Copyright 1958 by The Seven Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up

Thirst should be against the rules. And with 7-Up—it is! A bottle of sparkling 7-Up gets rid of thirst like nothing else can. Quickly—so thirst won't interfere with your fun. Completely—so that when you finish the bottle, your throat feels cool, your mouth feels fresh. You're ready to roll!

"FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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one good-tasting
Lavoris rinse

...and your mouth
feels clean

because
it is clean

Lavoris
Clean!

Lavoris is proof that a mouthwash can taste good and really do good too. Its unique deep-down cleansing action is the most effective way to rid your mouth of germ-laden film and odor-causing food particles. And it tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

EXTRA TIPS ON FAMILY MOUTH CARE

SORE THROAT—A Lavoris gargle will clear away throat mucus and soothe irritated tissues.

OFFENSIVE BREATH—A Lavoris rinse will quickly remove the mucus coating and food residue which often cause bad breath.

DENTURES—Regular use of Lavoris helps keep mouth tissues clean and comfortable . . . the breath pure and fresh.

GUMS—Lavoris' astringent action tones gums . . . helps keep them firm and resistant.

Take a tip from your dentist—use Lavoris, the sparkling red mouthwash that tastes good . . . does good!

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Whilst readin' thet li'l' ol' piece he writ . . . Ah got so pixilated Ah scorched today's batch of grits and chittlins. Now Ah'm afeered my Beauregard's afixin' to whup me fer settin' wif my nose in the Post and lettin' his vittles spile.

MRS. REBA AUSLEY BASS
Decatur, Ga.

The "Poison" Label

Dear Sirs:

Meyer Berger's HELP FOR THE POISONED CHILD, Nov. 16, is an interesting report on the problem of accidental poisoning in the home. However, . . . the statement "No law compels a drug or insecticide manufacturer to name product ingredients on his labels" is incorrect since there have been Federal laws in effect for many years requiring the prominent declaration of such information. . . .

The Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act requires that, among other things, the label of a drug must bear conspicuously the common or usual names of each active and certain specified other ingredients which it contains. . . .

The Federal Caustic Poison Act requires the labels of 12 specified caustic or corrosive substances in retail packages for household use to bear, in addition to the common name of the substance, the word "Poison" in prominent type, and directions for treatment in case of accidental personal injury.

GEO. P. LARRICK
Commissioner of Food and Drugs
Washington, D.C.

NON-EXCLUSIVE TETRAPODS

Dear Sirs:

In your December 28th issue, your FACE OF AMERICA feature entitled WHAT ON EARTH?, shows the use of tetrapods in Crescent City, California, and states that this is the first place that they have ever been used in this hemisphere.

I hate to correct your valuable magazine, but we finished our tetrapod jetty last May on our new Port Project. [See above] . . . This project is very unusual due to the fact that it was built entirely with local funds, without any Federal aid. . . . We have expended a total of $2,800,000 to build this new Gulf Port. The depth of our channel and harbor is 12 feet. The Corps of Engineers, United States Army, has recommended that the Federal Government take it over for maintenance and deepening to 14 feet, and later, as justified, to 18 and to 36.

CHARLES R. JOHNSON, *Port Director,*
Port Mansfield, Texas

Dear Sirs:

You state that Crescent City is the first tetrapod town in this hemisphere to have "pods."

I vacationed in Mexico last June and saw hundreds of these pods at Veracruz.

BYRON WEST
Toledo, Ohio

● *Tetrapods have been used at Veracruz since May, 1956. They also may be seen in the Hawaiian Islands.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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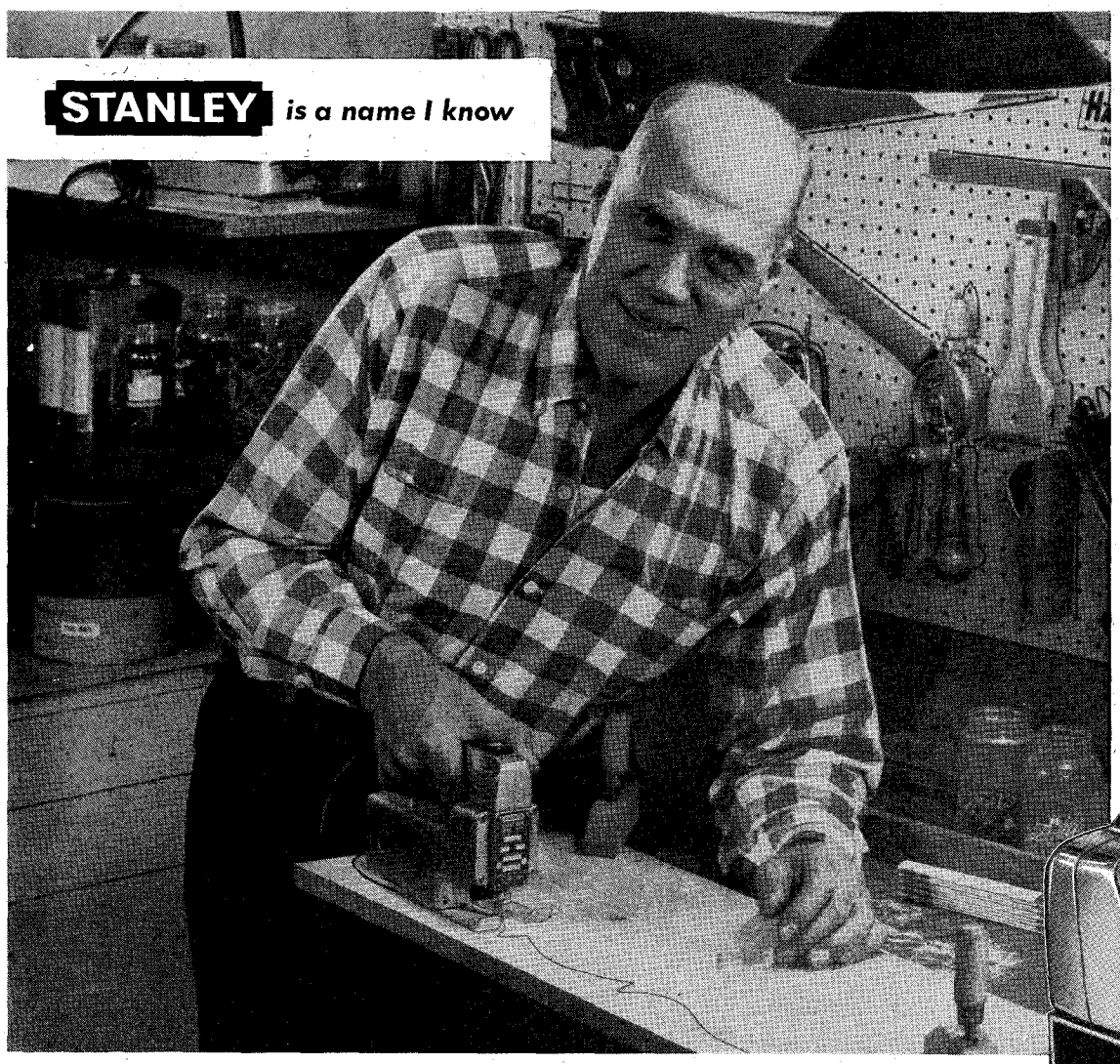


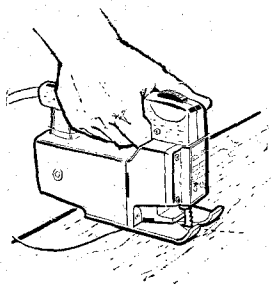
COMMODORE JOHN W. ANDERSON, Master of the SS United States, world's fastest ocean liner.

"My Stanley Sabre Saw sails through tricky cutting jobs like a breeze."

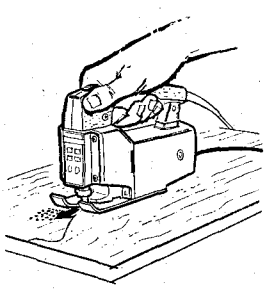
"Between voyages, I spend a lot of time in my workshop, building odds and ends for my new home. Naturally I use many different tools, but my new Stanley Sabre Saw is a real lifesaver. I've used it on plastic, Formica®, two-by-fours . . . even steel!

"The thing I like most, though, is the way it handles. It has a nice comfortable feel . . . light but solid. Gives you balanced control for really accurate cutting. And it's got plenty of power for heavy cutting, too. I know it can 'take it . . .' I have Stanley tools here my grandfather used as a ship's carpenter 75 years ago.

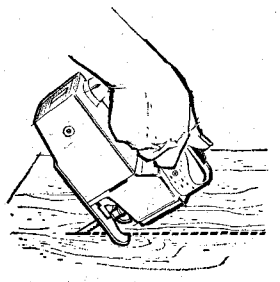
"Stanley tools have always been superior, but they've never been better than they are today. These new electric tools prove it, every time I use them."



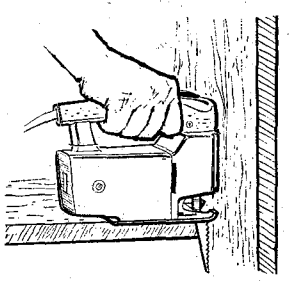
Cuts intricate patterns like scrolls, curves — the easy way!



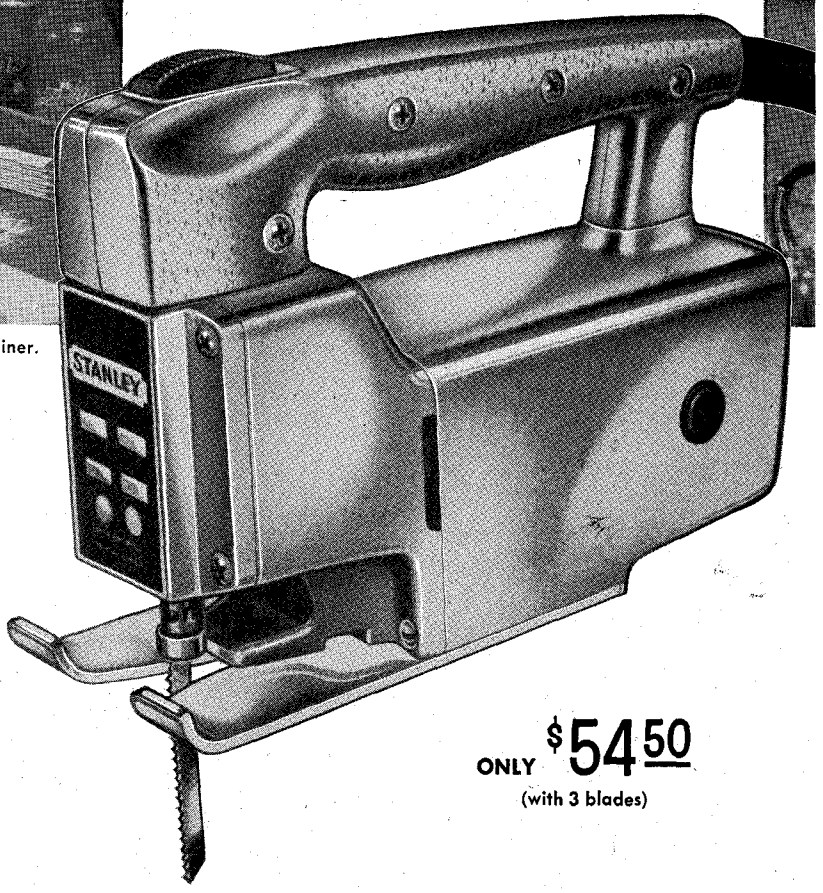
Powerful chip blower keeps line clean — easy to follow.



Starts own hole in surface of stock. Cuts clean and fast!



Exclusive feature lets you flush-cut right up to a wall.



ONLY $54.50
(with 3 blades)

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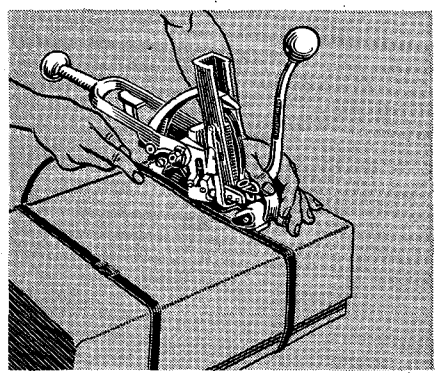

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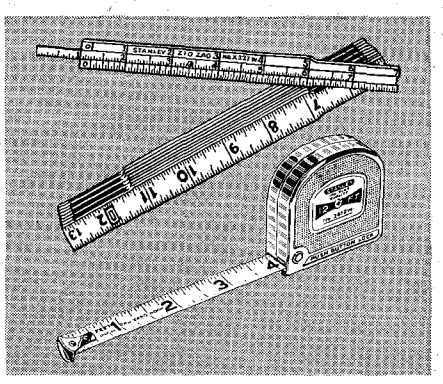

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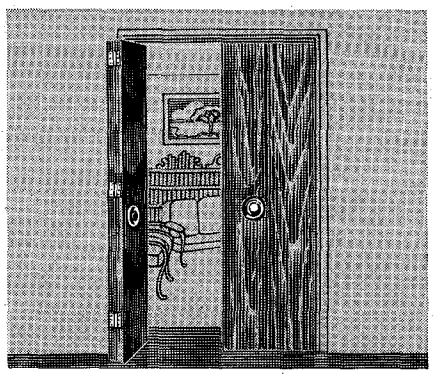

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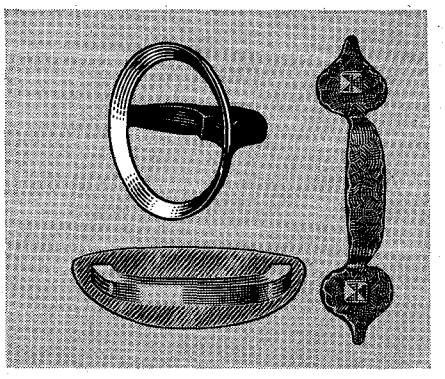

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Editorials

The Summit is Not the Place for Fruitful Discussion

The clamor for "high-level talks" with the Kremlin brass appears to be edging the Administration reluctantly toward that unpromising strategy. The feeling that another conference might avert war persuades some to ignore their better judgment.

In his press conference last month, Secretary of State Dulles, who has probably endured more negotiating with the Communists than all his combined critics have had to take, gave an impressive reason why a high-level conference with the Red leaders is a particularly dangerous way of going at the business of negotiating with them. "When you get the heads of governments together," said Mr. Dulles, "you have either got to come out with something or have a break. And it puts a terrific pressure on the heads of governments to do what may be imprudent just to avoid the alternative of seeming to have a break."

The Communists, of course, need not worry. If there is a break, they can blame the imperialistic reactionaries of the West, and they need not reveal to their own people why the break occurred. The Western leaders, on the other hand, continually face the likelihood of being maneuvered into the appearance of causing the break by resisting some apparently innocuous but really disastrous demand of the Communists. One need only recall Yalta to grasp the significance of this.

In the midst of the current trumped-up hysteria, somebody must be asking: "Why, if the Communists have got the upper hand, militarily speaking, are they raising such a dust to suck us into a conference?" Recent statements by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson and former Ambassador George Kennan against Summit negotiations with the U.S.S.R. "at present" suggest that some of the smarter Democratic leaders doubt that such a conference would be as popular as many imagine, and are preparing the ground for criticism of such a meeting when, as and if it occurs—and collapses.

But what are the merits? Is there any reason to expect a meeting between President Eisenhower and Khrushchev to accomplish anything, assuming that we do not intend to surrender? President Eisenhower, in his reply to one of the spate of Bulganin letters, made it clear that he saw no reason to anticipate success unless the groundwork for a high-level meeting had been prepared in advance through existing diplomatic channels. The Kremlin's energy in pushing this meeting, and whipping up its allies in this country to join the chorus, suggests that Americans should go slow.

The usual argument in favor of a Summit meeting is: "It may end the threat of a nuclear war." Surely nobody dissents from that. An end to the cold war and the armament race is the be-all and end-all of our foreign policy, as should be clear to all but the dullest. But those who expect new dealings with the Soviet tyranny automatically to dissipate the threat of war are the victims of dangerous credulity. They ignore the often stated and undeviating purpose of the Communist conspiracy, which is the conquest of the world. They also ignore the military thinking of the Soviet leaders, who regard conferences, like battles, as part of the strategy of conquest. A conference is expected to soften Western opposition to such Soviet objectives as the "neutralization" of Germany, disarmament on terms to the advantage of Moscow, recognition of Red China or a "non-aggression pact" with the Kremlin. Then, with our flanks exposed in Asia and Europe, we could expect the *coup de grace*—surrender or fight.

There are those who say the Kremlin is changing, that the newly prominent scientists and educated young people are putting the heat on the top bosses. Let us hope this is no idle dream but let the seething caldron bubble! Why should we make the dictatorship more secure against pressure from the people by buttering it up in a new high-level conference?

All this sounds rather pessimistic; but it can be said for a little honest pessimism that it produces no hangovers such as follow false optimism. Better, it seems to us, go along with Salvador de Madariaga, who, in a recent issue of Time and Tide, the English weekly, declared that "the truly realistic attitude is that which recognizes the hard facts: the deadlock will be with us until the Communist Party falls from power in Moscow." Maybe that's putting it too strongly, but de Madariaga's advice is sounder than that of the people who are assuring us that the Communist dictatorship has had a change of heart.

Owning and Operating a Car in High School Can Dull the Student's Zest for Learning

By CHARLES W. WHITE

Not long ago, Rick Johnson, a sports reporter for the Indianapolis Times, got to wondering why so few Hoosier high-school youths in proportion to total enrollment were going out for athletic teams. Inquiring around at various schools, he got a stock answer: "Not enough time."

It would be nice to be able to say that these typical American teenagers are too busy with schoolwork to crowd football or basketball practice into their schedules. But that is not what Mr. Johnson found out.

The principal reason the boys gave for being "too busy" was that they were working at jobs to pay for their cars.

"You're nobody if you haven't got a car of your own to drive," one youth told Mr. Johnson. Ironically, parents are often pushovers for this plea, although a phone call to the high-school principal probably would show that car ownership doesn't rate high as a stimulus to academic distinction.

Russell H. Rayburn, superintendent of the Hendricks County, Indiana, public schools, is convinced that car ownership is costing some boys the education to which they are entitled. A boy of sixteen finds he can't make as much money as he thought he could after school and on Saturdays. He doesn't want to give up his car, so he drops out of school and gets a full-time job. He may even resort to stealing. Mr. Rayburn believes car ownership should in most cases be postponed until the young man's graduation from high school.

Robert D. Morrow, superintendent of Tucson, Arizona, public schools, recently asked his high-school principals and assistant principals for their opinions on student car ownership. The majority verdict was unfavorable. One principal told of a boy who was capable of good schoolwork, but had contracted to pay eighty dollars a month for a late-model car. He worked an eight-hour shift daily in addition to going to school. The boy continued to graduation, barely getting by, but that was enough for him, and he didn't enter college. This was described as a "frequent situation."

Just how widespread car ownership is among high-school boys and girls is hard to tell because most of the automobiles are registered in parents' names. Drive by any high school, though, and you can see the cars for yourself. Teachers say the popular concept of Junior owning a mere fifty-dollar jalopy on which he tinkers in the back yard is more amusing than realistic. It's more likely to be an up-to-date convertible, purchased on the cuff. Numbers of student drivers are indicated to some extent by teen-age accident statistics. The American Automobile Association has published figures from thirty-one states indicating that drivers under twenty-one are involved in about 9 per cent of all fatal automobile accidents.

It seems odd, in the light of all this, that there has been virtually no questioning of the wisdom of the policy of so many states in granting vehicle operators' licenses beginning at age sixteen. Since the states aren't doing much about the problems created by kids driving their own cars to school, it's mostly a local and family matter.

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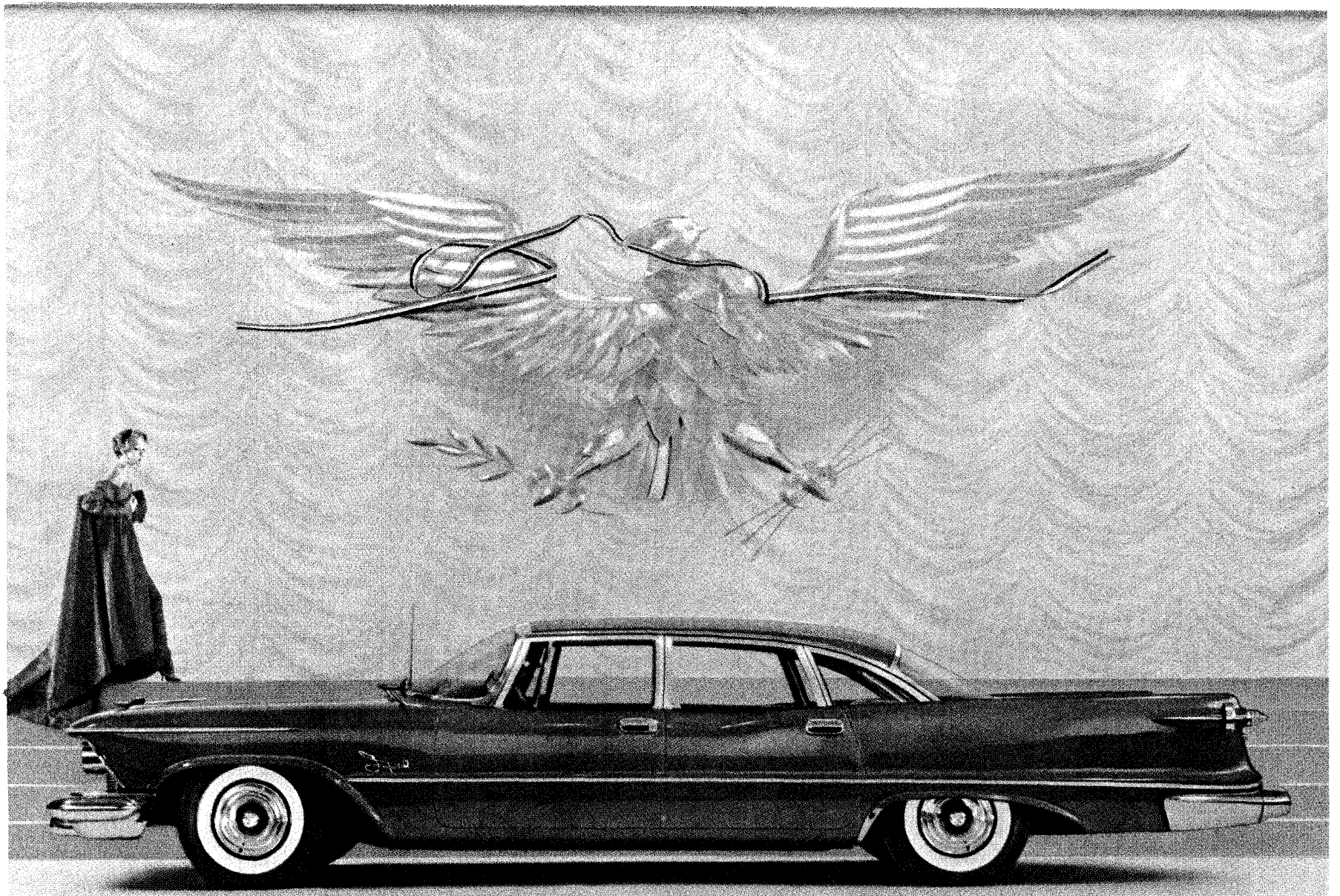

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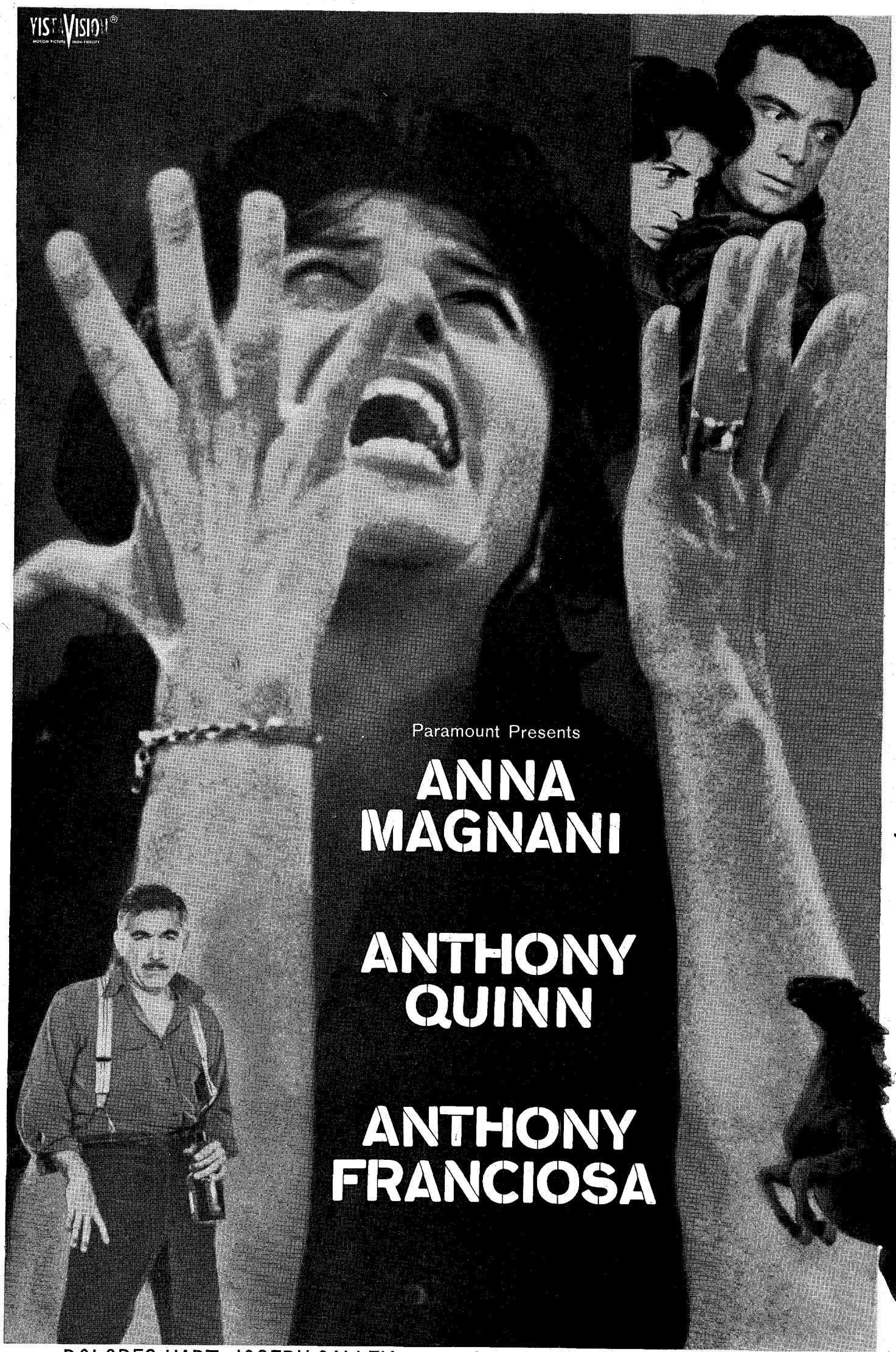

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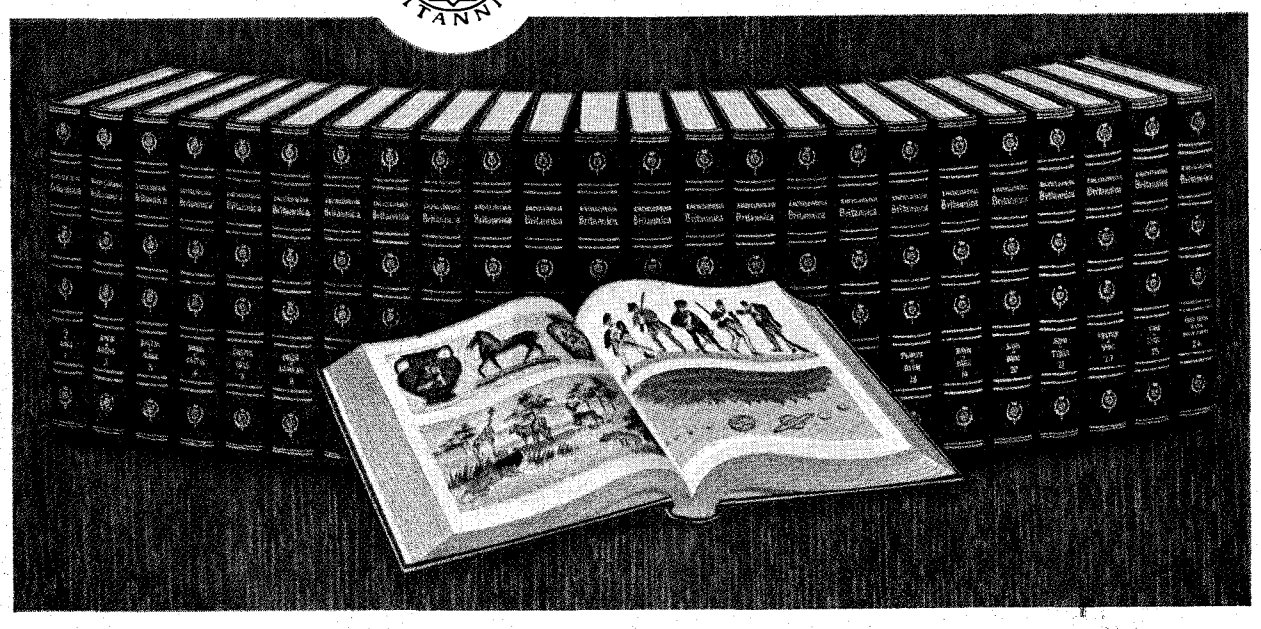

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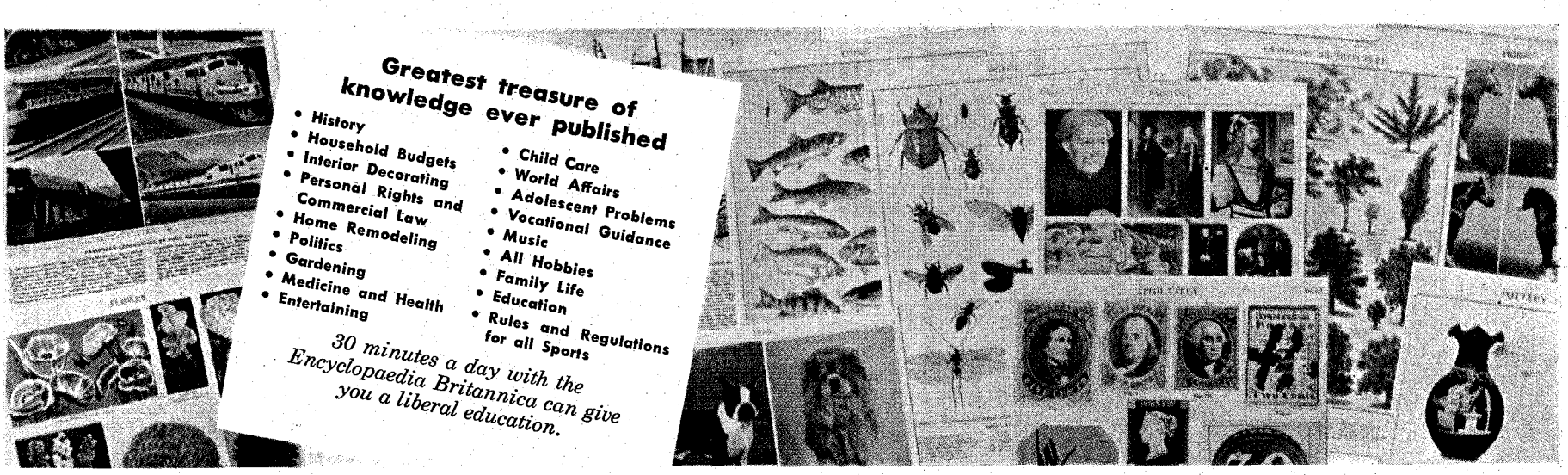

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- Less sideslip, longer nonskid wear than any other tire! *(Louisiana produce hauler)*
- 28% more original mileage than any tires we tested! *(West Coast Van Line)*
- Tripled previous tires' mileage—and 50% of tread still left! *(New York, Chicago and Texas hauler)*
- 40% more original mileage than any other tire! *(Mountain state common carrier)*
- 154% average increased mileage over previous tires! *(Eastern U.S. general freighter)*
- Cross-Rib tires still have half their nonskid depth, while other tires on same loop are worn to carcasses! *(East Coast tank line)*

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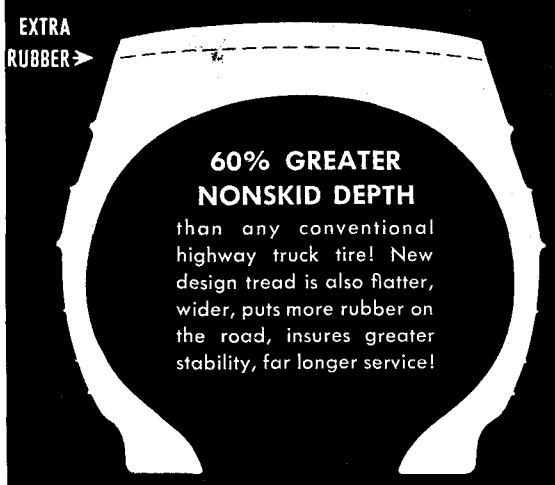
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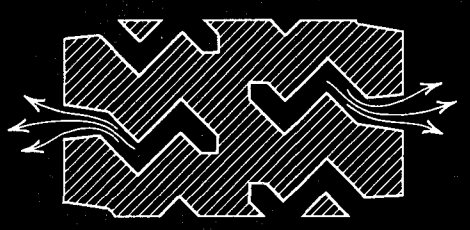

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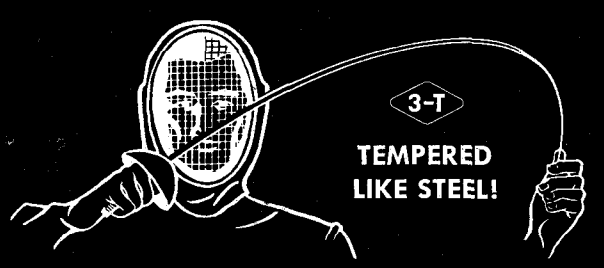

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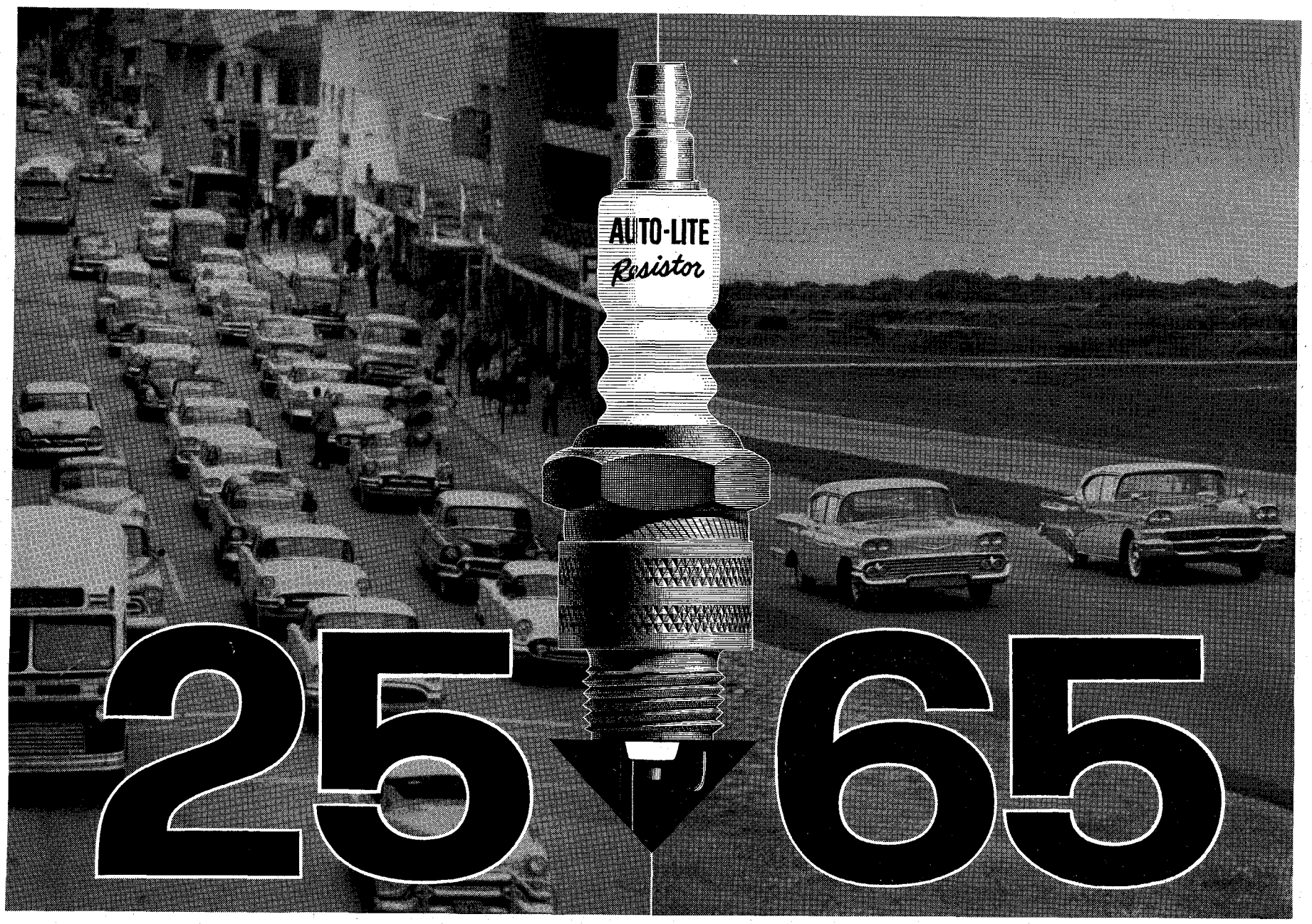

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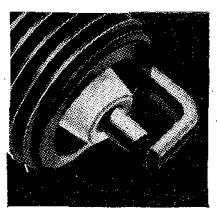

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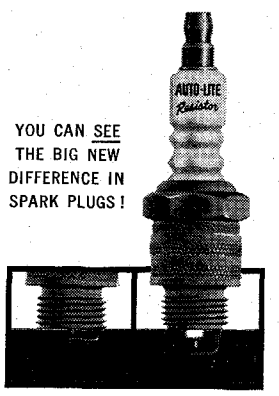

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HOW TO ENTER: Read carefully these facts about HOUSEPOWER. Then complete entry blank at right. Fill in your name and address *twice*. Be sure to check answers to all questions. Mail entry blank to HOUSEPOWER, P. O. Box 2070, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Multiple entries will be accepted, provided an Official Entry Blank is used each time. Entry blanks may be obtained from local Electric Power Company.

JUDGING: Judging will be done by the Contest Management Division of Richard Manville Research Inc.—an independent contest organization. Judging will be based on the degree of aptness, originality, and sincerity of the caption you submit.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS: Winners will be notified by mail approximately 8 weeks from closing date of contest. Only one prize per household. Winners' list may be obtained by enclosing a *self-addressed, 6 cent stamped envelope with your entry.*

Contest is subject to federal, state, and local regulations. All entries become the property of Edison Electric Institute. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

Each contestant consents and agrees that neither the sponsors of this contest, nor the Contest Management Division of Richard Manville Research Inc. nor any of their respective employees, will incur any legal liability for any negligence, error, act, or failure to act in the sponsoring or conducting of this contest or the handling, or judging, of any contestant's entry; however, all due caution will be exercised to prevent the occurrence of any such errors.

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL WEEK
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Please check your answers about your home's wiring system in boxes below. Look for answers inside your fuse box, or circuit breaker box:

Number of fuses: 4 or fewer ☐ 5-7 ☐ 8 or more ☐

Service Entrance Size is: 30 amp. ☐ 60 amp. ☐ 100 amp. ☐ over 100 amp. ☐

Age of my home is_____years

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Name of your utility co._____

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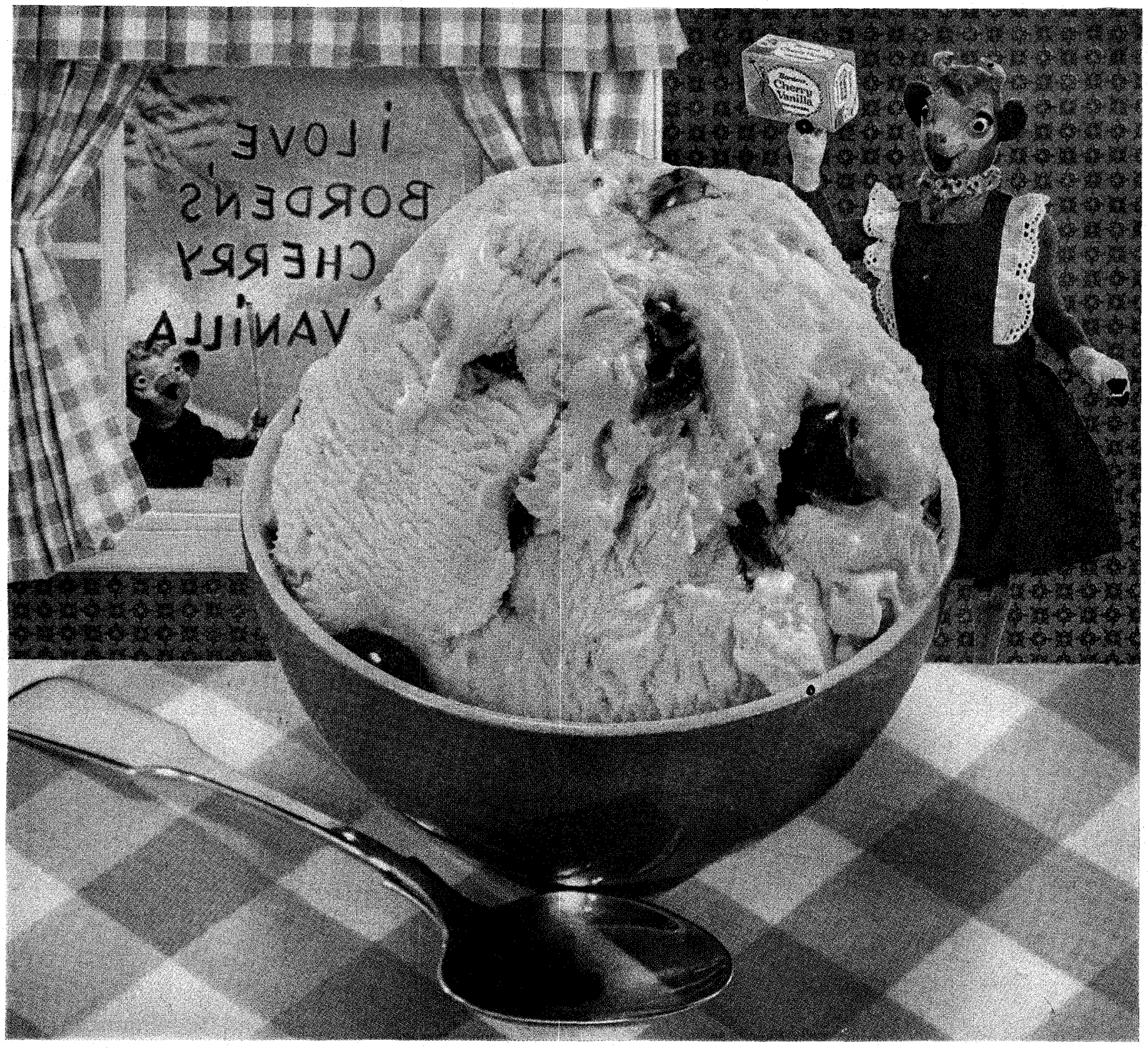

"You'll love it, too...don't miss this cheery cherry treat!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

It's cherry-vanilla ice cream time again! That wonderful Borden's Vanilla Ice Cream has sweet, tender cherries in every delicious spoonful!

Only the plumpest, juicy-ripe cherries go into Borden's Cherry-Vanilla. Borden's selects them, and Borden's is mighty choosy!

You can get this special ice cream in pints or in the economical half-gallon size. Look for it at your neighborhood food store where you see the *Borden Ice Cream* sign.

If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC.

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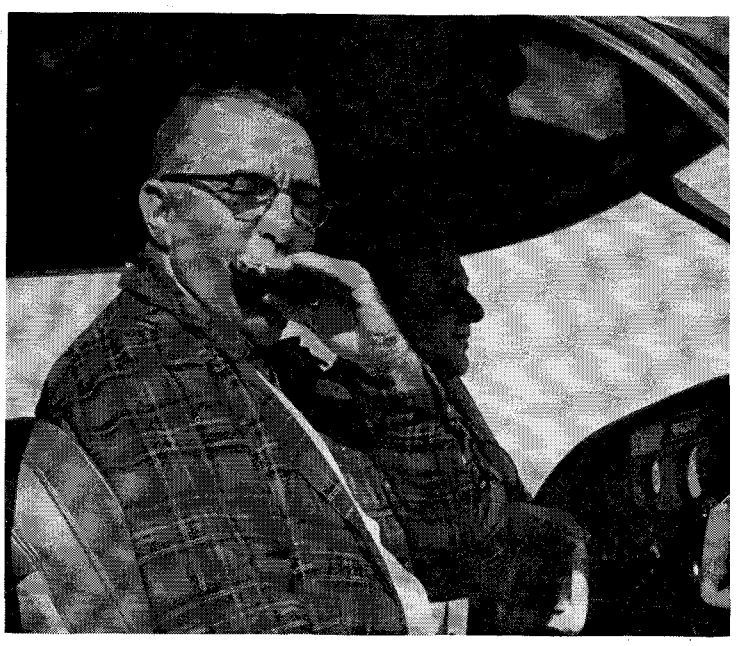
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Florida Thinks She's Got it Made



Harmonica-playing McGregor Smith flies all over the U.S. in a private plane to lure new industry to Florida.

If you've ever hankered to settle in the South's sunny playground, consider the boosters' startling forecast of the state's fabulous future.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

One sunny afternoon not long ago, in a small plane flying northward out of Miami, Mr. McGregor Smith, chairman of the board of the Florida Power and Light Company, rummaged in a canvas knapsack he habitually carries as a brief case, and drew therefrom a harmonica. Tapping it upon the heel of his hand to clear the keys of any crumbs of pipe tobacco that might be lurking there, he leaned back, closed his eyes, and blew upon it the melting strains of Swanee River.

The pilot, Mr. Ken Shotwell, a vice president of Mr. Smith's company, took no notice of his musical interlude. It was, he knew, Mr. Smith's custom to blow Swanee River on the mouth organ whenever the mood struck him. He had blown it in Chicago, and Cleveland, and Detroit, at assemblies of amazed tycoons. He had blown it in the sedate board rooms of New York banking houses, before delivering an eloquent presentation of his company's prospects that persuaded Wall Street investors they should lend him several millions of dollars for expansion. Men who knew Mr. Smith less for his achievements than for his eccentricities—he wears green shirts of venomous

Lazy land: Nearly eight million vacationers spent $1¼ billion last year to loaf in Florida. Luxury hotels (below) are booming.

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Busy land: Workers for Florida's new factories in the sun are swelling the state's permanent population. Above, the Chemstrand nylon plant near Pensacola.

hue and black string ties to his office—were apt to say of him, "In Miami the weather is balmy, and so is McGregor Smith."

This, however, is an erroneous judgment. Mr. Smith does not blow his harmonica because of the vagaries of a wandering mind, nor to attract attention. He blows it to help himself think. This playing of Swanee River conjures up in his mind the vision of his state which he hopes to convey to those benighted souls in the frozen North who are unaware of Florida's present glories and future splendors.

The Florida which Mr. Smith sees in his mind's eye as he plays Swanee River bears no resemblance, of course, to Stephen Foster's nostalgic dreaming of little huts among the bushes, and banjos strumming, and bees ahumming all around the comb. It is humming, all right, but not with bees. It is a Florida of 10,000,000 people instead of the 4,000,000 who live there today; of 15,000,000 tourists, instead of the nearly 8,000,000 who last year flowed in and out of the peninsula in two great summer and winter tides. The Florida of the future, which Mr. Smith sells so earnestly when he makes his drum-beating forays into the North, still owns its ancient assets of sunlit skies and white beaches, of blue seas and black lagoons aswarm with fish, and of great woodlands teeming with deer and turkeys. But something new has been added, to give the state a firmer economic base than the whim of the visiting millions, who in time of depression up north might decide they could no longer afford to spend a billion and a quarter dollars a year on Florida vacations.

This something new, as Mr. Smith envisions it, will be thousands of new factories, large and small, making the strange, new, complex gadgets of the electronic age. They will not be dirty factories, sullying the Florida sky with smoke and noxious vapors. They will be as clean as laboratories, as elegant as luxury motels, and they will operate, naturally, on electricity produced by atomic fission.

The power from the atom will not come to Florida tomorrow, Mr. Smith admits, no matter how desperately he would like to find a substitute for the costly black oil his steam plants now must burn by the tanker load. Negotiations begun with such high hopes, between the AEC and a trio of Florida power companies that made up the Florida Nuclear Power Group, have temporarily reached a stalemate over whether the companies or the Government will bear the greater part of the $75,000,000 an atomic-power plant would cost. The best estimates, so far, indicate that atomic power would cost about three times as much per kilowatt as Mr. Smith's company now charges, and he has no intention of asking his customers to bear such costs. He's afraid they'd shoot him or, worse still, run him out of the state, forcing him into exile in the frozen outlands to the north. There is also the matter of finding somebody to insure a nuclear-power plant at premiums not too fantastically high, and the question of disposing of burned-out reactor cores that are still dangerously radioactive.

(Continued on Page 99)

Cape Canaveral: Explosion of the Vanguard missile last December. Florida is set on becoming "the missile capital of the world."

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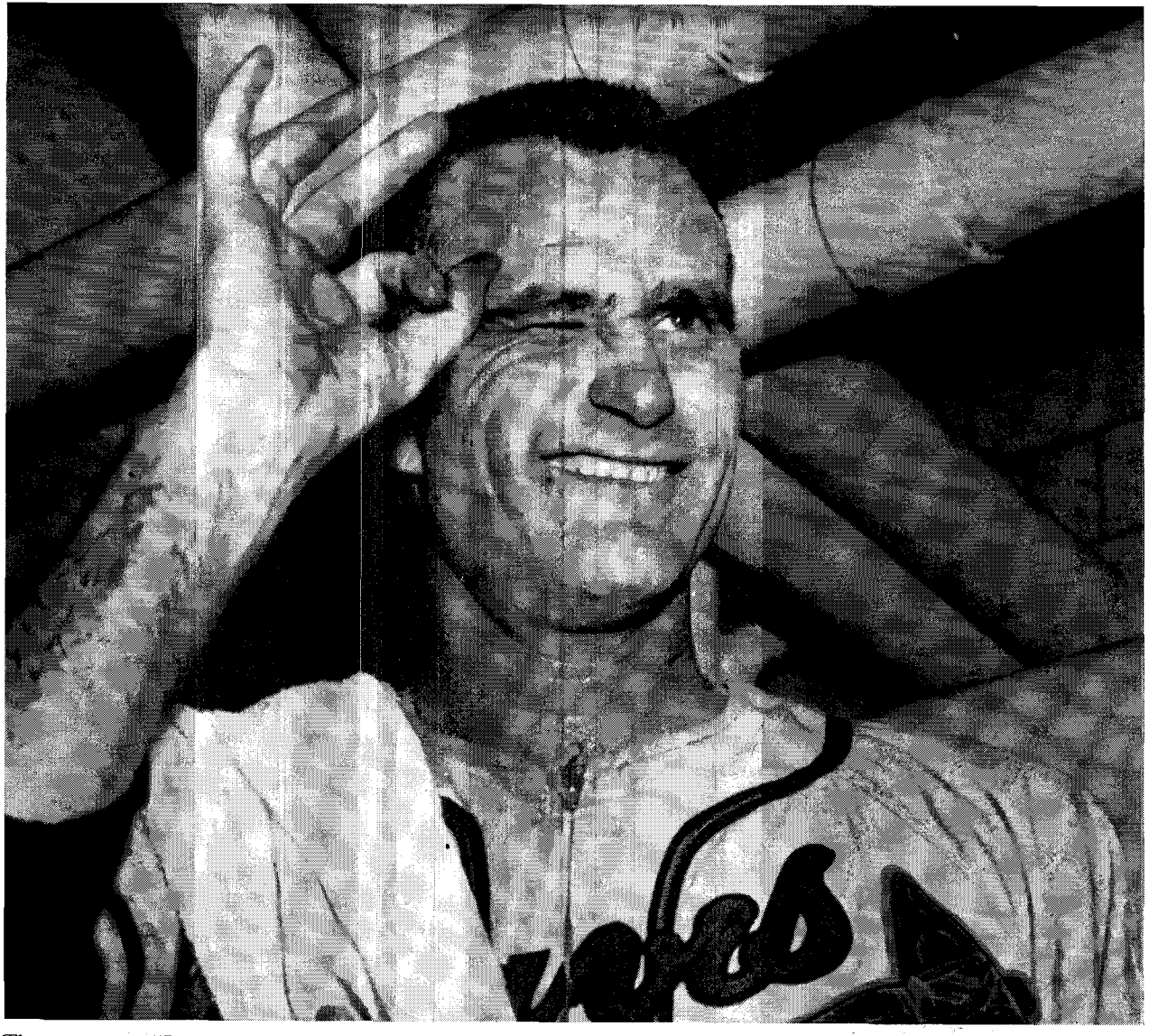
The Yankees Know Me Now!

The Braves' pitcher reveals the story behind his triple triumph in the Series. He tells of a daring game-time gamble and of a crisis his wife had to endure alone.

By LEW BURDETTE
as told to Joe Reichler



The conqueror: "I wanted to beat the Yanks more than any team in my life. I wanted to deflate their ego."

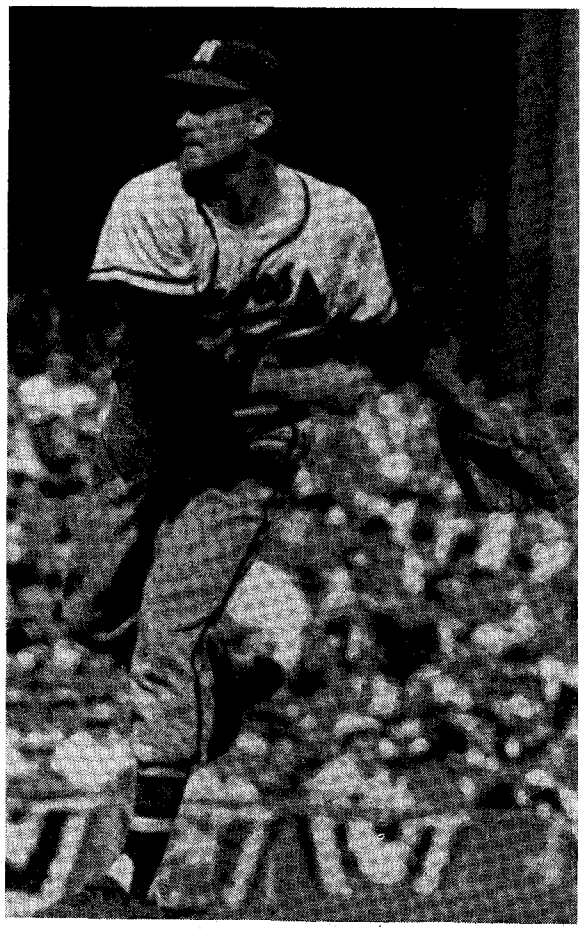
If we had played any other team but the New York Yankees, I doubt very much whether I would have won three games in the World Series. I wanted to beat the Yankees more than any team in my life. I wanted to shut 'em out—and shut 'em up.

Revenge had nothing to do with it. I'm sincere when I say that, even though the Yankees got rid of me seven years ago. My bitterness was born in the Series itself, and my resentment grew stronger from game to game. I had no quarrel with the Yankees as individuals. They're fine fellows personally. But as a team, our guys found them to be pompous, arrogant and cocky. They gave the impression they were doing the Milwaukee Braves a favor by letting us play in their sacred stadium.

It started with the first game. They rode us pretty hard, taunting us with cries of "choke up" and "cheese champs." They held up four fingers, indicating they were going to beat us four straight. That "choke-up" charge really got us sore. That was the expression we had heard all winter after we had lost the 1956 pennant to the Dodgers. I never have believed that any team, or any player, "chokes up," but if a team did blow in the Series, it was the Yankees, not us. They certainly weren't the same ball club in the last game that they were in the first.

As a matter of fact, the Yankees weren't as good a ball club as I expected them to be, even in the first game. They beat us, 3–1, but we had a lot of opportunities to win. We found out right then that they weren't going to overpower us. They seemed to be playing for one run. Imagine Mickey Mantle bunting with two strikes when they had a two-run lead!

Everybody says I fooled the Yankees. Well, they fooled me. (Continued on Page 52)



Tireless Lew in the last inning of the final game. "I thought the Yanks were better hitters," he says.

Left: The dejected Yankees saw the handwriting on the wall as Burdette shut them out 1–0 on October 7, to put the Braves in front three games to two. Mickey Mantle hung his head in obvious misery.

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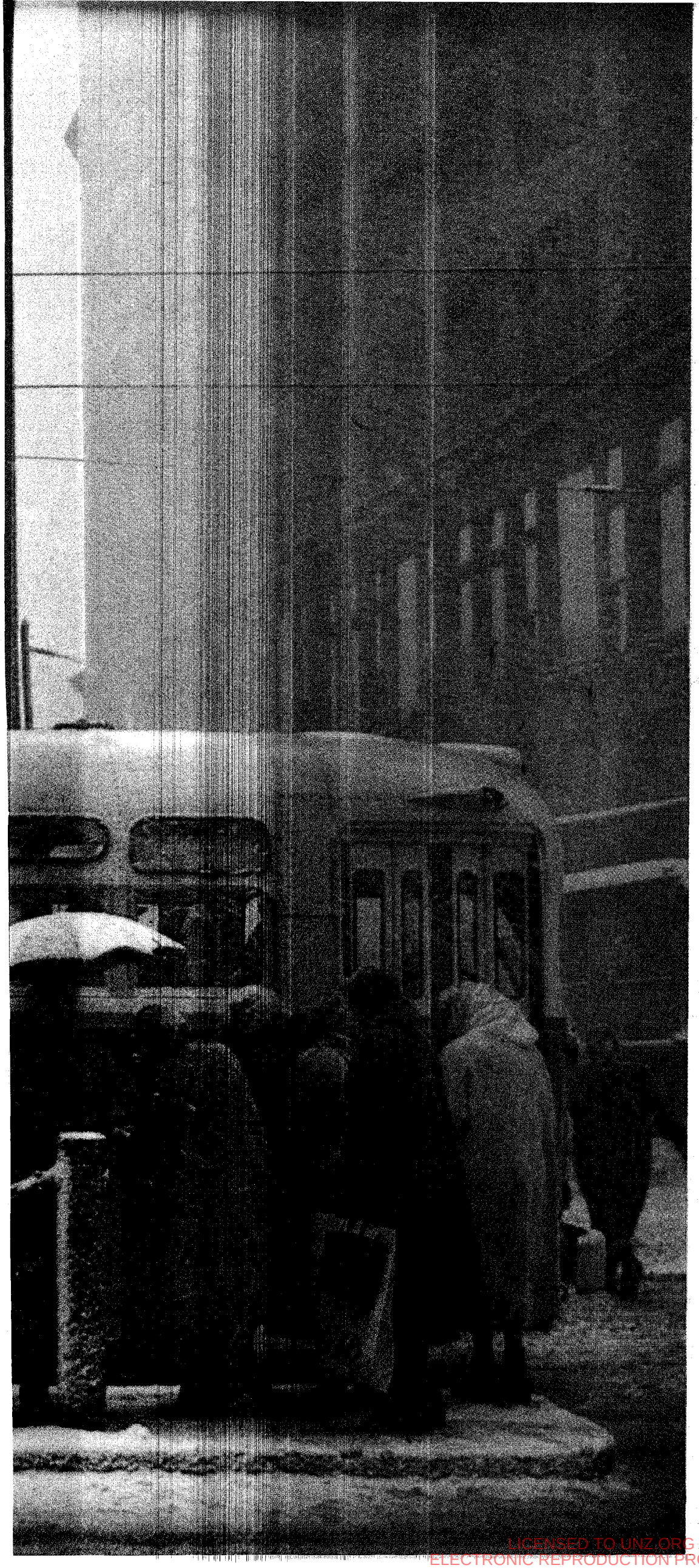

The Face of AMERICA

Urban Pest

Even before it hits the pavement,
it has been defiled by the soiled
breath of the town. Then it lies dirty,
sodden and somehow pathetic.
There is no magic in slush, no sledding
on traffic-ridden streets, no fun
at all when snow comes to the city.
In big towns across the land—
in Cleveland, in St. Louis, Chicago
or New York—wherever snow falls,
its visitations are a nuisance and
nothing more. In this picture
Philadelphia commuters shiver as they
wait for buses to take them to
their own dry homes, and the shopkeepers
sigh because snow also inhibits
the cash registers. Out in the country
it's different, of course, but if
you live in the city the chances are
you don't cheer a bit when the
feathery stuff starts to fall.

Photograph by John R. Wells

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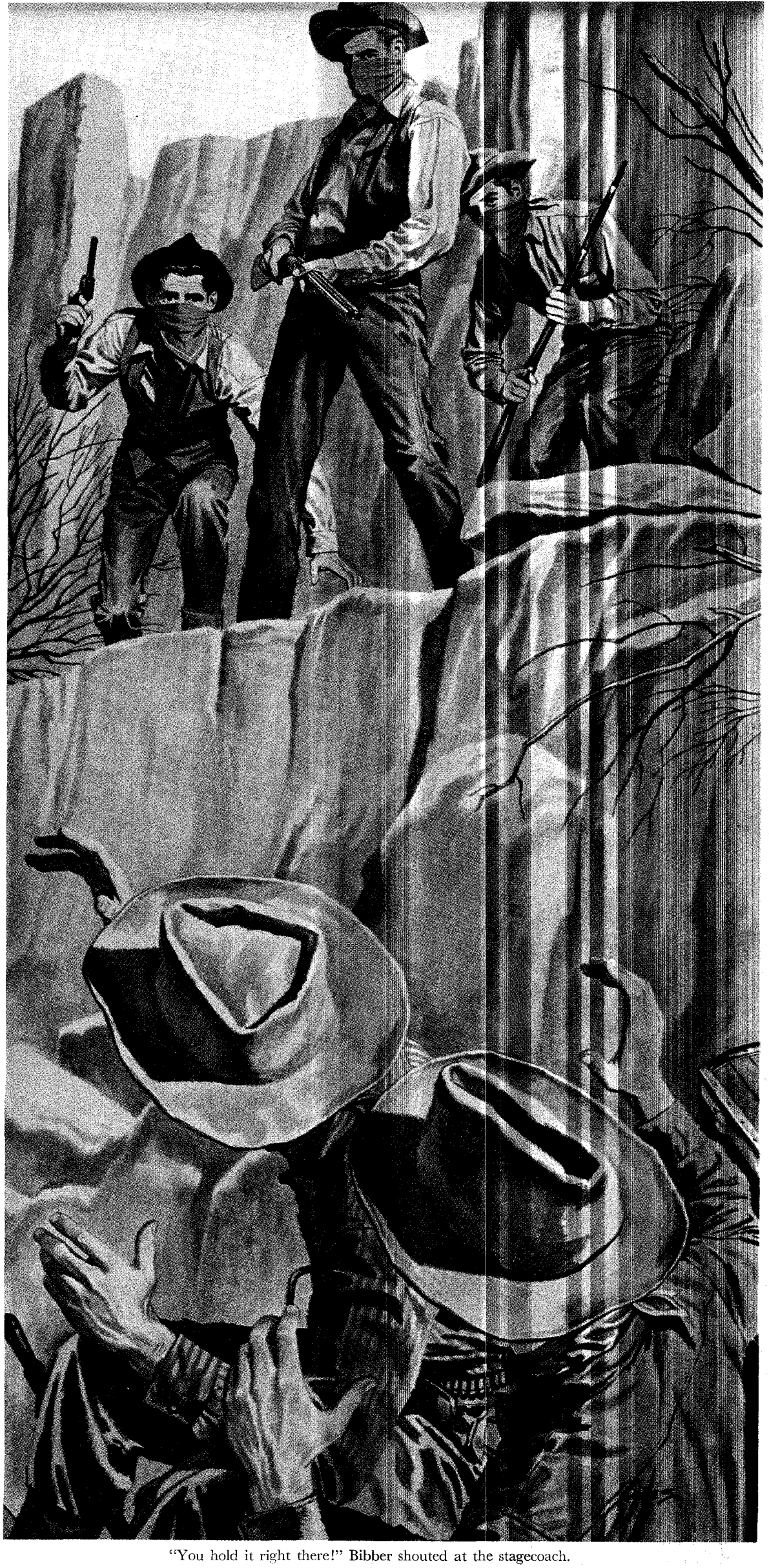

"You hold it right there!" Bibber shouted at the stagecoach.

BUSH-LEAGUE BANDITS

By VERNE ATHANAS

It was their first robbery.

They figured it would be a cinch.

The thing was, you never knew about Turk. Like with the grasshopper. It kicked up and flew, a big fat brown one, clicking and clacking and ratcheting when it flew. Turk picked him out of the air, and the grasshopper grabbed onto Turk's thumb and chewed and spit tobacco juice all over it.

Turk flipped it off, and the hopper lit in the dirt pretty close by. Turk pulled his pistol from inside his shirt and took a shot at the grasshopper. He didn't hit it, but it made a lot of noise.

Bibber was stretched out in the shade, and when the pistol went off, he reared up and spilled beer all over his shirt.

"Hey!" he said. Then he looked at Turk's pistol. "Where'd you get that?" he said.

"None of your damn business," said Turk.

Bibber kind of stared at him. Then he got up. Some of those big simple birds, you sort of forget how big they are. I'm bigger than Turk, and Bibber is bigger than me. Looking up at him like that, he looked even bigger.

"I got a good notion to stomp you," he said.

Turk's face was thin and narrow. His eyes were sort of greenish-brown and he had a couple of upper teeth missing on the left side. The way his lips pulled back off them, you couldn't tell if he was grinning or not.

He looked up at Bib. "Set down," he said, kind of thin-voiced. "Set down and drink your beer." He still had the pistol out.

Bib said, "I don't haf to set there and take your fleerin' at me."

He's not really mean, Bib, but he'll get his teeth into something and he won't let go. He'll drag it around and wallow on it and trip and fall down over it, but he won't let go, any more than a simple pup will with an old hunk of cowhide. When he's really set, you've either got to step back a little or whip him, and he's pretty big.

"'Course you don't haf to take nothin' off of me," said Turk. "He don't haf to ever take nothin' off of me, does he, Willy?"

"It ain't my fight," I said.

"I got a good notion," said Bibber again.

Turk tossed the pistol in his hand. It was one of the long-barreled (Continued on Page 94)

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Is the U.N. Old and Tired?

A Post editor analyzes
the world organization's usefulness—
or lack thereof—as keeper of the peace
after twelve years of trying.

By DEMAREE BESS

The people in our town—Asheville, North Carolina—arranged an impressive celebration last October twenty-fourth, twenty days after Sputnik No. 1 burst upon an astonished world. First there was a parade with several bands, interesting floats, pretty drum majorettes, National Guard units and a retired three-star general as master of ceremonies. Then the mayor presided at a program in the municipal auditorium attended by members of the Chamber of Commerce, civic clubs and such national organizations as the League of Women Voters. Students came from all our higher schools.

That celebration marked the twelfth birthday of the United Nations, and the people of Asheville were observing this anniversary on a city-wide scale for the first time. All this had been planned before the Russians produced an earth satellite, but the conquest of outer space did make the occasion seem more significant. Obviously peacemaking efforts had become more urgent. Asheville's demonstration of "grass-roots" support for the U.N. was duplicated in many other cities and towns across the United States, and in other countries and continents. Opinion polls indicated that popular support for the U.N. was firm.

But during those same October days I was in New York, watching the U.N. General Assembly observe its own birthday in a very different atmosphere. There was little sweetness and light in the glass-walled Palace of Peace on Manhattan's East River. Delegates from the U.N.'s eighty-two member governments were intent upon one of the most bellicose debates the world organization has known. They were considering an alleged threat to the peace in the Middle East, almost halfway across the world. American and Russian spokesmen dominated the acrimonious discussions, hurling at each other accusations of plots and counterplots. It was evident, on this twelfth birthday of the U.N., that its two most powerful members were aggressively arrayed against each other. The Soviet-American conflict ran like a red thread through all the U.N.'s activities, and made the very name "United Nations" sound like a bitter joke.

However, although the great U.N. Assembly Hall was filled with tough talk, the delegates behaved as usual with extreme caution. Their failure to act decisively was particularly irritating to Western internationalists. Prof. Frederick L. Schuman, of Williams College, denounced the U.N. as "a fiction, a fraud, and a shabby device to enable the Great Powers to evade their obligations." Other critics even agreed with Winston Churchill's

(Continued on Page 87)

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I CALL ON ED SULLIVAN

By PETE MARTIN

TV's durable maestro of Sunday night tells why he is fed up with "brawls and the name-calling." Here is his side of his famous feuds.

"No writer has ever done a story about me that hasn't made me sound too belligerent and pugnacious," Ed Sullivan told me. "I'm fifty-five. I have three grandchildren. I've reached the point where I wince when I'm always pictured as a brawler. In anything you write about me, I wish you'd make it clear that that is not a complete picture of me."

"Those things are part of the Sullivan record too," I said.

"All I know is I'm fed up with wrangling," he told me. "People look at my jaw and the way my face is shaped and decide that I must enjoy getting into fights. I'm not copping any plea when I tell you that's wrong, because in each fight I'd be willing to tell you exactly what happened. In the case of Winchell, once he started something, I was eager to tangle with him because I've never liked the guy very much, but with the others I was an unwilling participant, not an eager volunteer combatant.

"I'm fed up with feuds and rumors of feuds," he told me. "No matter what you may have been told, I've never started one. My feud with Godfrey was not of my making. Godfrey fired Julius La Rosa. I engaged La Rosa because he immediately became a Page One character. In addition, he was a singer I could use to advantage on my show. That was about all there was to that.

"My so-called Allen feud came strictly out of left field, so far as I was concerned. I had no part in making that either. It began with the theory that I planned a competitive tribute to James Dean on my show to steal the thunder from Allen's tribute to Dean. That theory was phony baloney. My exchange of unpleasantries with Sinatra was based on a similarly erroneous conclusion."

(Continued on Page 89)

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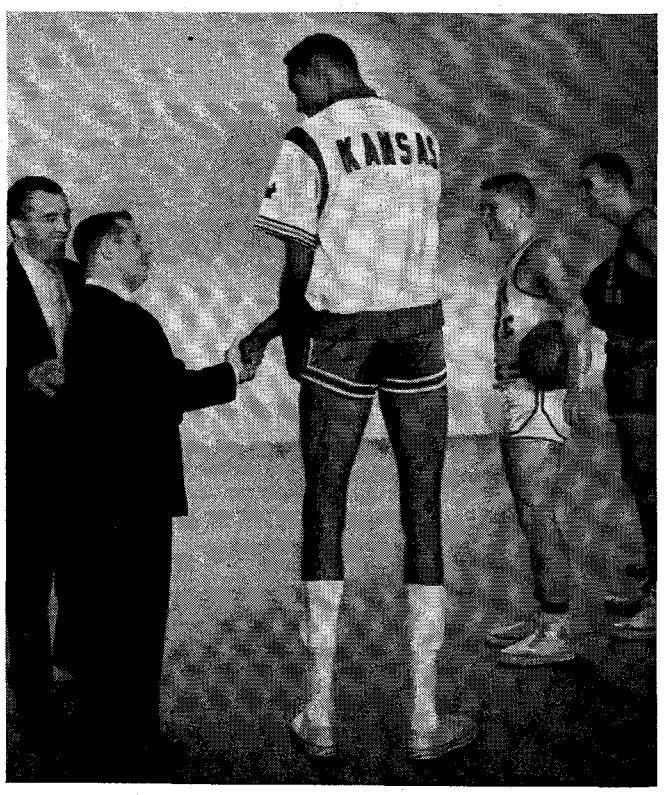


Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain, seven-foot University of Kansas basketball star, reached down and shook hands with comedian Sylvester Weire.

Italian movie actress Marisa Allasio, a guest January 19, confers with her host at right.

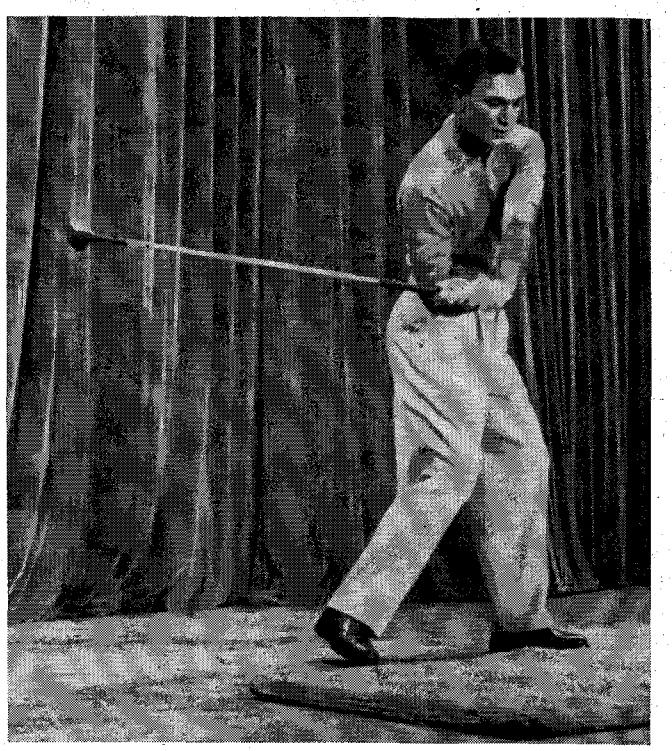
Ed's cameras carefully censored Elvis Presley's below-the-waistline wiggles.

SULLIVAN'S INFINITE VARIETY FROM BASKETBALL TO BALLET

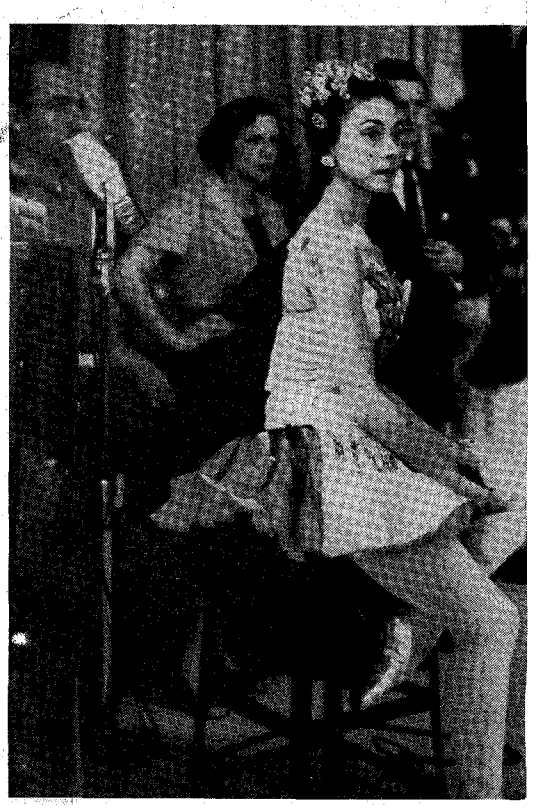
Movie actress Esther Williams defied the wardrobe mistress's attempt to put more clothes on her.

Operatic soprano Maria Callas, famous for failing to show up for scheduled performances, kept her 1957 TV date with Ed.

Renowned violinist Yehudi Menuhin stayed backstage until the very last minute, practicing his fingering.



Pro golf star Ben Hogan stuck by Sullivan. "He's one of the classiest guys we've ever had on our show," says Ed.



Margot Fonteyn (right), of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, polished her pivots until curtain time. "The really top-drawer performers never think they're so good they don't have to practice," says Ed.

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By ROBERT STANDISH

The Ghost of Maudslay Castle

The whole affair makes perfect sense to those who know the facts.

This is primarily the story of Egbert Saladin Athelstan Vavasour Mullins, fourteenth Earl of Maudslay, known affectionately among his contemporaries as Egbert the Clot. Egbert is not only a most likable, well-mannered young man, but he opens to senior students of biology some highly rewarding fields of study, for he is the end product—at least, at the time of going to press he was—of a long line of well-britched nonentities, founded in the twelfth century by one of its outstanding personalities.

The Mullins family held onto great wealth for more than five hundred years, and yet no Mullins of whom there is any record achieved great prominence in any single field of endeavor. The family produced no great statesmen or soldiers, although one of them took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, missing fame by falling off his horse. More strangely still, no Mullins of record was ever conspicuously dishonest. A study of their smooth passage through the centuries reveals a family which has always fitted into its environment as happily and comfortably as a bedbug in the seam of a blanket.

Now, as any halfway-competent biologist or geneticist will confirm—for a small fee, of course—the secret of survival is adaptability. Museums are full of the skeletal remains of large, ungainly creatures which in some remote era fell foul of the immutable law which says: Adapt or perish.

In an endeavor to learn the secret of adaptability, we find ourselves in somewhat deeper water. The trick seems to be to choose the right kind of ancestors—men and women well adjusted to each other and their environments, thus enabled to pass on to their posterity a set of neatly arranged, well-balanced chromosomes. There is a good deal of somewhat technical literature on chromosomes, but as this involves a lifetime of study, the reader is urged to take them on trust.

Our hero, Egbert the Clot, is the direct lineal descendant of a humble man of mixed Norman and Anglo-Saxon blood, also named Egbert, the son of a small flour miller who owned a windmill which still stands in the grounds of Maudslay Castle, in the County of Suffolk. The crest of the Mullins family today is a windmill, and the motto—could there be the smallest doubt of the rich contentment of the family which chose it?—"The wind is set fair." Mullins, of course, is a corruption of *moulin*, which is French for a mill.

In the year 1189, the young Egbert Moulin, at twenty-one years of age the oldest of three brothers, developed itching feet. Many young men similarly afflicted at the time gave the malady more glamorous names. They talked airily of "liberating the Holy Land from the grip of the infidels," which sounded much better and hurt nobody—not even the infidels. In short, Egbert went off to the Crusades. The twenty-five years which passed before he again set foot on English soil were packed full of incident, little of which has survived, and even that little, we may be sure, carefully edited.

Happily, it is not necessary to clutter the record with detail. Let it suffice to say that within six months of landing in Asia Minor, Egbert had earned for himself the enviable sobriquet of Egbert the Adaptable. The heat and the flies, the dust and the bad food, these were nothing to Egbert, who took them in his stride.

In a clash with the enemy, Egbert, with some two hundred others, was taken prisoner by none other (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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He awoke around two o'clock in the morning to find Old Egbert stamping purposefully in the direction of Annabelle's door.

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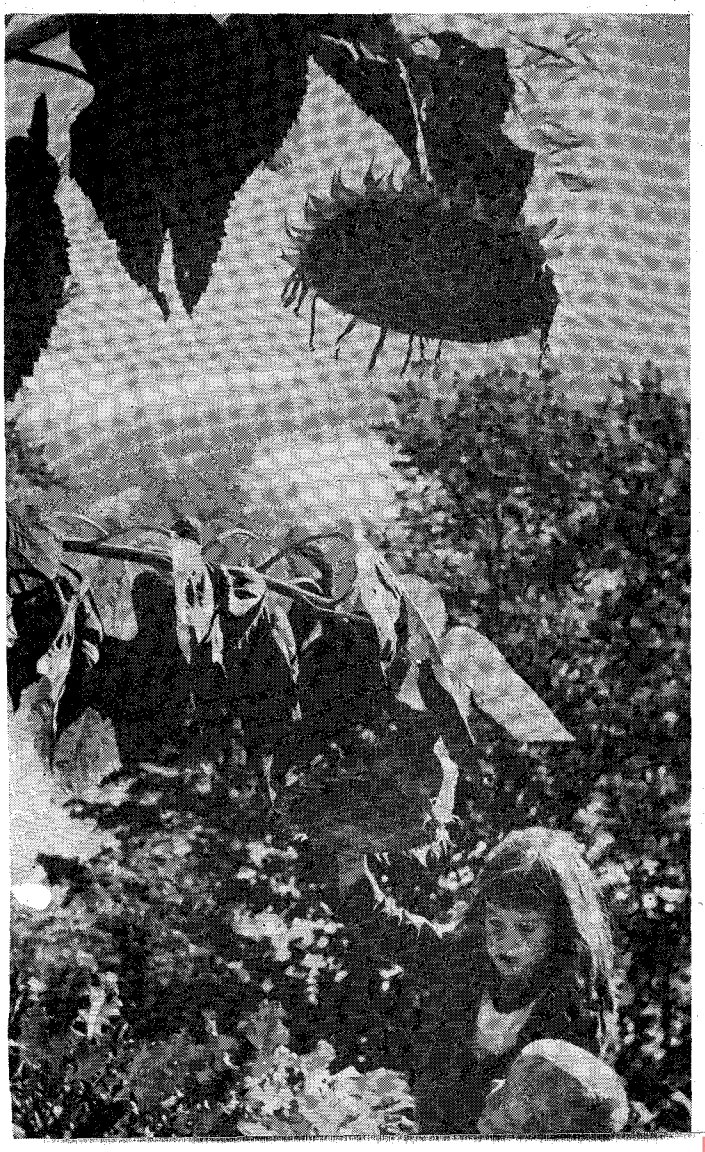
Wedding day: Rain beat down on Melissa and Longin as they left the church. Melissa's father (left) milked the cow while the couple were away on a 24-hour honeymoon.

Below: Mary Lee, 6, and her 2-year-old half brother Theodore, under the sunflower blossoms.



ROUGH ROAD HOME

By MELISSA MATHER AMBROS

Rural life brought new domestic trials. Then drought threatened to ruin Melissa's farm and her plan to get married.

CONCLUSION

As it turned out, we didn't eat the calf, we ate Ronna. There came a time when it was obvious that Ronna was not, as advertised, "safe with calf," so we called the breeder and he came and bred her. Some weeks later the vet told us she had a structural defect which made it impossible for her to carry a calf. He said she was healthy, but good only for beef.

All of which calls to mind the saying, don't name it if you're going to eat it. It takes a certain stoicism to chew and swallow when the children, forks poised, ask brightly, "Is this Ronna?" For country living, stoicism is nice to have, but not, fortunately for me, vital.

In spite of the astonishing experience of Mrs. Ferncliffe living for two years on our hill with no car, I think I would name adequate transportation as the greatest necessity. If you have some way to get out and in, you are in touch with civilization and all its attendant riches: light bulbs and fuses, plumber's cement, a can of caustic soda which may (or may not) clear the pipes to the septic tank, matches, the (Continued on Page 110)

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Tough Customer

By RICHARD STERN

Who would have suspected sentiment in a two-fisted old bird like Tom?

He was not at all sure how it had come about that he was here, working at a job—well, a kind of job, anyway—smack in the middle of September. The Yankees and Cleveland were fighting it out right down to the wire; and the National League no runaway, either; and if the trek across the Hudson to the Stadium, Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field seemed overlong some days, why, there was always a comfortable stool at Lou's Tavern in the village, where a man who had earned his leisure could perch in congenial company and watch the action on television. But here he was, when he had thought to be done with responsibilities forever. As it turned out, the job was merely the beginning.

Hours: 8:00–9:00; 12:00–1:00; 2:30–3:15. Salary: none. Wearing a blue cap, unlike the one he had worn for so many years, and too small at that, standing big as life, and as unyielding, in the midst of the school crossing—old Tom Wilton, who had never called one wrong in his life in regular play or World Series, nursemaiding moppets.

Nothing much happened the first day, and by the time he reached Lou's, with a thirst a man could hang his hat on, the Dodgers and Braves were scoreless in the sixth and Newcombe was rocking along on a possible no-hitter. Not such a bad day, after all. And the little kids were nice.

Edna had pot roast for dinner that night. Edna was a widow woman, and the house she kept was spotless and comfortable, Tom the only paying guest. He did the pot roast full justice.

Young Molly, Edna's daughter who taught the third grade, said slyly, "No appetite, Tom?"

He chomped on in his large, patient way. He swallowed. "A man works, he needs nourishment."

"Work," Edna said, and she sniffed, not really unfriendly. (Continued on Page 67)

The two little girls clung to Tom's large forefingers, giggling, all the way to the schoolyard fence.

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ON MY OWN PART TWO By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Hostess at Hyde Park

Mrs. Roosevelt recalls the time Winston Churchill said, "You don't really approve of me, do you?" (She didn't.) She also tells what happened when an emperor took off his shoes at Hyde Park.

The author welcomes England's Queen Mother Elizabeth (right) on her 1954 visit to the Roosevelt estate. At rear are Mrs. R.'s youngest son, John, and his wife, Anne.

Although I have been on my own since I left the White House in 1945, it would certainly be a mistake to think that I have been alone or felt alone. Fortunately, my work keeps me closely in touch with many people and many activities in this country and abroad, and I have an opportunity to talk with not only distinguished persons but with a large number of young people with fresh and interesting ideas.

My mother-in-law once remarked that I liked to "keep a hotel," and I probably do when I am at my cottage at Hyde Park. There usually seem to be plenty of guests there and they may include almost anyone from the Emperor of Ethiopia to my newest great-grandchild. In the summer, I do much of my shopping at the roadside stands, keep the freezer well stocked and always try to be prepared to feed any number up to twenty—most of them unexpected—for luncheon. One day last summer, for example, there were eight of us staying at the cottage, but about midmorning a man with whom I had some business called and said he would like to drop by. Then he added that he would like to bring his wife and daughter too. A few minutes later a neighbor called and said he would like to bring over a friend and his friend's two children. There were other calls later, and by midday we had eighteen persons for luncheon. We eat outdoors a great deal, on the porch or picnic grounds, and any cook I have must be expert at whipping up a soufflé or scrambled eggs or other dishes that can be prepared quickly and eaten quickly. So, as is usually the case, we got by.

A number of my visitors are friends or acquaintances connected with my work for the American Association for the United Nations or with my earlier life in the White House, while others are official visitors to the grave of my husband. One of the most interesting was Emperor Haile Selassie, of Ethiopia, who came to Hyde Park while on an official visit to the United States. He was a slight, bearded man with dignity and strength of character and, I felt, a desire to foster freedom, peace and progress in his country. It seemed to me that the Western clothes he wore on his journey were less impressive on him than the robes and sandals of his own land, but he was a person I liked and admired.

The Department of State had, of course, made all arrangements for his visit. A representative of the department advised me that

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there would be nineteen persons in his entourage. He would arrive at noon and I was to meet him at my husband's grave in the rose garden. He was to visit the library where the records of my husband's administration are kept. He positively must get to the house by one o'clock because he wanted to see a television broadcast of a film that he had made. Then the State Department representative added sternly that it was imperative that the emperor have a half hour alone in his room before luncheon for rest and contemplation.

I thought this a rather crowded schedule, but I didn't try to argue with the State Department protocol officer. I met the emperor and accompanied him to the library. He was much interested in modernizing his own country and when he saw the excellent system for keeping records in the library he became excited and summarily ordered his entire staff to be assembled.

"Look!" he exclaimed, waving his hand toward the library stacks. "Study this system! Here is how you do it! Here is how you keep history!"

He was so busy examining the library that I barely managed to get him to the house on the stroke of one o'clock. He found a low stool in the living room and seated himself in front of the television set and seemed to forget everything else as the film of himself came on the screen. I am not sure that he had ever seen television of any kind before. In any event, he was fascinated and the minutes passed with no sign that he was ready to retire to his room for the scheduled half hour before luncheon. This rest period had been so strongly emphasized to me, however, that at last I approached and spoke to him in French.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I believe you want to rest for half an hour alone."

He did not turn his gaze from the television screen, but his reply was prompt. "Oh, no. It is not necessary for me to be alone. I only wanted to take off my shoes for a little while." Still watching the screen, he pointed downward. "And," he added, "my shoes are off."

I looked down. The emperor's shoes were certainly off and he was wiggling his toes comfortably.

At luncheon, I scattered members of the Ethiopian party among my American guests at a number of tables. I served from a side table and people either carried their plates to their places or some of the children carried plates to them. Members of the emperor's staff were all eager—doubtless due to his prodding—to learn all they could about American ways. But they were accustomed to many servants at home and I don't believe they ever understood our explanations of why the woman whose husband had been the head of a great state no longer was attended by a large number of butlers, maids and footmen.

After the emperor returned to his own country, he thoughtfully sent me some Ethiopian whole coffee beans. In fact, he sent me 400 pounds of them and I had quite a time using them up.

Another distinguished visitor to Hyde Park was Prime Minister Nehru, of India, who came to luncheon one day when a number of my grandchildren and their friends were there. A striking figure in his long, dark coat and white trousers bound tightly at the ankles, the prime minister seemed delighted to see the young people, and after luncheon sat cross-legged in the middle of the living-room floor to talk to them for a long time. He appeared to be just as interested in asking them questions as they were in hearing his views, and it was an afternoon I shall long remember.

Mr. Nehru was troubled during his visit to this country by the fact that he was unable to address large groups of Americans. In India, he was accustomed to speaking to many thousands of persons at great outdoor meetings, and apparently he had assumed he would have the same opportunity in the United States. Our Government, however, was responsible for his safety while he was here and our security officers limited his largest audience to about 2000 persons—and they were at a dinner at The Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York City. He was greatly disappointed, but otherwise considered his visit a success.

As I got to know the prime minister better when I later visited India, I felt he was a man with great physical and moral courage. But I discovered that his remarkable intellectual abilities did not free him entirely from prejudice. In the (Continued on Page 106)

Churchill. After making his "Iron Curtain" speech, he visited his old friend's grave.

Jawaharlal Nehru. After lunching at Hyde Park, the Indian Prime Minister played on the floor with Mrs. Roosevelt's grandchildren.

Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. After the ceremonies, he had to rest his feet.

Queen Frederika of Greece. Mrs. R. took her to a Manhattan fire station to watch the firemen and their cat slide down the brass pole.

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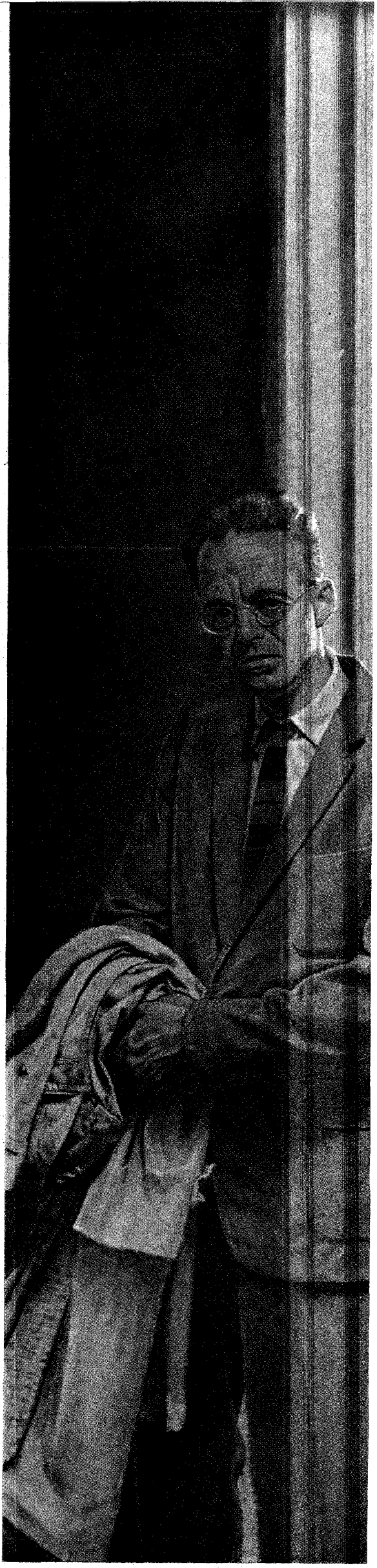
The story of what the most ambitious congressman in Washington did with

THE LEGACY OF MR. LINCOLN

By MARSHALL RUSSELL SKINNER



When Marcus Clay got off the train in Washington's Union Station he startled the redcaps by carrying his own bags. Then he startled the taxi drivers by walking past their lined-up cabs and out into a freezing drizzle. Men seldom walked, especially at night, and men in cashmere overcoats usually had an affinity for service.

Marcus walked the short distance from the station to the Capitol and stood before it, admiring its lighted dome. He had waited a long time to see this. He then made a detour past the House Office Building before he proceeded to the nearby modest hotel where he had reserved a room.

He did not startle the room clerk. The clerk surprised him, instead, by addressing him by name. It was not much of a feat, actually. They had his reservation, and the clerk had dealt with politicians before, all kinds, and had registered congressmen before, though seldom on the long-term basis requested by Marcus Clay. The man had sized Marcus up with knowing eyes as he approached the desk. There was about him still, in spite of his expensive clothes, the suggestion of a dusty crossroads. In his face remained a hint of the silent, hard-bitten pride that marks those who have lived for generations close to the soil. Staring at Marcus' coarse, sandy hair, his blue eyes, his skin that had weathered to red rather than tan, the clerk was fairly sure who he was. He wondered disdainfully as Marcus got in the elevator whether the congressman would complain about his room. No matter. If you asked for one of the cheapest rooms in this hotel, you had no right to complain.

Inside his room Marcus gave the bellboy a quarter—you had to let a hotel bellboy carry your bags—and turned his back on the lad's insolent stare to look out of his one window. No view. He'd hoped to see the Capitol from here, too, but it didn't matter. He would see it every day. Tomorrow he would see the inside, become a part of it.

Marcus hung half a dozen suits in the closet, removed the wrappings from four pairs of shoes, and set them with care on the closet floor. For a few seconds he remained stooping there, caressing the fine-grained leather. Each pair had cost thirty dollars, and they were among his most precious possessions.

Some people did not know what good shoes meant, he reflected bitterly. He rose and lay across the bed. Marcus had not owned a new pair of shoes until he was ten. Before that he had worn cast-offs of his brothers during the coldest of the winter, gone barefoot the rest of the time. He could remember the sting of hot concrete under his feet as he walked along the highway to school, feel again the sharp stones of rocky fields cutting into his bare soles as he helped with farm work during the summers.

This first pair of shoes had been bought for him on the occasion of his joining the church. They had not fitted very well, and had been a hideous reddish color—that was why they were on sale—but they had been his. Every night he had rubbed them with hog fat, to make sure they kept their shine. After a while they had begun to smell, and his brothers had made him keep them on the porch. One night one of the hound dogs had carried one off and chewed it. When Marcus found it, it was beyond saving. He had wanted to shoot the hound dog, but his brothers had agreed the dog was worth more than Marcus. His father, appealed to, had only laughed. He remembered how he had cried into his mother's apron, and the comforting feeling of her spare arms around him.

(Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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Bill Helm brings in a solitary little heifer across a stretch of rocky, cactus-covered range. Helm talks to her and whistles softly to keep her calm and manageabl

ROUNDUP IN BLOODY BASIN

This corner of the Old West is still plenty wild—and the men who live there are characters right out of the stories of Zane Grey.

By Paul Schubert

Bawling and lowing, a herd of white-faced Herefords rumbles into horse camp after a winter of freedom.

Cow hands close in on some whitefaces hiding in the brusl

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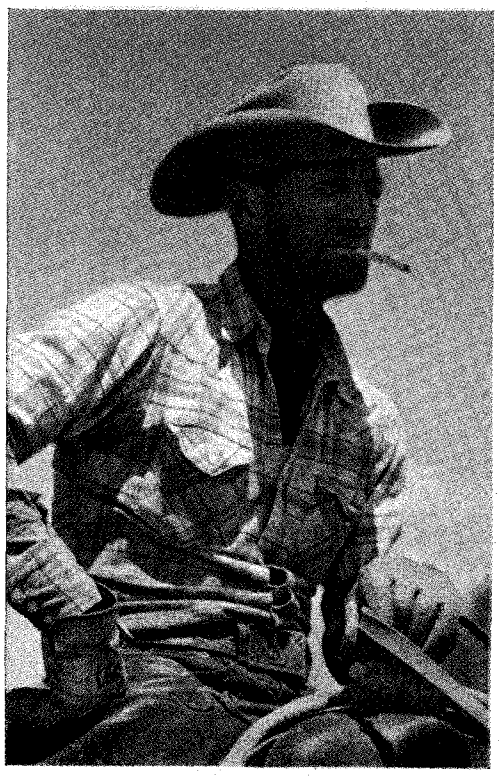
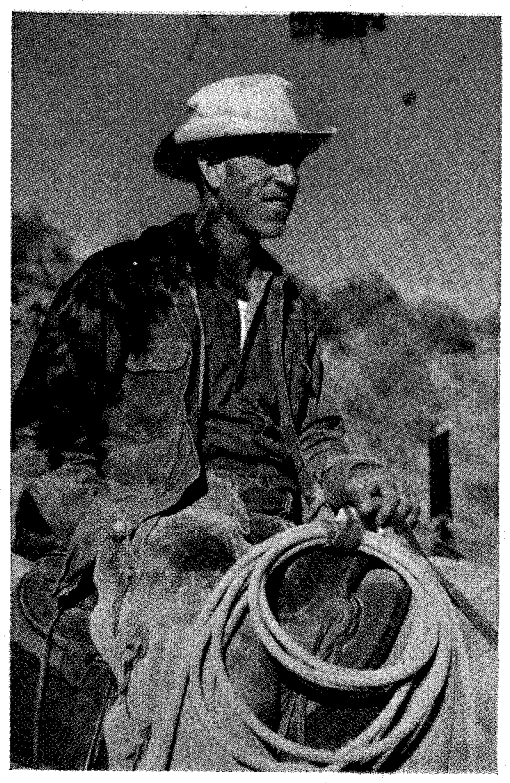
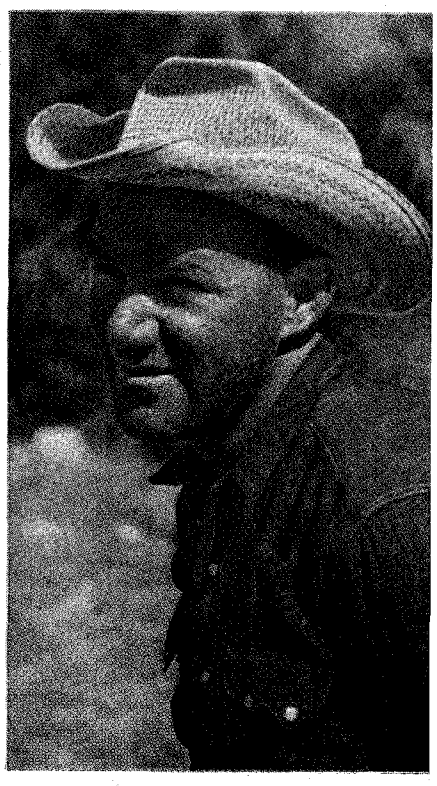
Jake Randall,
a dependable hand in any roundup.



Lonnie Howard knows
every ranching job inside out.



George Randall, boss
of the herd, drives his men hard.



Bill Helm left a good job
in Alaska for the roundup.

Bloody Basin is big, rough, primitive, mountain-rimmed—a wild stretch of country 100 miles north of Phoenix, Arizona, where the West is still woolly. Zane Grey used this very country as locale for several of his books, and the people in it haven't changed. The road in to Bloody Basin is a dirt track that gets steadily rougher and stonier. At the end, your lurching jeep crawls along at a rock-and-roll four miles an hour. The basin wasn't made for the wheel. You put on leather chaps, get aboard your horse and return to the America of the frontier.

Zane Grey was in the Bloody Basin country forty years ago. He wrote about the frontier of forty years before that, when homesteaders were coming in with their cattle and sheep, and cattlemen and sheepmen feuded for the range, when Mormons and Gentiles shot it out over water and grass, when Apaches disputed the right of the white man to settle, and the United States cavalry disputed the right of Apaches to go on the warpath.

There hasn't been much gunplay in Arizona since those early days, but everything else in Bloody Basin is about the same. It's still hot, dry, dusty and wild, full of deer, rattlesnakes, Gila monsters, scorpions, coyotes, javelinas, foxes and mountain lions. Humanity has to be as tough in 1957 as in 1877 to survive.

Leather chaps and leather taps on your stirrups are armor against long sharp points on almost everything that grows: mesquite, ocotillo, barrel cactus, prickly pear, cat's-claw, Spanish dagger, mescal. The scrubby cedar and thick manzanita tear your shirt to ribbons and rake you with scratches.

Frowning down on Bloody Basin is flat-topped Skeleton Ridge, a natural fortress. There was a massacre there once. The United States cavalry wiped out a small band of Apaches during the Indian wars. The Indians made a last stand on Skeleton Ridge and that's where their bones whitened, turned to dust. This was only a couple of generations back—Zane Grey was a boy living in Zanesville, Ohio, when it happened; he had decided to be a dentist when he grew up.

One reason Bloody Basin is unchanged is that it is included in the primitive area of the Tonto National Forest. Despite its barren appearance, the country is full of game and there is pretty good cattle grazing if you allow about thirty acres per cow. Grazing rights are leased to various cattle and sheep outfits, and it is their cowboys and herders plus a few hunters and forest rangers who live the life of Zane Grey characters (Continued on Page 102)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

Toward the end of day, Howard heats up his branding irons.

In a matter of minutes a squirming calf is dehorned, vaccinated, earmarked and given his mother's brand.

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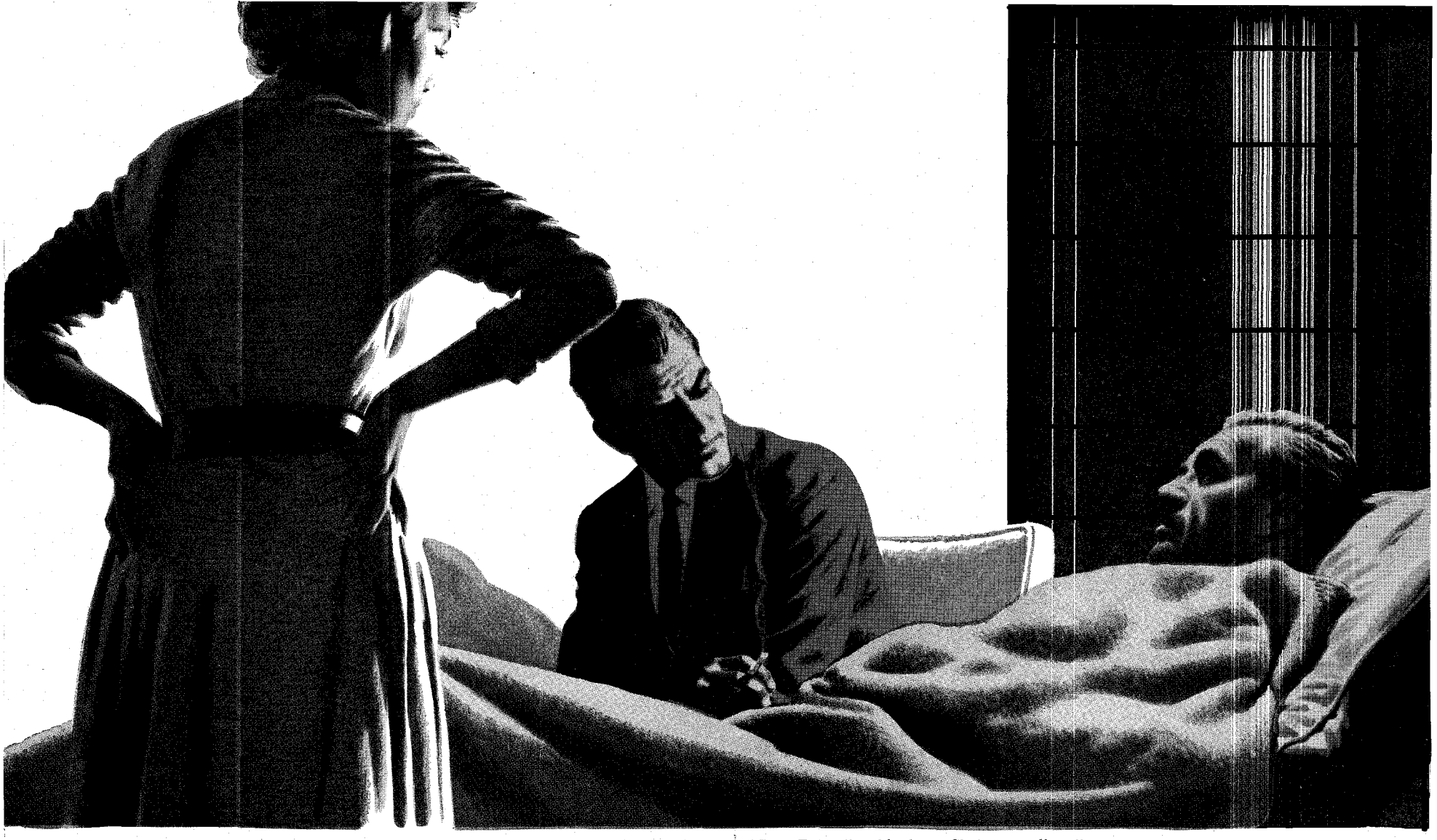

Harrod closed his eyes, opened them, then said, "Fern Driscoll stabbed me. She's your client."

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Every step of the girl with the double identity took her deeper into the mire of blackmail and murder . . .

Mildred Crest was living a lie, and her life was becoming a nightmare.

In flight from her own troubles, she had picked up a girl hitchhiker, a Fern Driscoll. The girl, in a suicidal frenzy, forced Mildred's car off a cliff. Fern died in the crash and Mildred, desperate to start a new life, swapped identities with the corpse. Mildred Crest became Fern Driscoll.

To her horror, a blackmailer named Carl Harrod rooted out some of the facts—facts which made it appear that she, the new Fern Driscoll, had murdered the "Mildred Crest" who died in the car. So Mildred called on Perry Mason for help. Not even to him, however, did she reveal that Fern Driscoll was really Mildred Crest.

III

Perry Mason and Della Street were finishing dinner when the waiter said deferentially, "Excuse me, Mr. Mason, but the Drake Detective Agency asked you to call before you went out."

Mason nodded. "Anything important?"

"They didn't say, sir; just asked you to be sure and call before you left the restaurant."

Mason signed the check, nodded to Della Street and said, "Better give them a ring, Della. Find out what it is."

Della Street arose from the table and went over to the telephone booths. Mason settled back in his chair, lit a cigarette, surveyed the various people in the place with keen eyes which somehow had the ability to search beneath the conventional behavior pattern.

Della returned.

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"Well," she said, "we have two matters which would seem to require your attention."

"What are they?"

She said, "Fern Driscoll wants you to get in touch with her immediately. She says it's terribly important that you see her. She seemed to be very upset, Drake's operator said. And you remember the blackmailer she told about—Carl Harrod?"

Mason nodded.

"He called up and asked you to get in touch with him about a matter of considerable importance to one of your clients. He left a number and an address, the Dixiecrat Apartments."

"He called the Drake Detective Agency?" Mason asked.

"That's right."

"Then he must have got that number from Fern Driscoll."

Della Street nodded.

"Well," Mason said, "let's make a couple of calls and see what it's all about."

He left the table, moved over to the telephone booths with Della Street.

Della's nimble fingers dialed the number. A moment later she said into the telephone, "Hello, Miss Driscoll. This is Della Street,

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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Perry Mason's secretary. Mr. Mason will talk with you. . . . He's right here, Miss Driscoll."

Mason entered the telephone booth, said, "Hello, Miss Driscoll. What seems to be the trouble?"

Her voice came pouring over the wire, "Mr. Mason, a whole lot of things have happened. There were some things I didn't tell you about. I guess I held out a bit and —— Well, there have been a lot of complications."

"Won't they keep until morning?" Mason asked.

"No. No. I —— You see, there was someone, some intruder in my apartment, trying to get some things. He knocked me off my feet and I lashed out at him with an ice pick."

"Good work," Mason said. "Did you score?"

"I must have. The ice pick was jerked out of my hands and—and I can't find it."

"Did you report all this to the police?" Mason asked sharply.

"No, and there are reasons I don't want to. I —— You understand, I can't."

Mason said, "Look, Fern, for a young woman who has a desire to remain obscure, you certainly do the damnedest things. Now lock your door and try to keep out of trouble until I get there. You'd better tell me about this personally."

Mason hung up and said to Della, "Get this other number, Della. I'm afraid we're getting a lot of night work out of a five-cent fee."

"Aren't we?" she laughed.

She called the number, said, "This is Miss Street, Mr. Mason's secretary. Mr. Perry Mason received a call from a Mr. Harrod. . . . Oh, yes. Just a minute; I'll put Mr. Mason on."

Della Street said, "Some feminine voice. Sounds attractive. She said she'll call Mr. Harrod."

Mason picked up the phone. A man's voice started to say hello, then was checked in a fit of coughing.

"Hello, hello," Mason said impatiently. "I am calling Carl Harrod."

The voice said, "This is Harrod. I wanted to talk with you." Again there was a fit of coughing.

Mason, frowning impatiently, said, "Hello. Just what was it you wanted?"

Harrod's voice, sounding weak, said, "Your client stabbed me in the chest with an ice pick. We'd better talk it over right away."

"Where did this happen?"

"At Fern Driscoll's apartment."

"Did you report this to the police?"

"Of course not."

"Why?"

"That isn't the way to handle something of this sort."

"What is the way to handle it?"

"Come over here and I'll tell you."

"Shouldn't you have treatment?"

"It isn't that serious medically. It's damned serious legally."

"Stay there," Mason told him. "I think it's about time we had a talk."

"You bet it is!"

"Where are you?" Mason asked.

"I'm in Apartment Two-eighteen at the Dixiecrat Apartments."

"All right," Mason said; "that's not far from where I'm talking. You wait there. I'm coming over."

Mason hung up the telephone and said, "Now this is a real run-around. Fern Driscoll found someone in her apartment and stabbed him with an ice pick. She doesn't know where she hit him, but it was a solid enough blow so he took the ice pick away with him. Carl Harrod says she stabbed him in the chest. Hang it, Della, I suppose we've got to go take a look-see. Let's run up and have a quick talk with Fern Driscoll first, and get the thing straightened out. Then we'll try to put this blackmailer, Harrod, in his place."

"But shouldn't Fern Driscoll notify the police if ——"

"That's the devil of it!" Mason said. "She's keeping under cover and —— The Rexmore Apartments is only five minutes from here by cab."

Mason and Della Street left the restaurant, found a taxicab and went at once to the Rexmore Apartments.

Mildred Crest was anxiously awaiting them. She unlocked her door, seemed almost hysterically relieved as she held on to Mason's hand.

"All right," Mason said, "let's find out exactly what happened."

Mildred, on the verge of panic, said, "I'm going to have to give you a little personal history."

(Continued on Page 80)

"We'll have to report this," Mason said. "No, no! We can't!"
Mildred sobbed hysterically. "There are reasons. I can't!"

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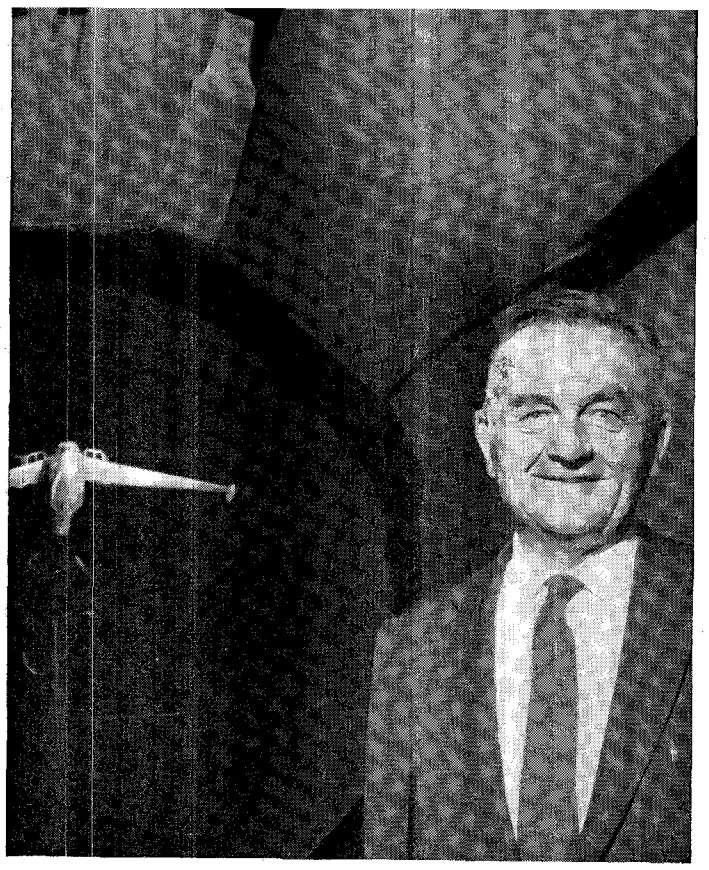
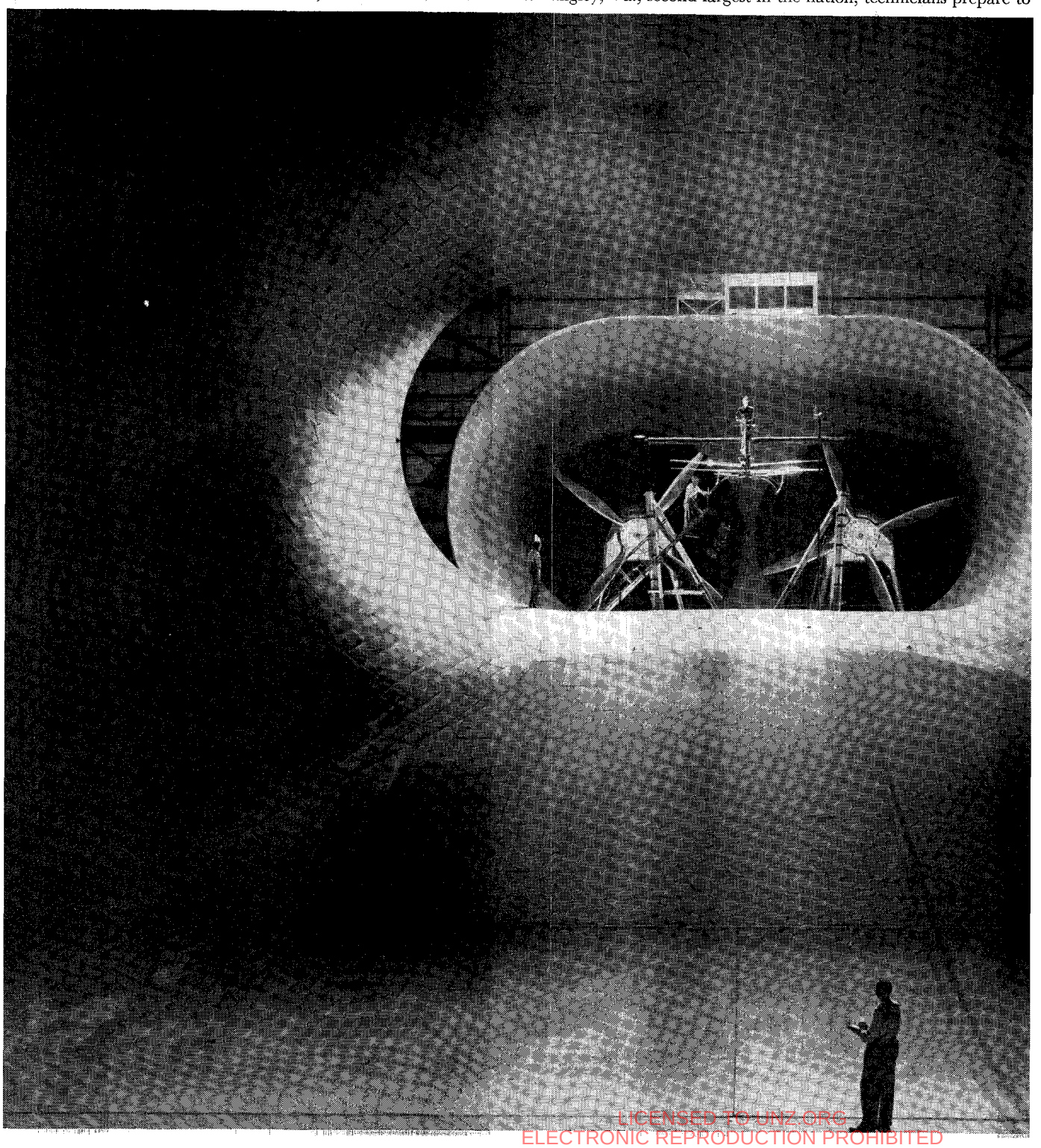
Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, boss of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. He directs 8000 engineers and technicians in three large laboratories.



John Stack, developer of the ingenious "slotted-throat" wind tunnel, which permits a "transonic" flow of air. At rear is model of a Martin P6M.

In the mammoth, full-scale subsonic tunnel at Langley, Va., second largest in the nation, technicians prepare to



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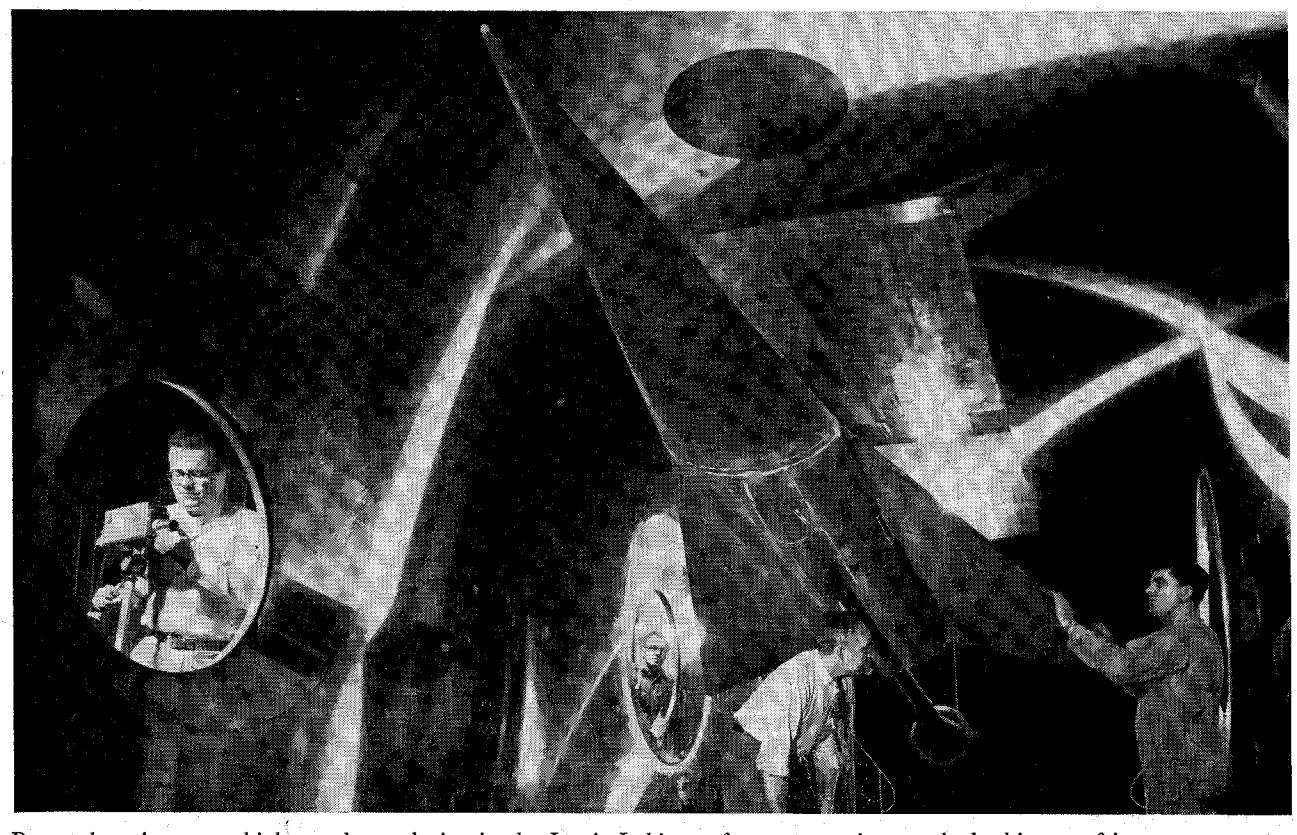
They Probe the Future

By CLAY BLAIR, Jr.

Photographs by John Burns



Researchers inspect a high-speed test device in the Lewis Lab's ten-foot supersonic tunnel, the biggest of its kind and one of NACA's 53 related facilities. This year NACA will spend $71 million on such experiments.

A Post editor visits the remarkable but little-known research establishment where our aeronautical scientists wrestle with the fascinating problems of supersonic flight.

The year 1957 may go down in history as the year of the Sputniks. Not since the explosion of the first atomic bomb has man's imagination soared so high or his fears been so deeply stirred by scientific achievement. Yet one point must be clearly understood: the Russians have not conquered space. To be precise, they have made a tentative step into space, comparable in significance to the first flight of the Wright brothers' airplane.

Despite Mr. Khrushchev's boast that Sputnik I made the long-range bomber obsolete, the earth satellites indicate no shift in the balance of military power. The fact is that guided missiles with nuclear warheads—reliable, accurate missiles that can be flung from continent to continent—are still a long way off. For many years, the manned bomber will remain the principal carrier for nuclear explosives, and our fleet of bombers is still the largest and best in the world.

Now, after a late start, we have mounted a massive program to build a family of guided ballistic missiles. Several 1500-to-2000-mile missiles have been tested successfully. That we did not launch a satellite first is not the fault of our scientists. They had the technique and urged that it be done. Washington, failing to perceive the enormous psychological impact of such a device, lacked the will. We lost the satellite race by default.

Actually, the Soviets have won a battle, but if we proceed wisely and sensibly, the campaign can be ours. An important factor in this campaign will be the backing we give basic aeronautical research, which leans heavily on the corporate genius of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

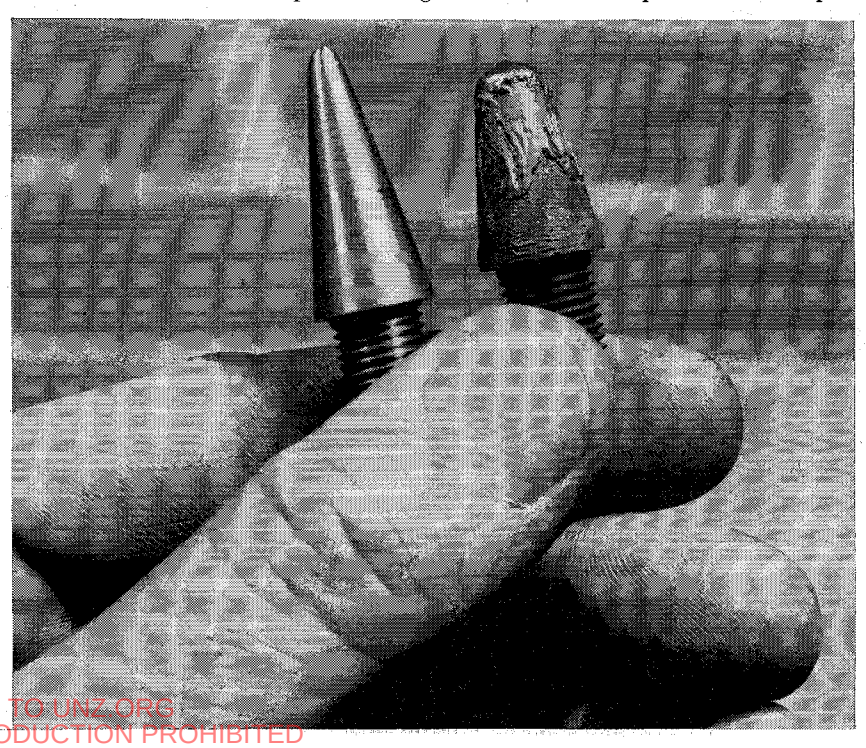
NACA, a potent Government agency almost unknown to laymen, is unique in scope and make-up. Founded in 1915 by President Woodrow Wilson, after it was clear that the United States lagged behind Europe in airplane development, NACA was charged with the responsibility of advising the President on aviation research. Since Wilson's day, NACA has grown into a research network manned by 8000 engineers and technicians, where most of the practical knowledge and much of the theory about aerodynamics in the free world have been spawned in the last forty-two years.

Our airplane and missile designers and manufacturers seldom make a move without consulting NACA. Says A. E. Raymond, Vice President, Engineering, at Douglas Aircraft, "Its work is used by us every day in the year and we could not very well get along without it."

(Continued on Page 44)

Engineer James Rose (left) and William J. O'Sullivan, who heads NACA's Space Vehicle Group, mount a deflated plastic-aluminum subsatellite on a rocket nose.

The miniature nose cone at right, once shaped like its mate, shows the destructive effect of the extreme atmospheric heat generated at a test speed of 4500 m.p.h.



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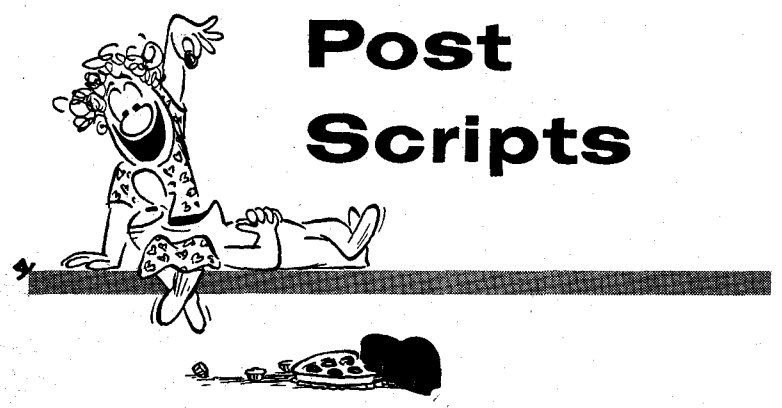


Post Scripts

With interest running high in satellites, Sputniks and baby moons, it might be well to brush up on our present knowledge of the solar system.

Space Facts

MOON — Bright yellow in color, comes in quarter, half and full sizes. There is, contrary to popular belief, a man in the moon, and his name is Ivan Something-or-other. He missed the 8:15 rocket back to Earth.

JUPITER — The largest planet. No life here except a few wild dogs and some huckleberry bushes. Jupiter has twelve moons, which just about set the dogs crazy, at night.

HORSEHEAD NEBULA — A gassy substance drifting around in the Milky Way, which no one knows much about except me, and I just looked it up.

MERCURY — The smallest planet. Surface gravity is about one third that of Earth, so if your wife weighs in the neighborhood of 150 pounds here on Earth, she would tip the scales at —— Wouldn't that be wonderful, dear?

A. R. SWINNERTON

Post-Valentine

My dear, before you came, a tree
Was nothing but a tree to me;
A breeze was just a breeze, I think;
A bobolink a bobolink.
A song was just a song, that's all,
And spring was spring, and fall was fall.
Yes, thus it was before you came ——
Since then it's pretty much the same.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

How to Find an Apartment in New York

They say that hunting wild boars or stalking wily antelope is quite exciting, but, believe me, in all hunting annals there has never been anything quite so elusive as a good New York apartment.

The thing that really exhausts the average apartment seeker is that the place they heard so glowingly described over the telephone invariably turns out, after a ten-mile trip, to be furnished in period style—Early Halloween! So, after a tortuous three-hour trip, you're in and out of the apartment faster than a guided missile. If you think the Four-Minute Mile is almost impossible, it is nothing compared to the Ten-Second Flat.

What happens now? The would-be tenant informs all his friends that he is looking for a place to live. If he would only have mentioned it a week ago, there was the most beautiful duplex apartment on Park Avenue and the rent was only thirty dollars a month. These apartments are always available *last* week, never *this* week.

So you look in the Sunday-paper want ads. You mark up all the likely prospects on Saturday night and prepare to go calling on Sunday. Wherever you go, the apartment has just been taken. After enough of this, you resolve that next week you will get the paper early and go calling on Saturday night. Just to make sure, you wait at the newspaper plant and get the first paper off the press. You chalk off a wonderful place and go calling immediately. And you find that the apartment was taken by the printer.

This leaves only one course open to you—the real-estate office. I don't mean the regular, bona-fide real-estate office. That would be too easy. No, you are touted on to a special one by a soft-speaking friend. The special real-estate office is not exactly an office. It is sort of a speak-easy with leases.

If they don't know you there, they recommend their Class Z holdings. For instance, they have a lovely apartment on the lower East Side. By lower, they mean two stories below the basement. Or if that doesn't suit, there is another real buy—a beautiful garden apartment at a terrific bargain. But here, too, there is a minor defect for the squeamish. It is situated in the center of a leper colony.

So you mention your friend's name, and you are instantly shown into the Back Room. This room is reserved only for the select customers, and all the furniture is over six feet high. This is because most of the transactions take place under the table.

At last, after two years, I was finally lucky enough to find an apartment on my own. The ad said it was a penthouse overlooking the Park, was unbelievably reasonable in rent and, joy of joys, was on the thirty-fifth floor.

When I got there I found one small hitch. It was a walk-up!

HAL BLOCK

The Evidence

Our daughter had a party,
Some sixteen kids, no less.
From what we later gathered—*
It was a huge success.

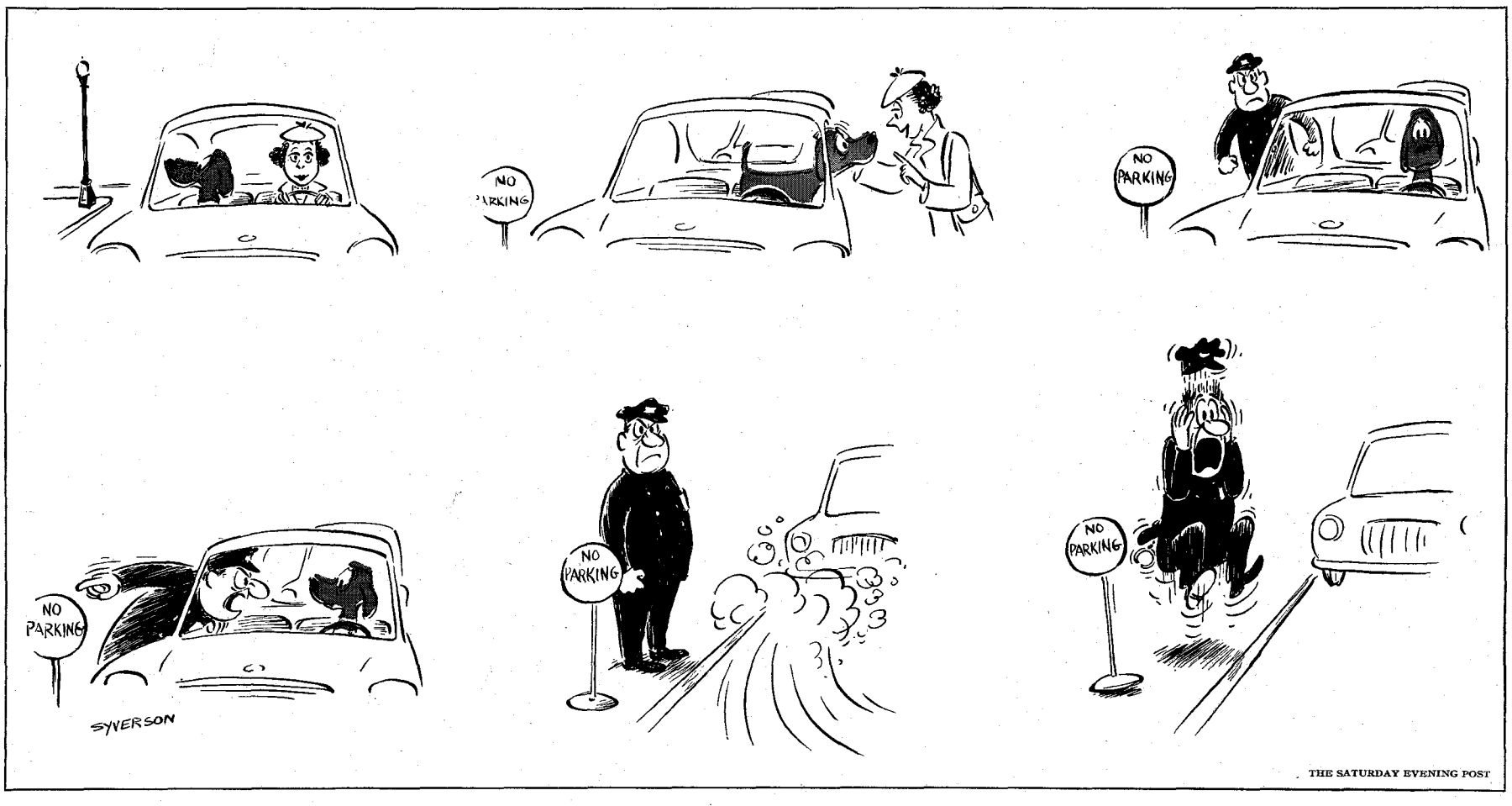
*(We gathered bottles, orange pips,
Apple cores and potato chips.)

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Cliché Parade

Of all the clichés
That we hear such a slew of,
"Dim view of" 's the phrase
That I take a dim view of.

BERTON BRALEY



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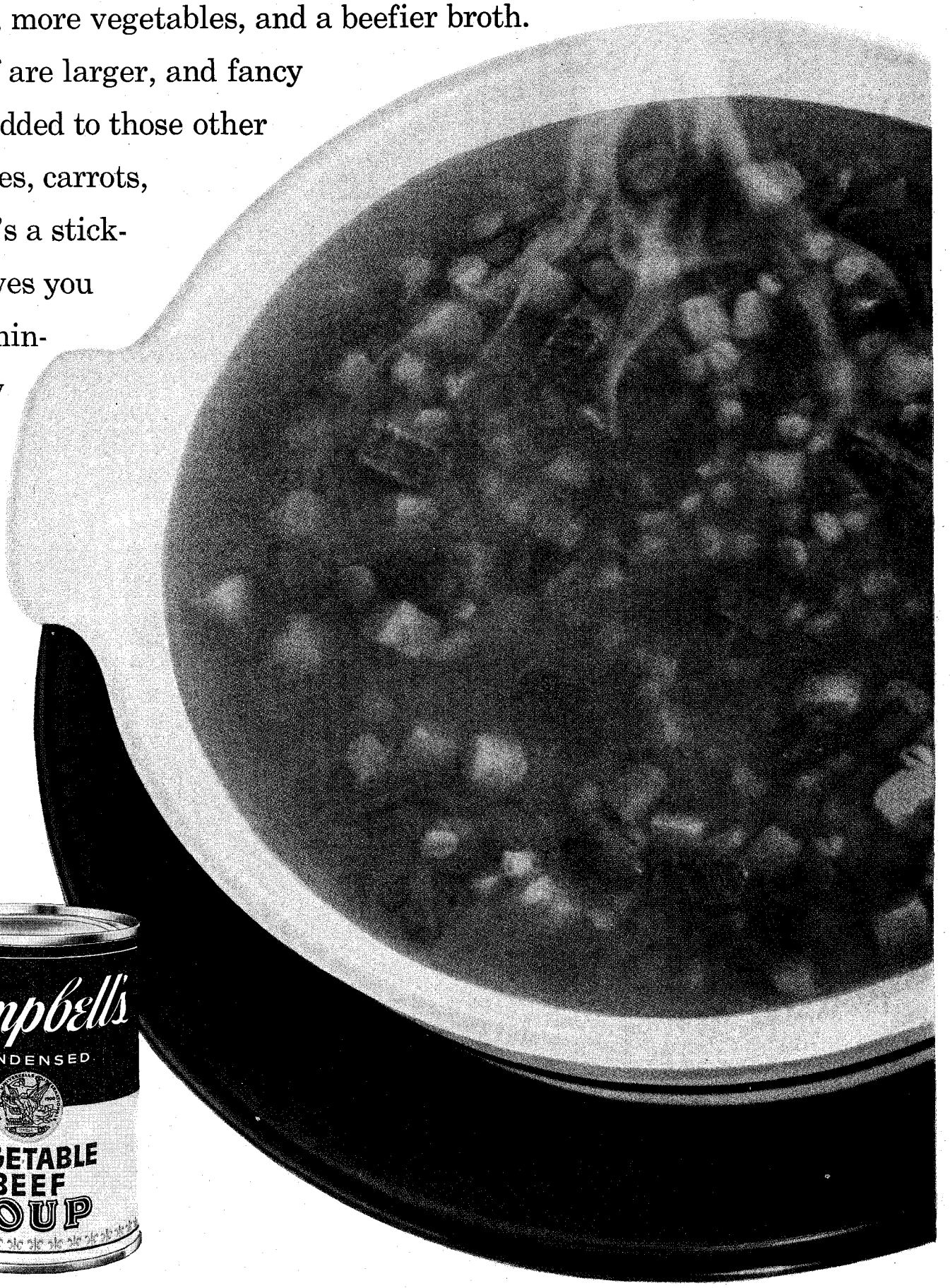
MORE VEGETABLES AND MORE BEEF
in Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup

Now, one of America's favorite soups is better than ever! It's Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup . . . with more beef, more vegetables, and a beefier broth.

The pieces of lean beef are larger, and fancy green beans have been added to those other good vegetables—potatoes, carrots, peas and tomatoes. Here's a stick-to-the-ribs lunch that gives you proteins, vitamins and minerals. And it takes only 4 minutes to prepare!

Campbell makes so many different kinds of soup, you can enjoy soup once a day, every day for a month . . . and never have the same soup twice!



Now Newly Improved

Campbell's Soups cost you less than 7¢ a bowl—such a good value in pleasure and nourishment.

Have you had your soup today?

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proved in SOUTH CAROLINA and coast to coast

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

"A lightning-started fire proved the 8-hour story to me," says M. L. Turner, Greenville, S. C. "Within 8 hours after proof of loss, I had my check from American Hardware Mutual."

Fair, fast claim payments. Annual dividend payments that mean low-cost premiums. Expert insurance counsel. Three reasons for the loyalty of our 236,000 policyholders.

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

They Probe the Future

(Continued from Page 41)

Alexander Kartveli, Vice President, Research and Development, Republic Aviation Corporation, says, "I consider NACA as one of our most outstanding national scientific institutions. It has contributed enormously to the supremacy of American aviation."

NACA is bossed by fifty-nine-year-old Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, an internationally famous scientist who in his spare time is a lay Methodist preacher. Its engineers man three large laboratories: Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, in Virginia; a second aerodynamic facility, Ames, about fifty miles south of San Francisco; and Lewis, an engine and fuel lab in Cleveland. NACA does not design airplanes, nor is it the sole source of aeronautical theory. Universities such as M.I.T., Cal Tech, Cornell and Johns Hopkins contribute to the general body of knowledge, as do all aircraft, missile and engine companies, and the armed forces, which maintain their own aeronautical-research centers.

Most of the work in industry and the armed forces, however, is concerned with specific airplane designs—"development" work. NACA, on the other hand, concentrates on producing fundamental theories and concepts which have application to broad categories of airplanes and missiles. It is not "pure" research, in the sense of "trying to find out what makes the grass green," to borrow one of Charlie Wilson's phrases. More precisely, it is what scientists call "directed" research; sooner or later, most of it evolves into projects that find their way into one of NACA's fifty-three wind tunnels and ultimately onto an airplane or missile.

Few of NACA's vast accomplishments become known to the public; some are too technically complex to describe, and many are classified for reasons of military security. Says a Navy admiral, "The armed forces and industry like to take credit for the big break-throughs in aviation. But if you look into it closely, you can almost always trace them back to fundamental work at NACA."

To make certain that the needs of industry and of the armed forces are constantly kept in focus, and to avoid research duplication, the NACA staff is quarterbacked by no fewer than twenty-nine committees and subcommittees manned by 500 of the nation's leading aeronautical experts. They meet from time to time, without compensation, to monitor the agency's activities. The main committee—in fact, *the* National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics—reports directly to the President. Its chairman is retired Air Force Lt. Gen. James H. ("Jimmy") Doolittle, who won fame in World War II when he led the first bombing raid on Tokyo. Less well known is the fact that he is a distinguished aeronautical engineer.

During the last two years I have visited two of NACA's laboratories—Langley, in Virginia, and the Lewis Flight Propulsion Lab in Cleveland—half a dozen times. It was a fascinating but slightly bewildering experience. I recommend that anyone following in my footsteps first take a short course in aeronautical engineering.

Langley is the oldest of NACA's facilities. Its original buildings and first wind tunnel were dedicated in 1920, and it was here that a handful of pioneers began laying the hard foundation of modern United States aeronautical science. In retrospect, the early work seems incredibly simple. A break-through, then considered major, occurred in 1929 when an engineer discovered that a plane's speed could be boosted 15 per cent by enclosing the exposed pistons of an air-cooled engine with a cowling. During the '30s, the lab was expanded and Langley engineers began stock-piling data on every conceivable aspect of aircraft theory—location of engines, shapes of propellers, configuration of seaplane hulls, operation of cooling systems, and so on ad infinitum.

One of their greatest achievements was the development of a family of wings—called the NACA airfoils—that at the time of World War II were used by about 95 per cent of the aircraft in the world. "It is notorious," The British Journal of the Royal Aeronautical Society huffed in 1935, "that many of our most capable design staffs prefer to base their technical work on the results of the NACA."

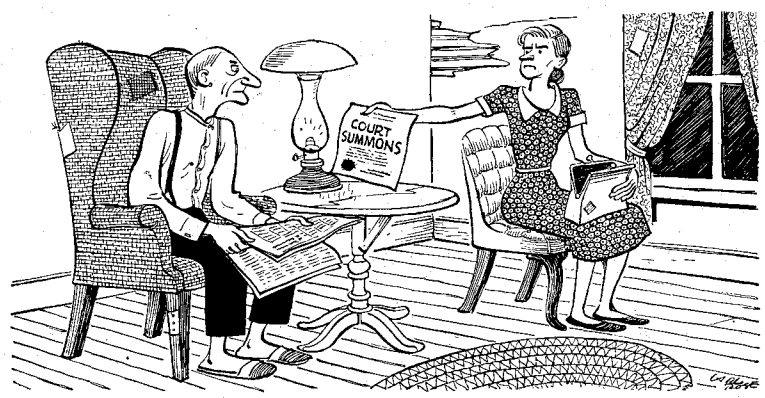
Today, Langley is a massive installation, manned by an army of 3200 scientists and technicians, blasting away at the strongholds of the aeronautical unknown with the most modern laboratory weapons man can devise. Its buildings, interspersed among the bulbous, snaking tubes of twenty-three major wind tunnels, have the brick-and-ivy look of a college campus, but, inside, the work is pushed at a frenetic pace. NACA engineers try to keep one jump ahead of the airplane designers, and one jump in their business can mean as much as three or four years.

Many of the men I talked to were probing the baffling enigmas of flight at 500,000 feet in space at speeds of 20,000 miles per hour. This is no long-range pipe dream with them, but an immediate, pressing demand. Right now North American is building an experimental airplane, the X-15, that in a year or two may fly at better than 3000 m.p.h.

The problems are enormous. At supersonic speeds, airplanes heat up like furnaces. Some means must be found to keep the temperature down and preserve the structure of the plane, which could warp or melt. The faster planes fly, the more difficult they are to control, especially at extremely high altitudes where the air is thin and conventional control surfaces are less effective. New control techniques must be devised. Turbojet engines seem impracticable for sustained operations above 100,000 feet, and beyond 2600 m.p.h. reliable ram-jets, rocket or nuclear engines must be perfected if man is to fly higher and faster.

Since the basic aerodynamic problems of high-speed aircraft and missiles are the same, much of NACA's fundamental research has a direct application in the missile field. Recently, NACA revealed that one of its leading engineers at the Ames Laboratory, H. (Harvey) Julian Allen, had made a major break-through. Allen had attacked one of the biggest problems in the development of the ballistic missile—the design of a nose cone, or "re-entry body," that would not burn up like a meteor when it plunged back into the atmosphere at speeds of 15,000 m.p.h. or more.

Many laboratories around the United States had tried to design a suitable nose cone, and various materials, shapes and construction techniques had been advanced, tested and discarded. Most of these early experiments involved the use of a sharply pointed nose cone to minimize drag. (*Continued on Page 46*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Like many another wife, Peaches felt that her husband was not supporting her properly. But after long years of marriage, she did not want to break up their home. So she sued for better maintenance within the home. She asked a larger allowance, remodeling of the house, and a new car with a good heater.

"The law entitles a wife to support," she contended, "and that includes spending money, a house fit to live in, and a car that she doesn't freeze in. My husband can well afford all of those things."

"The management of my family affairs," the husband answered, "is solely my business. No court, nor anybody else, has the right to tell me how to run them."

If you were the judge, would you give the wife what she asked?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The wife got nothing. The court ruled that it would not interfere. "As long as the parties are living as husband and wife," it said, "it cannot be denied that the husband is supporting his wife and the purpose of the marriage relation is being carried out."

Based upon a 1953 Nebraska case.

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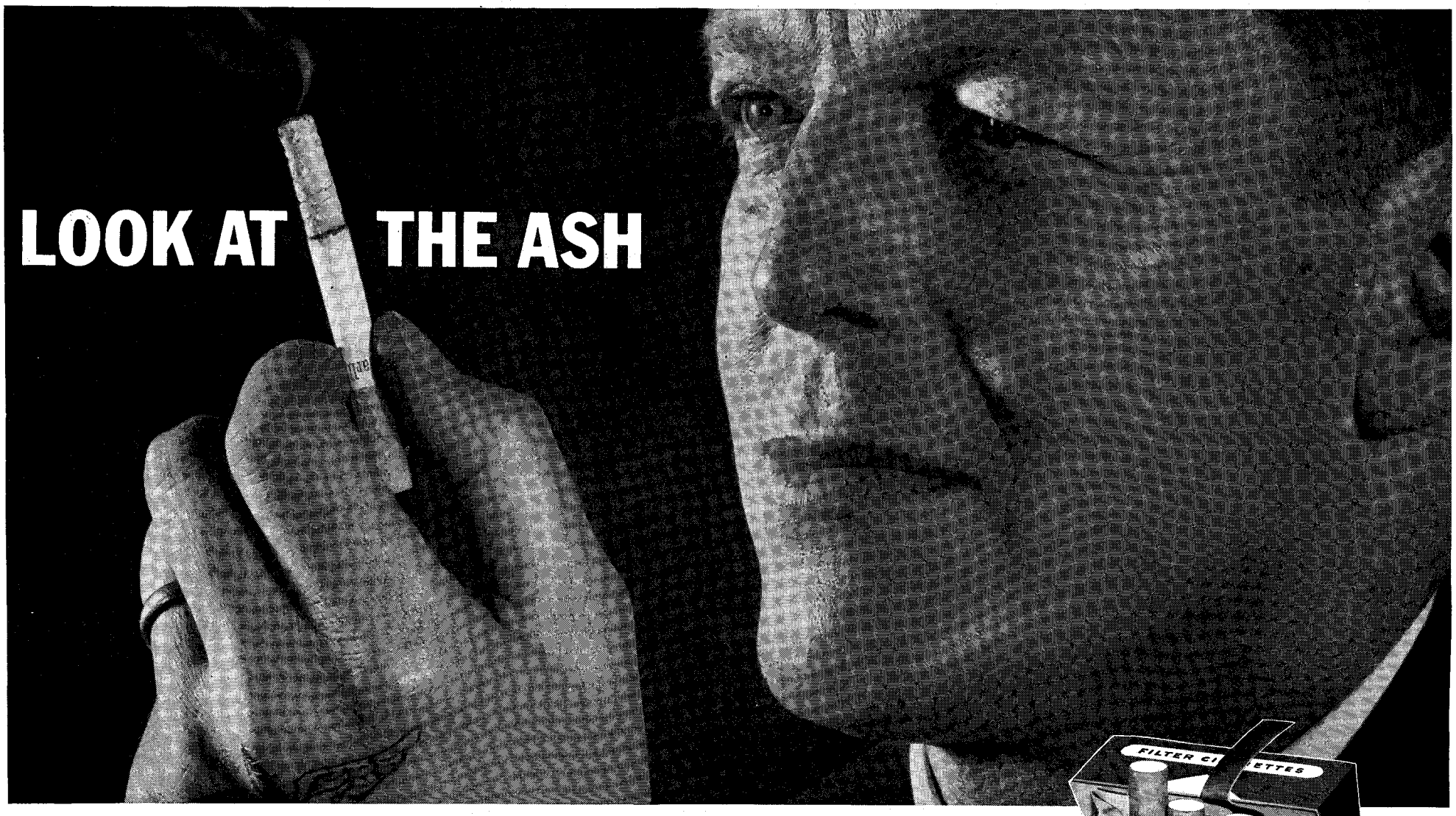
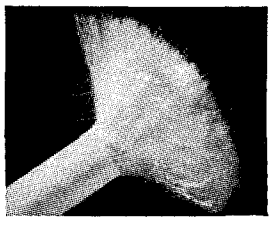
New way to judge a filter cigarette!



Marlboro's long white ash is evidence of Quality Tobaccos... Extra Mildness!



This "filter-flower" shows the pure white cellulose acetate (the modern effective filter material for cigarettes) in just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter.

To experienced tobacco men, a long white ash has always been a sign of good tobacco and a mild smoke.

Mild-burning Marlboro combines a prized recipe (created in Richmond, Virginia) of the world's great tobaccos with a modern cellulose acetate filter of consistent dependability.

You get big friendly flavor with all the mildness a man could ask for.

Marlboro

YOU GET A LOT TO LIKE—FILTER, FLAVOR, FLIP-TOP BOX

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Sturdiest box of all —with the exclusive self-starter

(*Continued from Page 44*) After a detailed exploration of basic aerodynamic heating, Harvey Allen concluded that a successful nose cone should be very blunt—seemingly, an aerodynamic absurdity. However, he had reasoned that the stronger shock waves of a blunt nose would actually carry off as much as 99 per cent of the frictional heat. Today all of our long-range ballistic missiles have very blunt warheads.

NACA is one of the smallest Government agencies, and the work it turns out seems all out of proportion to its size and cost. Its annual budget is about $70,000,000, not including money for construction of new facilities. Its present plant is valued at more than $300,000,000. A visitor gets the impression that every dollar is spent wisely. Says George Trimble, Vice President, Engineering, at The Martin Company, "We hear much talk about how inefficient Government-run organizations usually are, and indeed I have found most of them that way, but this cannot be said of NACA. In my experience I have rarely seen a research outfit with more talent or higher morale."

Many engineers have been lured away by salaries in industry three to five times greater than NACA can pay. But most of the good men remain at their posts with rare dedication, men like John Stack at Langley; H. Julian Allen, Abe Silverstein, at Lewis; and Dryden, who makes

---

The most persuasive highway safety sign is the badge pinned on the blouse of a patrolman.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

$20,000 a year, and recently, according to an aviation-company executive, refused an outside offer of more than $100,000. Says Sir Roy Fedden, dean of British aviation, "I look upon them as one of the finest and most selfless bodies of men in existence today."

Although the primary emphasis at NACA is on basic research, in emergencies it runs tests for the armed forces on special projects which the services are not equipped to handle. "In these days," says an NACA staffer, "the emergencies seem to occur with alarming frequency."

A recent case in point is WS-110-A, a secret Air Force project, which for many months absorbed the working hours of many of the top engineers at NACA. WS-110-A (short for Weapons System 110-A) is more commonly known as the Air Force's "chemical bomber" project, so-called to distinguish it from the nuclear-powered airplane, which has suffered delays both budgetary and technical, and consequently is still a long way off. WS-110-A is the fantastic, manned airplane that will be the future replacement for the B-52. It will have a speed in excess of Mach 3 (2000 m.p.h. at operating altitude), and high performance from ground level to 75,000 feet, with a range of eight or nine thousand miles. The chemical bomber will be the first United States Air Force plane to consume "exotic" or "zip" fuels, made from boron, which have been exhaustively tested and examined at NACA's engine lab in Cleveland.

Two large aviation companies—Boeing and North American—ran a grueling technical race for the WS-110-A prize, since in these times fat aircraft contracts are rare. Before submitting their final designs, engineers from each company closeted themselves with NACA engineers to gather up the latest basic aeronautical data, including some recent NACA breakthroughs, which cannot be described for security reasons. Then each company presented its design to the Air Force in the form of hundreds of blueprints and specifications. However, the science of aerodynamics has become so infinitely complex that there are few men in the Air Force, or any place else, who can study a set of plans and tell if the airplane will do everything the manufacturer claims. There is much educated guesswork involved. The old, sure-fire way of buying a few test versions from each company has been abandoned because it wastes time and is too costly. Development of a few hand-built test models can run up to $750,000,000. So nowadays the Air Force turns to NACA for technical help in making its final decision.

In a case like this NACA walks a tightrope of impartiality. It will provide answers to specific Air Force questions about first one design and then the other. However it will not directly compare the two airplanes, or come right out and say which one is better, nor does it reveal information to one company about its competitor's airplane.

In the end, the WS-110-A contract went to North American, but the decision was not an easy one to make, since both designs, based on NACA data, were very close in predicted performance. Many other factors entered into the decision. One was the availability of engineering and production facilities. Earlier in the year, during the defense-economy waves, North American had lost the F-107 and the Navaho missile; Boeing still has a huge backlog of orders for B-52's, KC-135 jet tankers, 707 commercial jet transports, Bomarc missiles and other items. In their various conceptions of the WS-110-A, engineers had stretched to the outer limits of know-how in supersonic aircraft design, and, as in the case of all new planes, there is an element of a gamble involved. With its F-100, F-107 and X-15, North American has actually had more experience in the production of supersonic aircraft, so that was another point in its favor.

NACA's most prolonged and demanding emergency period occurred during the years 1939–1945, when the nation's air arms expanded enormously for World War II. In 1938, NACA, pointing to the development in Germany of aeronautical research facilities better than our own, began begging Congress for money to expand its own aging installations. Maj. Gen. Oscar Westover, chief of the Army Air Corps, grumbled about the "congested bottleneck at Langley." A valuable year slipped by before money was authorized for the new aerodynamic laboratory at Ames. In 1939, a special NACA committee warned of the superiority of European aircraft engines, and urged the immediate construction of a power-plant research center. But it was not until June, 1940—after Belgium and Holland had been overrun—that funds were provided to start construction of the Lewis Lab in Cleveland.

Many years would elapse before NACA could fully exploit these new installations for basic aeronautical research. At the beginning of World War II, the decision was made "at the summit" to fight with the weapons in hand. Under pressure, NACA temporarily abandoned virtually all basic aerodynamic research and concentrated largely on "applied" research—that is, making existing aircraft faster and easier to control, and production engines more powerful.

Between December, 1941, and December, 1944, NACA engineers reworked and patched up 115 different types of airplane. One of the biggest headaches was a (*Continued on Page 48*)

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Size it up! This big, bold Pontiac Chieftain has a brand of beauty, luxury and performance *completely new* to the low-price field! It's man-size in every dimension with a road-hugging 122-inch wheelbase! And, inside, more space and elegance than you've ever known at anywhere near the price; with high-fashion fabrics, an incredible array of color choices, and the luxury bonus of wall-to-wall carpeting *even in the lowest priced model!*

Try it out! Big as it is, the Chieftain handles like a feather—functions with an effortless drill team precision that will positively amaze you! And it's no wonder, for here are literally dozens of innovations, ranging from a suspension system that virtually eliminates dive, sway and bounce . . . to the Tempest 395 engine, Pontiac's brilliant new power plant that is tooled to tolerances finer than the finest watches—to bring you a new jeweled-action smoothness in motion!

Compare the cost! See your Pontiac dealer and take a moment to prove what thousands of Chieftain owners already know: *Pontiac beats the best of the low-price three—and does it for less money!*

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A BOLD NEW CAR FOR A BOLD NEW GENERATION

EVERY WINDOW OF EVERY PONTIAC IS SAFETY PLATE GLASS

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(*Continued from Page 46*) succession of tail failures on most of the Army Air Forces fighters and bombers. After exhaustive tests in NACA tunnels, a remedy was found for each plane. Other aircraft were sent to NACA labs to see what modifications could be made to reduce drag. The speeds of some thirty aircraft were substantially improved in this manner. For example, when the P-39 came in for drag tests, it had a top speed of 340 m.p.h. After NACA modification, its top speed was increased 54 m.p.h. The P-51, designed with a new NACA wing, turned out to be the fastest propeller fighter in World War II.

The late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox summed up NACA's contribution to naval aviation: "The Navy's famous fighters—the Corsair, Wildcat and Hellcat—are possible only because they were based on fundamentals developed by NACA. All of them use NACA wing sections, NACA cooling methods, NACA high-lift devices. The great sea victories that have broken Japan's expanding grip in the Pacific would not have been possible without the contributions of NACA."

At war's end, when United States intelligence experts moved into German aeronautical-research centers, they found that German engineers had made sweeping progress in the investigation of high-speed flight. Behind the Nazi superweapons, such as the V-1 pulsejet missile, the V-2 rocket, the ME-262 turbojet airplane, lay a large body of high-speed wind-tunnel and theoretical data, which was miles ahead of similar data in the United States.

In spite of the fact that NACA's war work had been dictated by the decision to fight with existing weapons, the agency was criticized. In a long series of postwar policy meetings, steps were taken to restore NACA to its traditional role of providing basic research. NACA engineers, groggy from the unrelenting pressure of World War II, got set to face the even greater challenge of supersonic flight, which some authorities considered impossible.

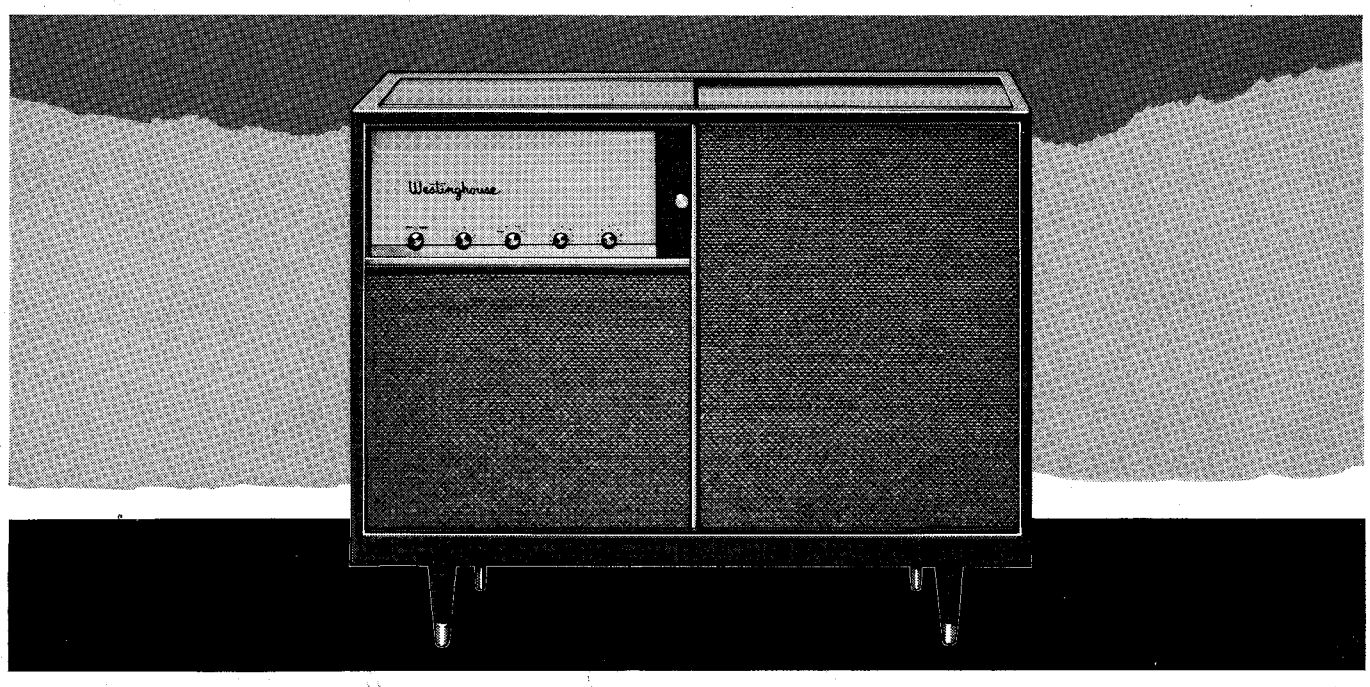
Engineers at NACA did not believe supersonic flight was impossible, but they were aware of the formidable obstacles to overcome, not the least of which was the gathering of basic aerodynamic data. The first trouble they ran into was "choking," a peculiarity of the flow of air through wind tunnels at about the speed of sound; it was impossible to establish with any degree of certainty how an airplane would behave at transonic speed. To get on with the investigation, NACA engineers devised other techniques. Small models, packed with instrumentation, were taken aloft in a B-29 and dropped; at Wallops Island, Virginia, an offshoot of Langley, other models powered by rocket engines were fired down a controlled range.

The most ambitious approach was conceived by Langley's John Stack: the development of a family of small, experimental research aircraft that could actually be piloted through the speed of sound. They were to be powered by rocket engines or a combination of rocket and turbojet engines; at that time, engineers did not believe the turbojet alone could push a plane beyond Mach 1. These small aircraft, called X models, were built under a joint NACA-Armed Forces-Industry program. On October 14, 1947, Air Force Capt. Charles E. Yeager piloted the first of these planes, the Bell X-1, to a speed of Mach 1.05, acquiring fame for himself and destroying the myth of the sonic barrier. Since then the other X models, the Bell X-1A and X-2, the Douglas Skystreak and Skyrocket, have repeatedly smashed altitude and speed records. More important than the records established were the data collected from these flights by NACA's High-Speed Flight Station at Edwards Air Force Base. All of today's high-performance airplanes benefited in one way or another.

Gratifying as these flights were, engineers still clamored for controlled laboratory studies at the speed of sound. The irrepressible John Stack had been working on this deficiency, and in 1949 he came up with an ingenious "slotted-throat" tunnel which would dispel the choking and permit a transonic flow of air. This tunnel, the first of its kind in the world, was put into operation in 1951.

Some months later, a thirty-one-year-old engineer at Langley, Richard T. Whitcomb, produced a revolutionary concept that had a dramatic effect on all our modern supersonic fighters. Whitcomb began by running drag experiments in the slotted-throat tunnel, and discovered almost immediately that the old methods of computing drag near the speed of sound were in error. The miscalculations had led engineers to underestimate grossly the total drag of an airplane. Perhaps, Whitcomb reasoned, that was why Convair's latest fighter, the delta-wing F-102, designed to be supersonic, had "stuck" just below the speed of sound. Having discovered a precise method of measuring drag and its effect on high-speed planes like the F-102, Whitcomb set about to find a way to minimize it. He succeeded in an astonishingly short time with a brain-twisting formula known as the "area rule."

His concept called for a radically new approach to aircraft design. For those



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aircraft nearing completion Whitcomb recommended a treatment which would result in aircraft fuselages more nearly resembling Marilyn Monroe's torso than the traditional bullet. For that reason, his formula was quickly dubbed the "Marilyn Monroe" shape. If his ideas were followed, Whitcomb predicted, total drag could be reduced by as much as 25 per cent. To aeronautical engineers, this was like saying he had found a way for man to run the mile in three minutes.

Whitcomb's concept was given a gimlet-eye going over by NACA experts and ultimately published in a secret NACA paper. Convair engineers came to Langley to investigate. The youthful Whitcomb asserted that with area rule the F-102 could be saved. Quite understandably, the Convair people were hesitant and slightly skeptical. Wind tunnels and theories had been wrong before; a modification of the F-102 would cost millions. However, to simulate an actual flight test, they built a one-fifth scale model of the F-102, with a Marilyn Monroe fuselage, and shipped it to NACA's Pilotless Aircraft Research Station at Wallops Island. Intricately instrumented, it was mounted on a booster rocket and fired. The tests confirmed Whitcomb's wind-tunnel results, and Convair decided to gamble.

The F-102 was hurriedly redesigned to incorporate area rule, and named the F-102A. On its first flight the plane zoomed through the sonic barrier while climbing, even before the pilot leveled off. The Air Force rushed the plane into mass production, and today the F-102A is the backbone of the Air Defense Command. A later version, the F-106, with a more powerful engine, and even more area rule, is now coming off the production line at Convair.

Spectacular advances in the power of turbojet engines had made supersonic flight for military aircraft possible; Whitcomb's area rule, for which he was later awarded aviation's coveted Collier Trophy, made it practicable. Area rule not only shoehorned the F-102A through the sound barrier; it supercharged the performance of many jet planes then in the building or planning stage. With area rule, Grumman's F-11F-1 Navy fighter pierced the sound barrier with a third less thrust than other airplanes of equivalent power. It boosted the speed of Republic's F-105, and Chance Vought's celebrated F8U Crusader, and enabled Convair's sensational B-58 Hustler, our first supersonic bomber, to barrel along at Mach 2.

Along with these dramatic achievements of the last decade, other NACA scientists have been churning out useful information by the basketful. NACA men have charted the entire field of vertical take-off and landing. Though many authorities consider the seaplane a duck of the past, NACA investigation continues, and it has helped Martin in the design of its giant, jet-powered seaplane, the P6M. Just completed is a massive study of ways and means to control fire in an aircraft crash. Other engineers have been conducting aircraft structural tests, to make sure that our upcoming jet transports do not fail in flight like the original British Comets.

Yet I returned from my visits to NACA's laboratories with the uncomfortable feeling that the agency ought to be doing much more. Each new breakthrough in aeronautics opens up a new hornets' nest of problems that require skillful investigation. However, NACA lacks money, manpower and equipment to meet adequately the demands of the jet-missile age. More advanced laboratory tools are required to explore fully the colossal problems of aerodynamic heating. A greater effort should be made in the field of exotic fuels, rocketry and nuclear propulsion; but again it is a question of recruiting good people and building more sophisticated facilities. NACA's appropriations have increased from $24,000,000 in fiscal 1946 to $71,000,000 in fiscal 1958.

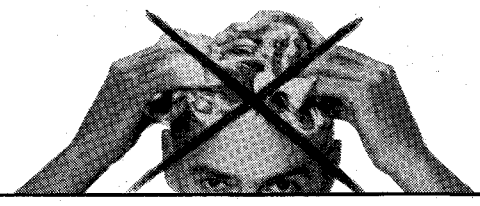
However, this increase has not been sufficient to keep pace with inflating salaries and the skyrocketing cost of complex equipment. For example, a modern wind tunnel in 1945 cost less than $1,000,000. Today, adequate wind tunnels cost more than twenty-seven times as much. Now that vigorous steps are being taken to catch up with the Soviets in the missile field, NACA must have the tools it needs.

As Jimmy Doolittle says, "We have to plant the seed corn before we can harvest the crop."

THE END

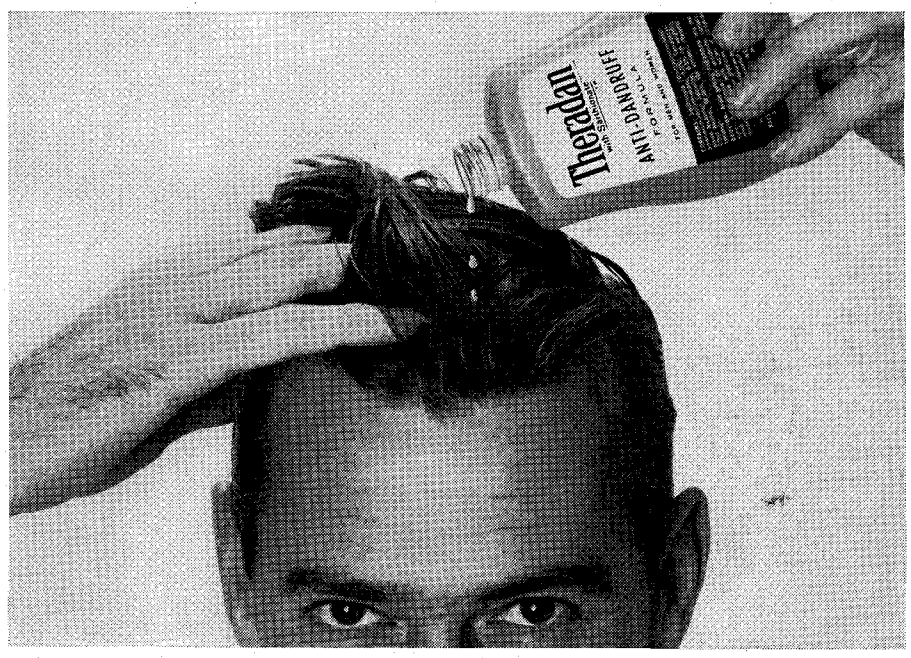
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wait'll you see the basement."



You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away dandruff and itchy scalp



with just 3 applications!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-282, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T. M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

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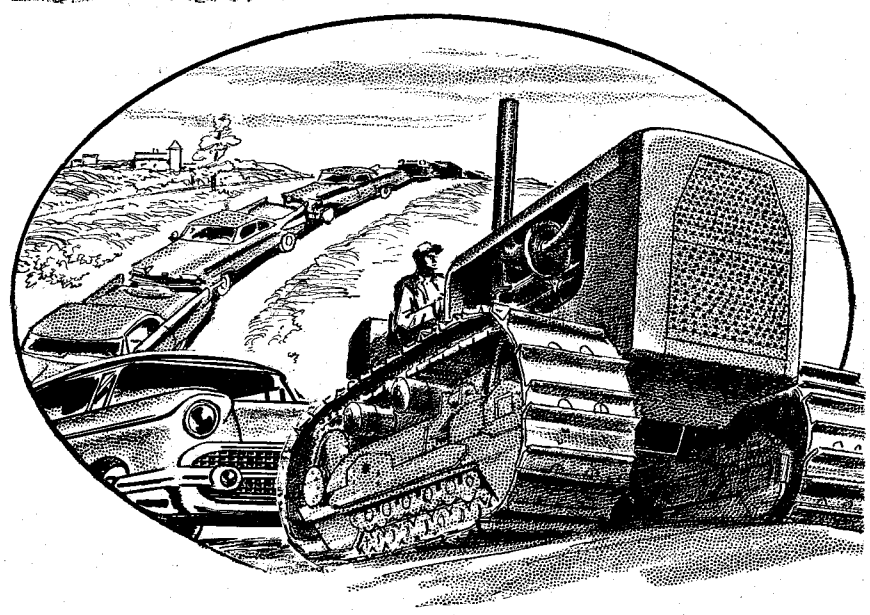
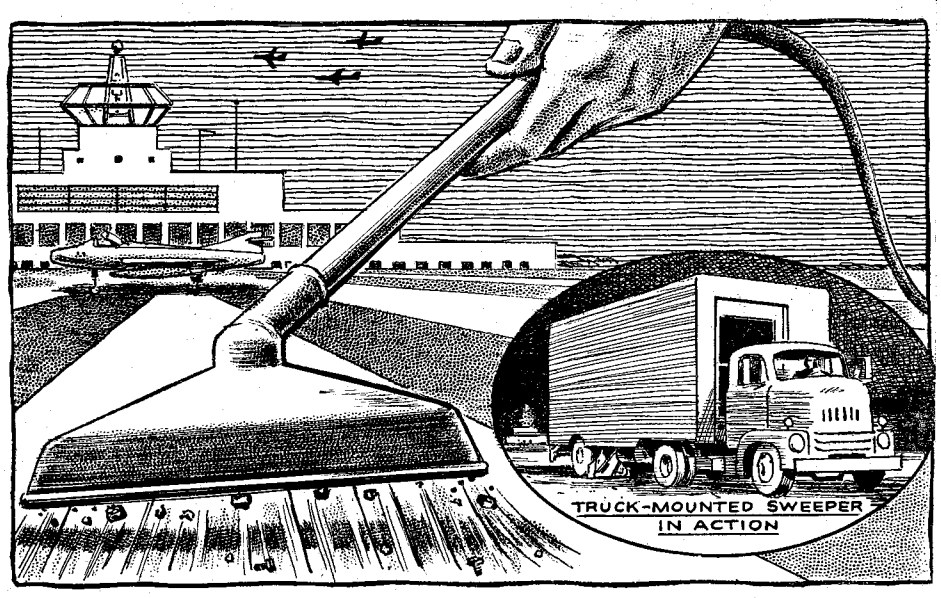
WHEN A 105 MM HOWITZER FIRES ITS SHELL, THE SHELL CASE MUST WITHSTAND 4000° HEAT, PRESSURES UP TO 35,000 POUNDS. ONCE, ONLY METAL COULD TAKE THE SHOCK. BUT NOW A NEW PLASTIC DEVELOPED BY **B-W'S MARBON** CAN DO THE JOB. CALLED CYCOLAC*, IT'S UNBELIEVABLY TOUGH AND RESILIENT, YET IT'S LIGHT. SHELL CASES OF CYCOLAC WEIGH 50% LESS THAN METAL ONES, COST FAR LESS. IDENTIFYING COLORS CAN BE MOLDED IN. CYCOLAC IS TODAY IMPROVING SCORES OF PRODUCTS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY.



SINGLE-ENGINE TRACTOR TOWS 6 MILES OF AUTOMOBILES! MOST POWERFUL CRAWLER OF ITS TYPE, IT CAN TOW OVER 1750 CARS OR PULL GREAT EARTH MOVERS. TO STAND THE STRAIN ON ROUGH GROUND, THE DRIVE-SHAFT MUST "BEND". A DOUBLE-JOINTED STEEL "ELBOW" FROM **B-W'S MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT** LETS IT FLEX IN ANY DIRECTION. IT ABSORBS SHOCKS, PROTECTS OTHER PARTS.



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...MAKE IT BETTER

Borg-Warner®

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ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION T.M.

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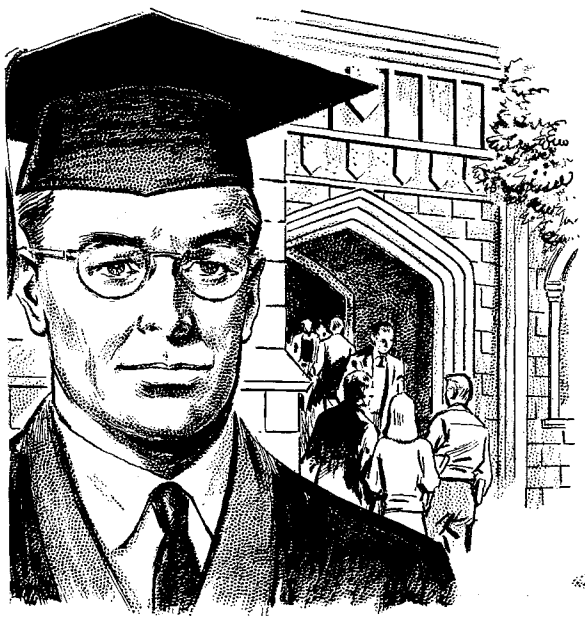
THE WEST TIMELINE* WASHER FROM **B-W'S ORGE** TURNS ITSELF ON, DOES THE ASH WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP--OR ANY ME YOU CHOOSE. JUST PUT IN THE OTHES AND SET A DIAL. IT CAN EAN AN "EARLY START" ON YOUR Y, MORE HOT WATER AT RUSH HOURS, TRA TIME FOR YOURSELF. IT'S ONE ORE ADVANTAGE THAT MAKES RGE A HOMEMAKER'S BEST HELPER.



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LACK OF FUNDS KEEPS COLLEGES FROM PAYING PROFESSORS THE KIND OF SALARIES THEY NEED. MANY TALENTED TEACHERS MUST QUIT, GET BETTER PAYING JOBS. CONTINUED, IT CAN MEAN A CURTAILED EDUCATION FOR TODAY'S STUDENTS. TO CORRECT THIS, **FINANCIAL AID TO HIGHER EDUCATION** HAS BEEN ORGANIZED. IT ASKS COMPANIES, YOU, EVERYONE, TO HELP BY GIVING TO SOME CHOSEN COLLEGE.

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Borg-Warner skill and ingenuity also benefit almost every American every day through many other fields, including:

Automotive. 19 of the 20 makes of cars contain essential B-W parts.

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FLOATING OIL RIG CAN STAND ON ITS OWN TWO FEET!

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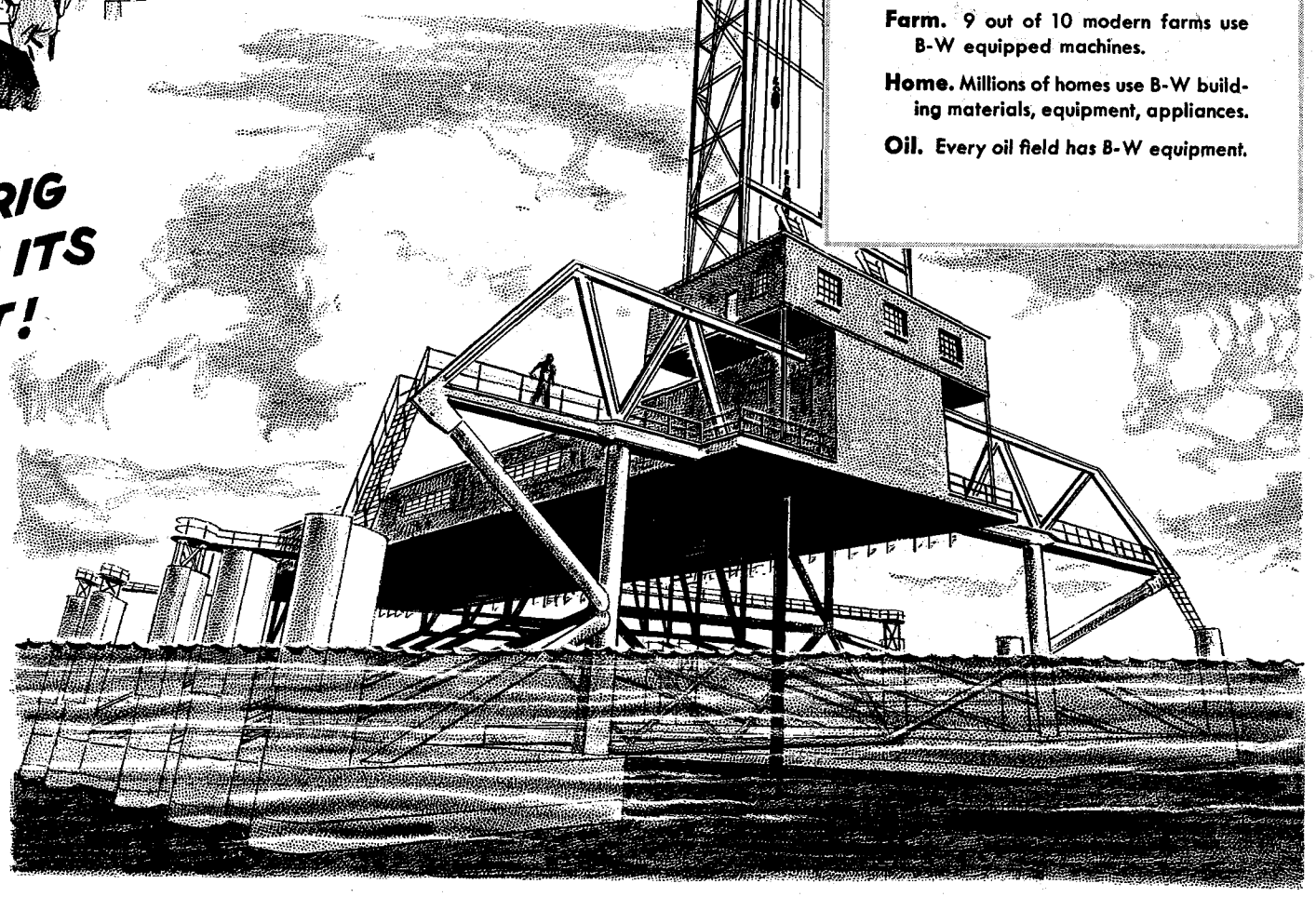
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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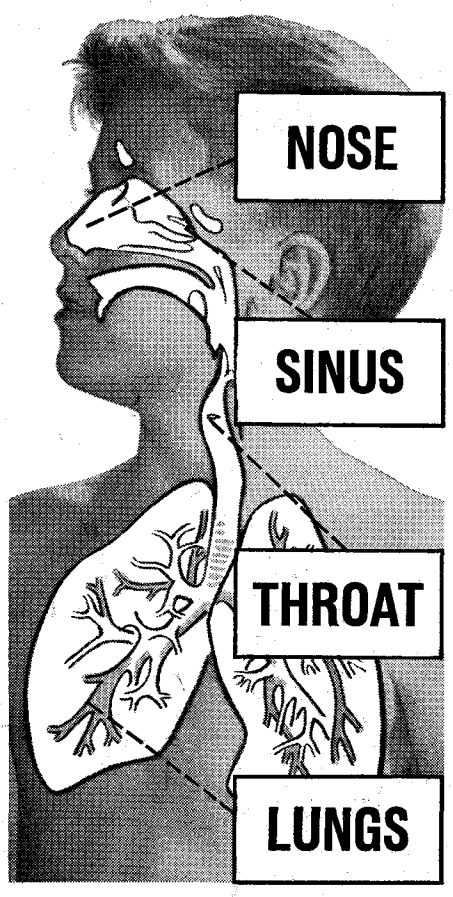
New Instant-Acting Chest Rub Speeds Relief Through



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- ACTION PENETRATES FASTER AND DEEPER
- BRINGS UP TO 6 TIMES MORE CIRCULATION OVER THE AFFECTED AREAS

Now, from Anahist research comes this new wonder formula for chest misery accompanying virus colds or Asiatic flu. New SUPER ANAHIST INSTANT-ACTING CHEST RUB speeds more medicated vapors faster through nose, sinus, throat, lungs . . . while its deeper penetration breaks up congestion . . . and increased blood circulation flushes away stagnant cold "poisons." Get this new greaseless, stainless cream, today. © 1957, ANAHIST CO., INC.

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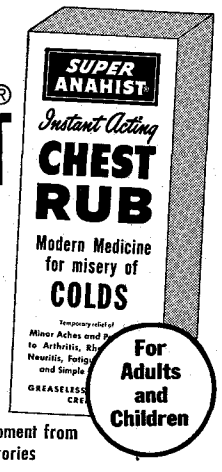

A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories

The Yankees Know Me Now!

(Continued from Page 21)

I thought they were better hitters. You know something? They didn't swing very hard. I don't think they have as much power as Cincinnati and the Dodgers in our league. The team, as a whole, took too many pitches. Good hitters don't ordinarily do that.

The only ones who swung hard against me were Harry Simpson and Bill Skowron. Simpson is a "hungry hitter," and he gave me no trouble at all. I faced Skowron only in the last game, and in the ninth inning he hit a sharp grounder inside third. Eddie Mathews, our third baseman, grabbed it on a fine play for the force-out that ended the Series.

Yogi Berra must have faced me a dozen times, but he didn't swing hard more than once or twice. Mickey Mantle is a great hitter, but I found I could handle him by keeping him off stride. Of course, he was hurting, due to a bad leg, and couldn't swing hard—especially left-handed.

Poor Mickey. When some bean-ball trouble began in the second game, I threatened to throw at him. I told Berra, "If you keep throwing at us, I'm going to get you. And you can tell Mantle I'm going to throw at that bum leg of his. And if I miss him, I'll get him after he gets to first base." Well, I'm glad I didn't have to do it.

Yes, there was a little bad blood between the teams in the Series, and some strong language. It wasn't noticeable from the stands, and there was nothing about it in the papers. The TV and radio announcers missed it too. But the Yankee bench worked us over pretty good, right from the beginning.

Their smart cracks boomeranged. Del Crandall, our catcher, was closest to them because of his position, and he heard it good. Del, who is captain, was ripping mad after the first game. "Let's get on those guys," he said in the clubhouse afterward. "We were too quiet out there today. Open your mouths tomorrow and give it back to them."

Personally, bench jockeying doesn't bother me. I seldom hear it when I'm pitching. I did get mad a couple of times, though. Once was in the fourth game, when I wasn't even pitching. Elston Howard hit that ninth-inning homer with two out and two on to tie up the game, and they really gave it to us then. I believe they thought we'd curl up and die. Yogi Berra was one of the runners who scored on the homer, and I could see him leering at us as he rounded third base with that big grin on his face.

The other time I felt like blowing my top was in the second game, which brought me my first victory. That was when the duster duel started. The Braves were following Crandall's suggestion, blasting the Yankees at the plate and from the dugout. It must have steamed them, because pretty soon a couple of our boys had to hit the dirt. Art Ditmar, a relief pitcher, decked Crandall and Hank Aaron and plunked Johnny Logan on the arm.

That's when I threatened Berra and Mantle. I wasn't going to let them get away with that. It was a good thing umpire Jocko Conlan put a stop to it. Somebody certainly would have got hurt. They started it and I was going to finish it.

I had a run-in with their coaches, Frank Crosetti and Jim Turner, before the fourth game, in Milwaukee. Kidding around, I swiped a loose ball during the Yankee batting practice and started a pepper game on the side lines near our dugout. Crosetti, who minds the balls, got teed off and hollered, "You better not show up tomorrow. We're going to knock your head off!"

Turner, the pitching coach, joined in. "You were lucky the first time," he cracked. "You won't be that lucky again with that junk you throw."

I answered, "Well, I certainly won't pitch the way you showed me."

Incidents like this gave me an added incentive to beat them. I know I had no bad feeling at the beginning. Any resentment at having been traded by the Yankees had long since worn off. In fact, I had come to regard it as one of the best breaks in my life.

There's a saying that "It's great to be young and a Yankee." Well, I was young and a Yankee one time, and it wasn't great. Actually I never considered myself a real Yankee. Nobody else did, either, after I came up from the minors and joined them in September of 1950. There were exceptions, but in general I found the Yankees cold and clannish.

I think the main reason I wasn't accepted was because I was outspoken. I was given to understand, in an indirect way, that I talk too much. With the Yanks, I guess you are supposed to sit back and listen and not speak until you are spoken to. If a newcomer happened to be in a group which was discussing baseball, he was not expected to make any comment unless he was asked a question. When I joined the Braves, I found them much friendlier.

Now, don't get the idea that every man gave me the cold shoulder. There were plenty of nice guys on the club. Joe DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto and Ralph Houk went out of their way to be nice to me. Joe had a locker in the extreme corner of the big dressing room near the corridor which leads to the showers. When I'd pass by, he'd stop me and ask that I pull up a stool. We'd chat about baseball and other things.

I can't say that Stengel treated me badly. He hardly knew I was around. On the Yankees, Turner has complete charge of the pitchers. He had me in the bull pen most of the time, or else pitching batting practice. Whenever Casey wanted me, he'd call out, "Hey, you, go down and warm up." It was always, "Hey, you"—he never knew my name, as far as I could tell.

In all, my Yankee career totaled one and one third innings in relief near the end of the 1950 season. They took me to training camp at Phoenix, Arizona, the following spring—the only time they trained in the West. Mickey Mantle, Gil McDougald and pitcher Tom Morgan were the prize kids in camp. I didn't get my name in the papers until one day when I nearly died.

It happened just before an exhibition game against Cleveland in Phoenix. I had pitched batting practice and then gone into the clubhouse. I had a sore throat—nothing serious. Four other players had the same thing, including Berra. Dr. Sidney Gaynor, the club physician, gave each of us a shot of penicillin.

I had taken penicillin when I was in the Air Force and never had any bad reaction, but this time something hit me. It started with welts forming all over my body, and ended with everything going black. My windpipe had become blocked. My heart and pulse stopped, I'm told. The next thing I knew, I was lying on the rubbing table and Gaynor was jabbing me with shots to keep me alive.

They told me afterward that I then became violent with convulsions and that several of the players had to be called on to hold me down. I lost and regained consciousness several times. I came to, once more, just as an ambulance arrived. Gaynor was all set to shoot a stimulant directly into my heart, but didn't have to resort to that. Instead, he gave me several whiffs of oxygen, and then I was carried out of the dressing room, wrapped in heavy blankets. I recovered quickly in the hospital, and there were no after-effects.

I've often been asked if that attack influenced the Yankees to trade me. I honestly don't know. I do know that I went on to have a very good spring. I was back at work a day after getting out of the hospital, and was very effective in exhibition games. I pitched nineteen innings and gave up only one run. But Tom Morgan didn't allow any in twenty-two innings, and in justice to Casey, he hardly had room for two rookie pitchers on a staff which included Vic Raschi, Allie Reynolds, Eddie Lopat, Tommy Byrne and Joe Page. I was sent to San Francisco, of the Pacific Coast League, for the '51 season.

The Yankees needed pitching help in August of that year. Joe Page had failed, and they wanted a relief man to help them in the pennant battle with Cleveland. They needed an experienced major-league winner, and dealt with the Boston Braves for Johnny Sain. Boston got $50,000 and me in exchange for Sain, who did help the Yankees win the flag.

I didn't know how to accept the trade at that time. It wasn't until I made the grade with my new club the following spring that I realized what a break I got. The Braves were rebuilding and were in a position to give a young fellow a chance. I might never have had one with the Yankees.

It was a strange turn of fate. Although it's not generally known, a Braves' scout once turned me down. He told me to give up pitching, that I had no chance. It was a Yankee scout who eventually signed me.

Actually, baseball wasn't my first interest. I wanted to be a football coach. I had played football in high school, but not baseball. I didn't start to pitch until I went to work for the American Viscose Corporation in Nitro, West Virginia, where I was born. When I applied for a job at seventeen, Fred Jones, the personnel manager, said, "I want to hire you because I know your dad and your brother and sister work for us. If you can play on the baseball (*Continued on Page 56*)

... ...

Endless Exit

By Loyd Rosenfield

You say "This scene's where
we came in,"
To which I nod, while you
begin
To gather gloves, coat,
pocketbook
And more than one
expressive look,
Locate your shoes, put on
your hat
And give your permanent a
pat;
The scenes where we come
in, dear heart,
Are seldom those where we
depart.

... ...

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PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
Connecticut General Life Insurance Building, Bloomfield, Conn.
Architects: Skidmore, Owings & Merrill

OFFICE IN THE COUNTRY. Here at Connecticut General Life Insurance Company headquarters, streams of paperwork move along with assembly-line efficiency. Most likely, the paper is made with caustic soda and chlorine from PPG's subsidiary, Columbia-Southern. The work is done in bright offices partitioned with PPG textured plate glass.

They built a masterpiece in a meadow. . . and PPG is there

Every wall is a beautiful landscape because every wall is PPG glass. Men and women at work look out on countryside or courtyard through PPG Solex glass that absorbs and reflects heat, and eliminates glare. They work in comfort the year around . . . protected against heat and cold by PPG Twindow. PPG paints harmonize interiors. Even grass, flowers and trees draw beauty from Columbia-Southern chemicals in fertilizers and insecticides. Office or home—almost everything you see or use is better because of glass or paint made by PPG, or chemicals made by Columbia-Southern, subsidiary of PPG. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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GET SATISFYING FLAVOR...

SO FRIENDLY TO YOUR TASTE!

Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke —does not filter out the Pall Mall flavor!

1 DON'T GIVE UP FLAVOR TO GET MILDNESS.

2 FOR FLAVOR AND MILDNESS FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST.

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IT'S

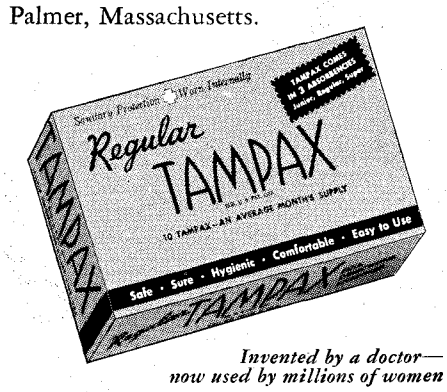
wonderful!

TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS!

I like having a mind of my own! To be able to decide for myself what trends to follow, what new ways to try! And how *proud* I feel when all on my own I decide upon changing to something really marvelous—like Tampax® internal sanitary protection! It was *wonderful* to discover for myself the *freedom*, the *comfort*, the *poise* it brings on problem days! Changing to Tampax was like stepping out of darkness into light!

TO FEEL SURE...SECURE!

With Tampax, you never worry about bulging pads or embarrassing odor. Never know chafing and discomfort. For Tampax is completely comfortable, completely invisible when in place. It's easy to change and dispose of. Extras tuck away in my tiniest purse. Tampax is really *wonderful*! It's the *modern* way! Why don't *you* give it a trial? Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

(*Continued from Page 52*) team, I think I can give you a job." So I tried out for pitcher and made it.

Bill McCorry, now the Yankee traveling secretary, was the scout who later discovered me. This was when I was attending Richmond University after six months in the Air Force. In 1947 I started out in the Yankee farm system. Ten years later I was pitching against them in the World Series.

Like all pennant-contending clubs, the Braves scouted their prospective World Series rivals last September. Wid Matthews and Ted McGrew charted each pitch to each Yankee hitter over a span of seventeen games. This was the most extensive scouting report I've ever seen. It summarized in minute detail the habits, desires, weaknesses and strengths of every batter.

Actually, there were two "books" on the Yankees. One was devoted to their abilities in the field, the other to their hitting. I will discuss only the second one here. For each batter I'll note the book directions, and then tell how I pitched to him. When I went against the book, it generally was because 1) I prefer to pitch to my own strength, rather than to the hitter's weakness; and 2) I'm strictly a low-ball pitcher who relies on breaking stuff, and I can't pitch high effectively.

THE BRAVES BOOK ON THE YANKEES

HANK BAUER: "Pitch him down with everything. Right-handed pitchers should throw him sidearm curves. Mix 'em up and keep ball down. Give him nothing high to hit. He will bunt."

I followed the book on him, but got the ball inside twice. That's when he got a double and a homer. Those were my own mistakes.

GIL MCDOUGALD: "Low at all times—curve and change-up. No fast balls in strike zone. Sidearm low and away if at all possible. Nothing high unless it is a bad fast ball. He will bunt."

Every pitcher likes to know if a hitter is a good bunter. The book said to curve McDougald. I went against it. I didn't throw him but a couple of curve balls in my three games. I gave him sliders and sinkers.

MICKEY MANTLE (hitting right-handed): "Pitch him low with everything—in and out. Throw breaking stuff and change up on him once in a while. He loves to hit the fast ball."

That didn't interest me. I'm a right-handed pitcher, so he didn't bat righty against me.

MICKEY MANTLE (hitting left-handed): "Pitch him just the opposite. Fast balls on the fists and also high, across the letters. He drags and bunts a lot—only when batting left-handed."

I bucked the book again. Had I followed instructions to pitch him high, I would have had to go to my own weakness in order to get at his weakness. That wouldn't work for me. But the tip on Mantle's bunting helped me. When he did it in the last game, I was ready for it and threw him out.

YOGI BERRA: "Pitch him low and away, especially low. Change up on him with any of your pitches. Sinker-ball pitcher should be effective."

That was for me. That's exactly the way I pitch. Nearly every pitch to him was a screwball, breaking away from him. I also fed him sinkers. This actually is my fast ball, which dips.

ENOS SLAUGHTER: "Keep everything down and away, if possible. His power is above the belt."

I knew all about Slaughter from the National League. I knew he'd hit through the middle and go to left, and that his power is upstairs. That's the only ball he can pull to right field.

HARRY SIMPSON: "Pitch him tight and belt-high—everything inside. Make it bad when you go low because his power is low, and he looks for pitches down there. Nothing over the plate and out."

I went against the book on this guy. I pitched him low and away. I didn't go inside, as the book said, and he hit only one good ball off me. That was a long drive to deep center in the Stadium which Aaron caught. It was off a belt-high pitch, over the plate. It was the kind the book said not to give him, and it would have been a homer in Milwaukee.

TONY KUBEK: "Fast ball and curve, belt-high. Inside. Nothing above his belt. Everything inside. He will bunt and he hits late to left."

I pitched him low and away. I had to. That's my strength to left-handers. I gave him screwballs and sinkers. To pitch inside to a left-hander, I would have to throw a slider—a pitch which breaks in to a lefty hitter—and I don't throw that pitch to left-handers too often.

JERRY COLEMAN: "No fast balls to him. Only low-breaking stuff. Make him hit the breaking ball. Will bunt."

I thought we had some magic-wand hitters in our league—Ashburn, Temple, Mueller—but Coleman is the biggest dunker I ever saw. If he wasn't blooping the ball over somebody's head, he was dribbling it where it couldn't be fielded. He hit just one good ball, a line drive that was caught. And that guy led the Yankees in hitting in the Series!

JOE COLLINS: "Low-ball hitter. Pitch him high with everything."

I pitched him low and away, all screwballs and sinkers. In my first game he popped up as a pinch hitter. I faced him twice in the last game and fanned him once.

BILL SKOWRON: "Low and inside with everything. Will chase curve balls low and away by right-handed pitchers."

I only faced him in the last game, and didn't find out if he chases curves. The pitch he hit to Mathews for the last out of the Series was according to the book—low and inside. And he hit it real good.

ELSTON HOWARD: "Make him hit breaking stuff below the belt. A right-handed pitcher can sidearm him. Nothing high and away."

The home run he hit off Spahn was a low pitch. But those things happen once in a while. Any big-league batter can hit his supposed weakness at times. These book tips usually are sound over the long run.

JERRY LUMPE: "Pitch him tight, belt-high. Won't pull the ball. Hits high balls for distance."

He hit one waist-high pitch off me for a single to right field.

ANDY CAREY: "Pitch him tight, fast, and then curve him low and away. Will bunt."

Never saw him in twenty-seven innings. Casey loaded his line-up with left-handed batters against me, and so I didn't face him.

So much for the book. I threw sliders to the right-handed hitters and screwballs to the left-handed hitters, with sinkers to all of them. I threw very few curves—no more than eight or ten in any game.

I did have to change my mind on certain hitters after my first win. Kubek was one. He got two singles against me in the first game, one off a screwball which broke away from him and another off a curve in to him. After that, I decided to tease him with borderline pitches, just shading the strike zone. It worked. Kubek is a good-looking ballplayer in any position, but I found out that he is a "hungry hitter." A hungry hitter is one who thinks he will get a cripple pitch on a three-and-one count. Then he will chase anything that looks good.

Bauer, McDougald and Kubek were the toughest hitters for me in the Series—not forgetting Coleman's magic wand. McDougald surprised me the most. He got only two hits off me, but he battled me all the way like Stan Musial does in our league. Bauer hurt me the worst. Hank got two of the three extra-base hits off me, the other being an opposite-field double by Slaughter.

If it hadn't been for Bauer's home run and my own stupid play on one of Coleman's "bleeders," I might have had three shutouts, which would have tied Christy Mathewson's World Series record. I have only myself to blame for the two runs the Yanks scored off me. But I also was lucky that they didn't score on several other occasions due to fine defensive plays.

Both Yankee runs came in my first game. Bauer hit his homer in the third inning off a sidearm fast ball. I had fanned him with the same type of pitch in the first inning. There was one difference, however. The first time I got the ball over the outside corner where he couldn't reach (*Continued on Page 60*)

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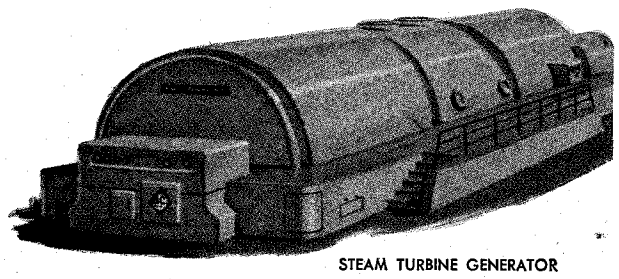

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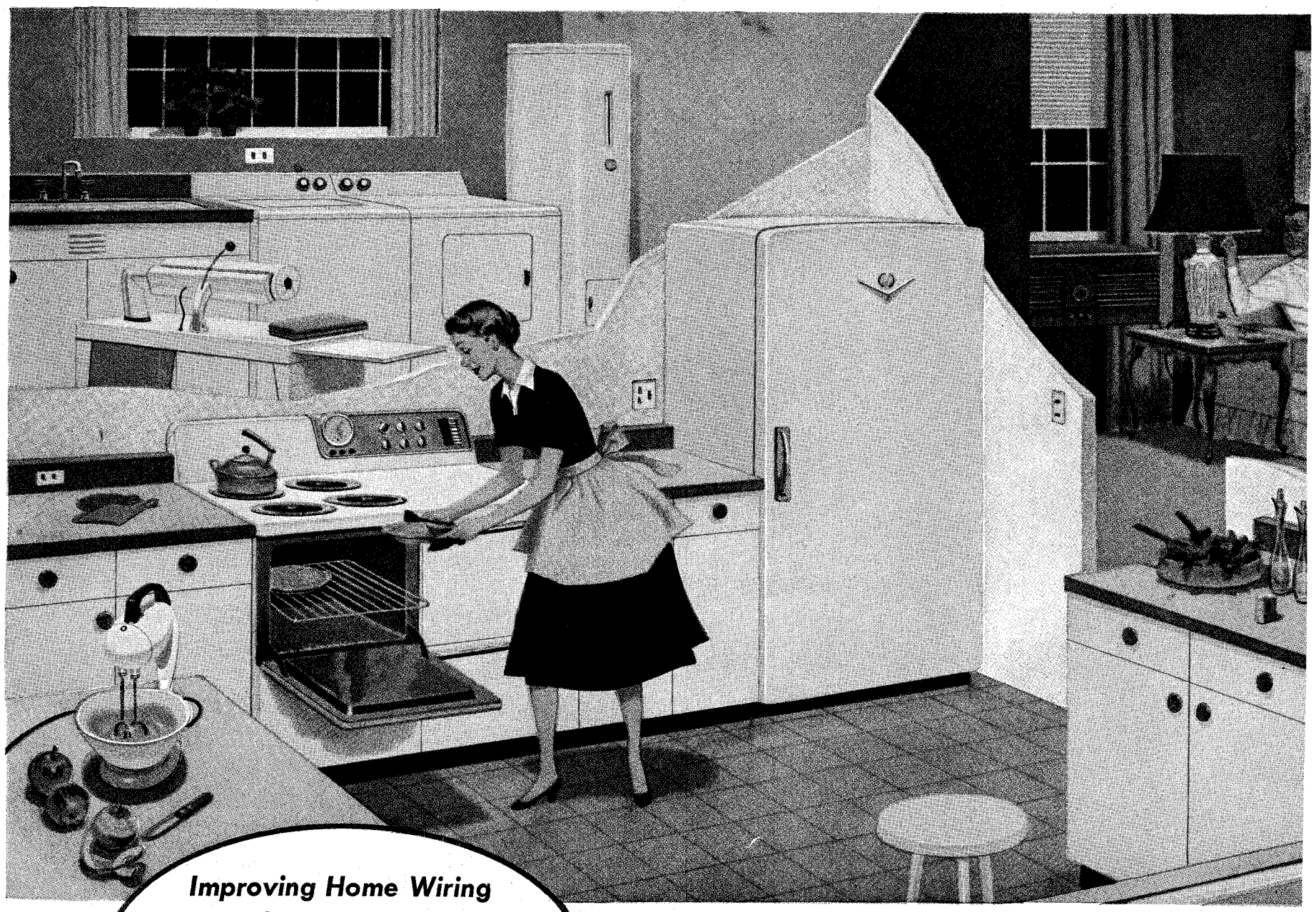

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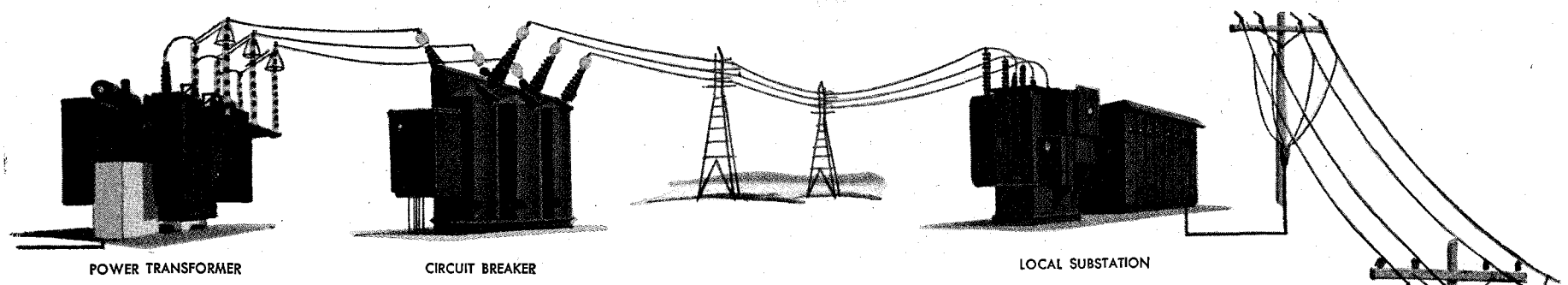

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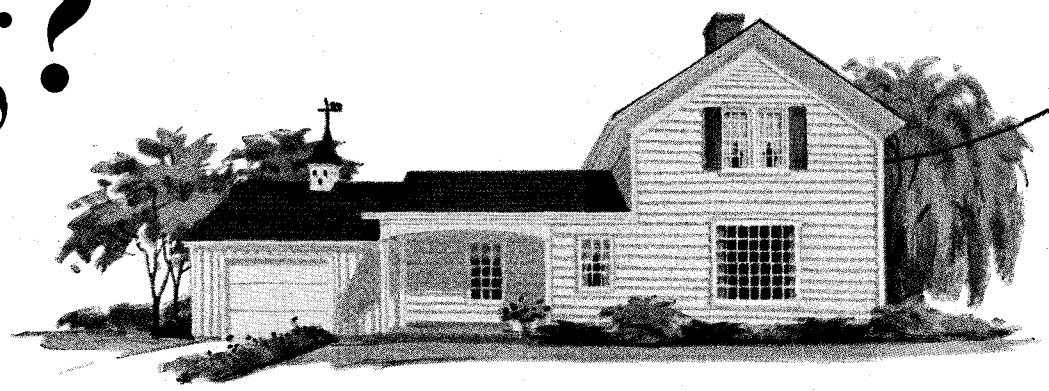

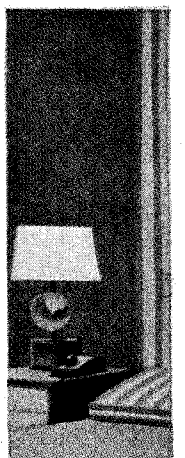

HERE ARE some of the ways you can spot inadequate wiring in your home:

. . . lights go dim when appliances are used.
. . . the television picture shrinks and expands.
. . . the toaster or iron heats up too slowly.
. . . fuses blow out frequently.
. . . several appliances plugged into one outlet.

All of these are warnings that your wiring is overloaded . . . that you're risking trouble. Without modern wiring, your present household appliances can't operate at their best . . . and you can't enjoy many of the new appliances available today.

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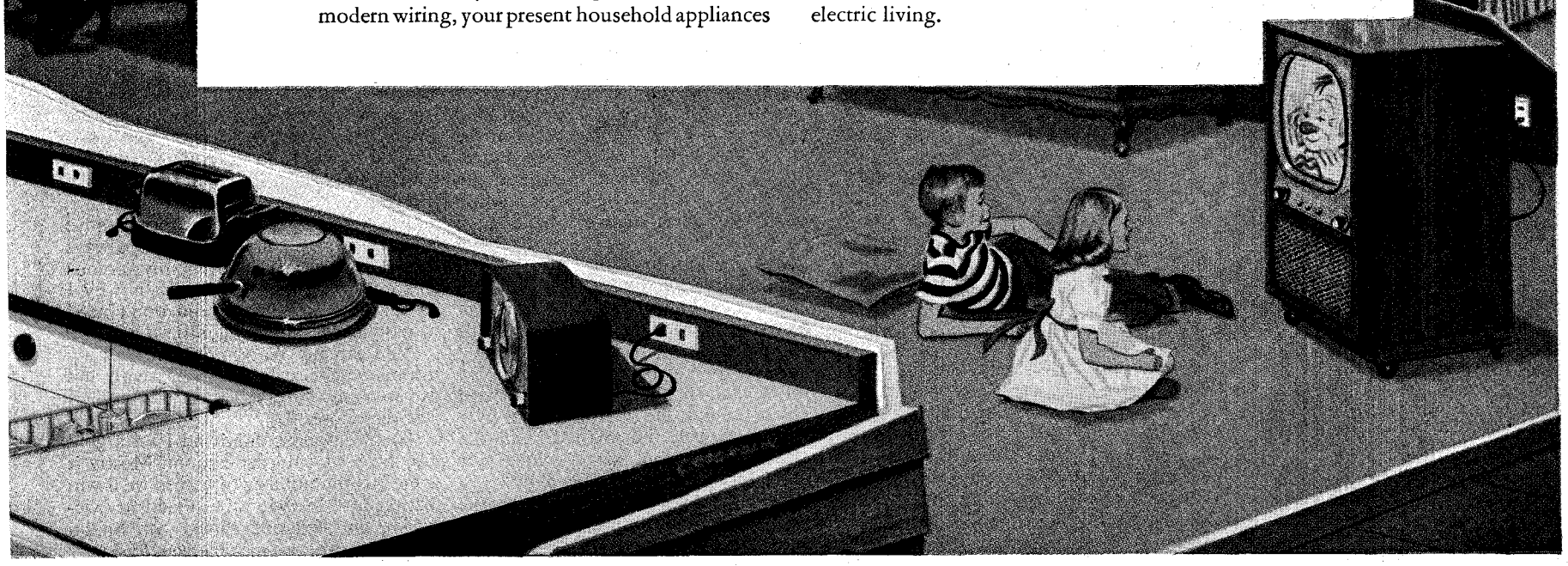

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(*Continued from Page 56*) it. The next time I let it go a little too soon and it slipped. I got it inside and he got it outside—the park.

The goof on Coleman's trickler came in the second inning with Slaughter on third and two out. Jerry dribbled the ball along the third-base line. As I reached the ball, I heard my catcher, Del Crandall, yell, "Let it go, let it go!" He saw it was going to roll foul. I heard him, but couldn't shift gears mentally. I picked up the ball just as Slaughter came by—and then froze. I could have tagged him because he brushed my head and shoulder, but I just held the ball. Then it was too late to get Coleman.

I was lucky the other fellows fielded better than I did that day. Wes Covington, Ed Mathews and Johnny Logan gave me great support—especially Covington, who, after I had messed up Coleman's chopper, saved me with a great leaping, backhand stab on pitcher Bobby Shantz's liner toward the left-field corner.

Anyway, we won 4–2. I allowed seven hits, the same as in each of my next two games. However, my control was off in the early innings, due to the tension of appearing in my first Series, and I walked three. I only gave one more pass in the Series, and that was on purpose.

Facing the Yankees under World Series pressure is tough enough, so I was fortunate that my wife, Mary, saved me the additional mental strain of knowing that back in Milwaukee, my two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Madge, had run a thorn into her eye and been taken to the hospital the day before the Series opened in New York. I phoned Mary that day and the next, and each time asked about the children. We have three—Lew, Jr., six; Madge; and baby Mary Lou. Mary kept her anguish from me, assuring me they all were fine.

I had a premonition that something was wrong when Mary wasn't at the airport to meet me after we flew home following the second game in New York. When I got into the house, Madge called, "Daddy, Daddy!" from the bedroom. I went in and saw a big patch over her eye. She had been discharged from the hospital that day, after having the thorn removed from the pupil of her left eye. Fortunately her eyesight was not impaired.

My next chance to pitch came in the fifth game, with the Series tied at two apiece. If I had to name a turning point, other than Mathews' tenth-inning homer that won the fourth game, it would have to be in the eighth inning of the fifth game. The Yankees came to bat in that inning trailing, 1–0. I threw out Lumpe for the first out. Then Coleman blooped a single over the first baseman's head. After stalling around for several minutes, Casey Stengel sent up Howard to hit for Ford and put Mantle in to run for Coleman.

I made up my mind to pitch low to Howard, even though he had hit a low ball for a home run against Spahn the day before. Spahnie's pitch had come inside. I was going to make certain the pitch was away from Howard. I also had to watch Mantle. He had a bad shoulder and couldn't swing a bat, but his legs were all right for running, and I was fully aware of his terrific speed.

The first pitch to Howard was a sinker. He swung and missed. The next was a slider. He missed that one too. The third was a sidearm fast ball, a borderline pitch low and outside that went for strike three. I thought he swung at that one, too, although there seems to be some doubt. Meanwhile Mantle had gone down with the pitch. Crandall reached far to his right to grab the ball and, while out of position, made a quick and accurate throw to Mantilla to double up Mickey. So on one pitch we got two men without the hitter even touching the ball.

I got through the ninth for a 1–0 victory. I especially enjoyed retiring Yogi Berra for the final out with a man on first. I had been throwing Yogi screwballs and sinkers all afternoon. I decided to cross him up with a slider, a pitch I rarely throw to a left-hander. It caught him by surprise. Expecting the pitch to break away from him, he leaned halfway over the plate. At the last second he realized the ball was going to break in, and he tried to check his swing. But he already had made his move and he couldn't stop. He let out a "whoof" in amazement as he swung halfheartedly. The result was a puny pop-up halfway between third and the plate which Mathews caught.

During the season I always had three or four days' rest between starts, but it didn't surprise me when manager Fred Haney asked me to pitch the seventh game with only two days' rest when the Yankees evened the Series at three—all back in New York. It was Spahn's turn, but Warren had come down with the flu two days before. Although my arm was tired, I told Haney, "I've got all winter to rest it."

I got into a jam in the first inning. Bauer led off with a double, hitting a slider that I got inside again. The next two batters went out. With first base open, Haney ordered me to give an intentional pass to Berra, who was overdue. I fell behind, three-and-one, on McDougald, but got a break when he swung at a bad pitch and popped up.

I settled down after that, and in the third we knocked out Don Larsen, scoring four runs. Crandall kept encouraging me, telling me I had good stuff. But I knew differently. My pitches didn't have much steam behind them. However, my control was still good. That's what saved me. I was getting the ball in there and making them hit my pitch. Between the first and ninth I allowed only four hitters to get on base—three on singles and one on an error. Meanwhile, we got another run in the eighth when Crandall hit a homer.

When I went out to face the Yankees in the ninth, I knew I couldn't go much longer. Haney must have known it, too, because he had Spahn warming up in the bull pen. Berra opened by popping up a screwball to first base for one out, but McDougald, tough as ever, lined a hard single to center. He hit a slider out over the plate. Kubek, the next batter, hit the ball on the nose, but Aaron drifted over to his left and hauled it in. Two out.

Up came Coleman, the guy with the magic wand. Sure enough, he reached out and sliced a single to right. Tommy Byrne, a pitcher who can hit, then hit a hard grounder to my left for a single, filling the bases. Luckily for me, Felix Mantilla, our second baseman, made a fine stop of the ball behind the bag, or they would have had a run.

Skowron was the hitter now. After taking two pitches, he slammed a sinker inside third base. This was when Mathews made that beautiful backhanded stop and stepped on third for the final out. I heaved a long sigh of relief, but it couldn't have been real long, because before I knew it I was being half carried and half dragged off the field by the other fellows.

I've thought about that last play a lot since. It was fitting that Mathews made it. He surprised the Yankees, but not me. I always felt Eddie was a vastly underrated glove man. The whole team played marvelous defensive ball all the way through. I would not have won those games without their wonderful support.

Although the Yankees kidded me about the spitball on the side lines throughout the Series, not once did they accuse me of throwing it during any of the games. That I didn't expect. They did ask the umpires to examine the ball on several occasions, especially in the late innings of the last game. The only thing the umpires found on the ball was dirt.

I guess I throw as many pitches as anyone else. I throw a screwball, slider, sinker, curve, knuckler, fast ball and change-up. I throw from different angles and with different speeds. Having a variety of pitches doesn't mean much unless you can get the ball where you want to, however. I do a lot of experimenting. I try to pick up a new pitch each year, or else work out variations of the ones I have. But when all is said and done, I think pitching is 70 per cent luck and 30 per cent control.

I use what Burleigh Grimes called a "positive approach." When you want to throw a ball low and outside, you've got to keep saying to yourself, "Low and outside, low and outside." The negative approach would be, "I got to keep it from going inside." When you think along those lines, you sure as hell get one inside and get crocked.

I've been suspected of using my nervous mannerisms as a camouflage for a spitter. In the National League, they've complained time and again that I used perspiration to wet the ball. They've also complained because I go to my mouth before each pitch. That's allowed, provided I wipe my fingers off afterward—and I do.

Sure, I'm nervous on the mound. I'm fidgety. I touch my cap, tug at my pants, pull my sleeves loose from under my arms, wipe the sweat off my eyebrows. I go through six sweatshirts in a season because of nervous perspiration. At times when I throw I actually can see a big spray of water in front of me. That's the perspiration flying out of my sweatshirt—like the burst of moisture you see when a sweaty boxer takes a solid punch to the head.

I'm nervous off the field too. I move quickly. I run up and down stairs, always two steps at a time. I burn up my nervous energy during the day—which is why I sleep soundly at night, and don't need tranquilizers or sleeping pills.

You can ask Warren Spahn. He's my roomie and best friend in baseball, and we do many things together. Our families are very close.

Each season Spahnie and I set a goal for the Spahn-Burdette room. Mostly it concerns the number of games we'll win between us. In 1956 we wanted forty victories, and fell one short, with Spahn getting twenty and me nineteen. Last year we set our goal at forty-five. Including the games won in the Series, we didn't miss by much. Spahn won twenty-two, one of them over the Yankees, while, counting my three in the Series, I had twenty.

The figure for 1958 is fifty. This includes the World Series. We expect to share another four victories over the Yankees—*if* they make the Series again!

THE END

> Parents who are afraid to put their foot down usually have children who are constantly stepping on their toes.
>
> MILDRED SILVER

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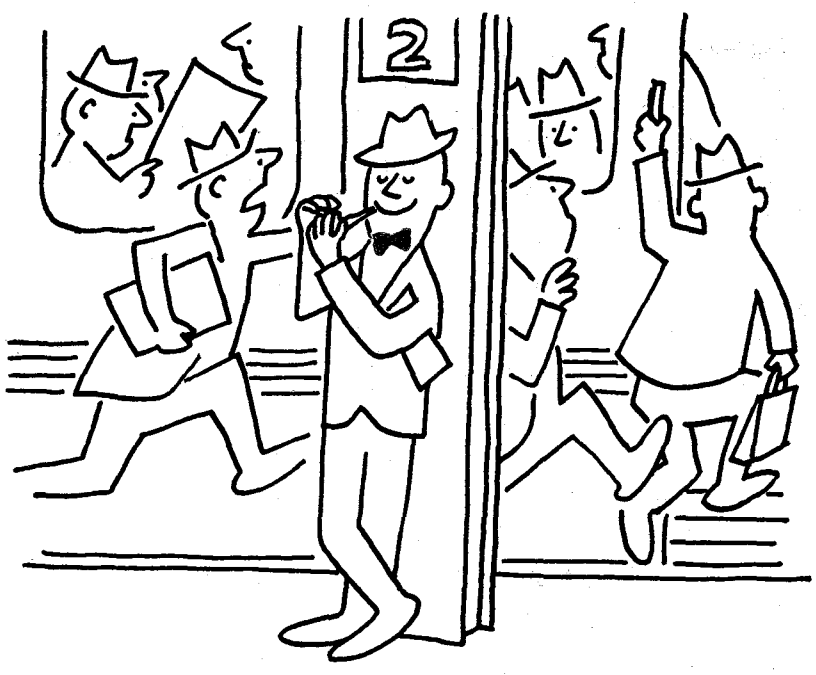

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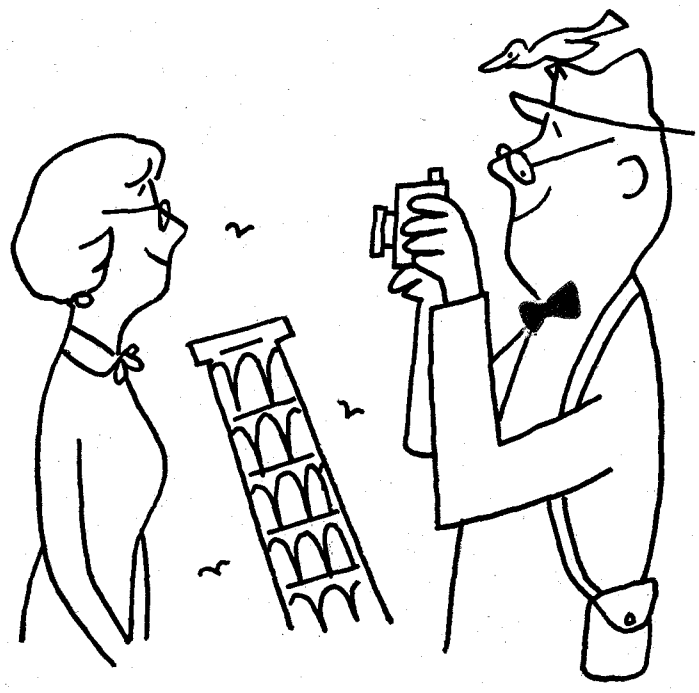

2.

There's Travelers life insurance for the mortgage on his house
And money for retirement years, and traveling with his spouse.
A life endowment policy will see his kids through school;
Another will support his wife—no wonder Jack's so cool.

3.

His home and all that's in it are so solidly protected
That windstorm, fires and burglaries all leave him unaffected.
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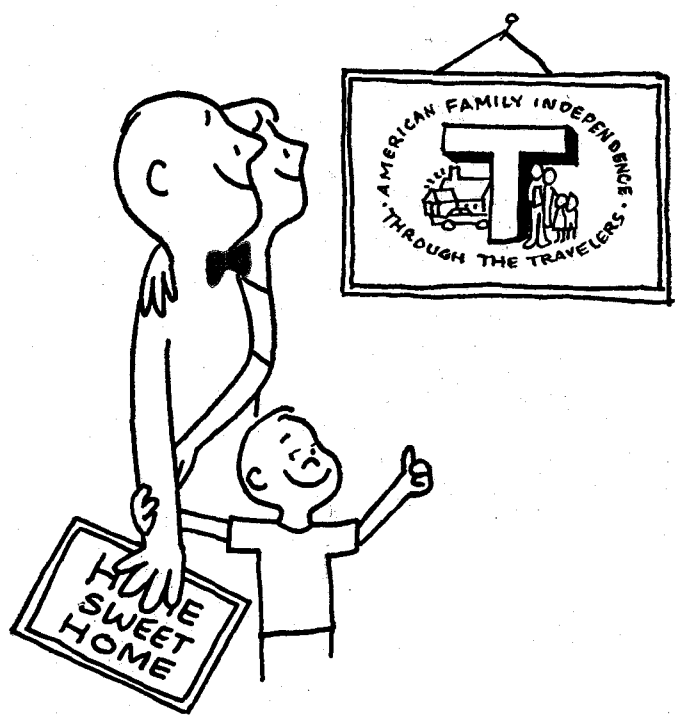
It fits his needs and income, too, for all that it provides.



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Only through The Travelers and your friendly Travelers man.

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The Ghost of Maudslay Castle

(Continued from Page 28)

than the Sultan Salah-ud-din Yusuf ibn Ayub, better known to posterity as Saladin. Egbert was put to work washing dishes at Saladin's headquarters.

The next six months leave scope for much intelligent guesswork, for in circumstances we are left to imagine, we find Egbert the Adaptable married to Fatima, one of Saladin's own daughters by a minor concubine, and in high favor with his papa-in-law. He was, too, a devout Moslem, and he is believed to have pioneered the school of thought which says: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Viewed superficially and at this long range, it is easy to attribute Egbert's rise to wealth and power to his father-in-law's influence, and in some sort this must have been so. But in justice to him, let us not forget that Saladin died in 1193, leaving Egbert to use all his well-known adaptability in coming to terms with the incoming administration. Here again, the facts speak for themselves, for at the turn of the century Egbert was a man of substance. A man of family, too, with nineteen wives and a hundred and three children.

In 1214—unable to stand the noise any longer?—Egbert set out for England in a ship of his own, loaded with treasure, leaving behind him eighteen wives and ninety-nine children. His oldest son, as all oldest sons since, was named Egbert Saladin Mullins. The young Egbert Saladin, a sallow youth, was going to need all his father's adaptability, for his only two known accomplishments were date growing and the management of camels, neither particularly valuable in Suffolk.

In Tripoli and Algiers, where Fatima had some influential relations, the Mullins family paused long enough to obtain a safe-conduct from the Saracen pirates, who did what they liked in the Mediterranean. The Bey of Algiers entertained them lavishly, arranging for some Christian slaves to be flogged for the amusement of the children.

The next call was Ostia, the port of Rome, where Egbert once again demonstrated his amazing adaptability. While some running repairs to the ship were being effected at Ostia, Egbert bundled the entire family into a hired chariot and set off for Rome. Here, with the minimum of fuss and delay, Fatima and the children were baptized and he himself re-entered the church into which he had been born. The family then resumed its voyage as far as the Straits of Gibraltar—still, of course, flying the flaming flag of Islam and under the protection of the Bey of Algiers—and thence on to England, arriving at Ipswich in the late autumn of 1214. His father having died during his absence, Egbert became the head of the family.

On June 15, 1215, Egbert—who now called himself a Knight of Malta and Baron of Jerusalem—was among the distinguished gathering encamped on the meadows across from Runnymede Island, where King John was trying vainly to wriggle out of signing the Windsor New Deal, also known as Magna Charta. Here Egbert was at his best, demonstrating the aptness of his nickname. His arrival at Runnymede was in itself a masterpiece of good timing, saving him the embarrassing and dangerous necessity of declaring himself until the king's defeat had been conceded and it was safe to climb onto the band wagon with the rest of the barons. Nevertheless, during his short stay at Runnymede, Egbert got close enough to the king to have himself dubbed "that Most Christian Knight and Defender of the Holy Places, Baron Mullins of Maudslay in the County of Suffolk."

Egbert the Adaptable was now at the peak of his powers, giving to the Mullins chromosomes a rhythm and a momentum destined to endure for—1215 subtracted from 1774—559 years.

The Mullins chromosomes were slipping quietly, imperceptibly, into overdrive and, with Egbert at the wheel, the family was on the way up. Egbert II, from all accounts, was not a particularly impressive individual. But then, don't you see, he did not need to be, for not only had he inherited his father's chromosomes—better look the word up if there remains any doubt about it—but those of his grandfather Saladin, who was, lest we forget it, a pretty smart operator in his own right.

Maudslay Castle was something. Within its outer walls it enclosed some eleven acres, towering a hundred and ten feet above the ridge on which it was built. Some of the neighbors took the view that the Mullinses were overdoing things a bit and some dirty cracks were made about the huge ropes of pearls and cascades of assorted diamonds, rubies and emeralds which Egbert had brought back with him. In reply, it is believed, Egbert coined the phrase, later to become famous: "What's the use of having them if you don't wear them?"

In any event, Egbert just didn't care what the neighbors said. Those who said too much were made to wish they had kept their big traps shut. The thumbscrews, rack and branding irons are still on view in the dungeons of Maudslay Castle, on alternate Thursday afternoons between two and four P.M., admission price: two shillings. Children, when accompanied by adults, half price.

Death came to Egbert the Adaptable when he was in the late sixties, leading a sortie against a besieging army, although he was far too old for that sort of thing. At a critical moment his horse threw him. Singlehanded and cut off from all aid, he went on fighting desperately until his head had been hacked from his body. It proved fatal.

This would have been enough for most men, but not for Egbert the Adaptable, for even today, some seven hundred years later, one of the happier features of life at Maudslay Castle is the spectacle of this dauntless man, head tucked under his arm and brandishing a sword for effect, watching over the interests of the family he founded.

The story of the five hundred years after the death of Egbert the Adaptable is rather like the story of a happy marriage, for positively nothing happened which was worth recording. The Mullinses farmed most of their land, renting off the rest. They were good farmers and landlords, successful breeders of cattle and horses, merged happily into their bucolic background, like peas in a pod.

Then, during the seventeenth century, younger sons being then, as now, expendable, a young Mullins was sent to join the settlers in Virginia. From there he moved on to North Carolina, where, after some prodding in the right quarter in London, he was granted a hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. He seems to have prospered, for in 1693 he founded the little town of Mullinsville. The date is significant, for it was in 1693 that official cognizance was taken in England of what came to be known as the National Debt. Inflation and high taxation were raising their ugly heads, but, with a good stake in America, the Mullinses were playing it safe.

Then we come to the year 1774, when, after 559 years of exemplary behavior, the Mullins chromosomes showed signs of becoming a little untidy. It showed itself in the eighth Earl of Maudslay, who was a most tactless man. Tactless people are seldom in harmony with their environment, which is another way of saying that their chromosomes are disturbed.

The eighth earl, on one of his rare visits to London, learned that the American colonists were getting a bit above themselves. This recalled to his mind that the tone of recent letters from North Carolina had left something to be desired. On the spur of the moment, therefore, he decided to conduct an on-the-spot investigation.

The North Carolina estates, mark you, were still the personal property of the Earls of Maudslay, while the American Mullinses are best described as prosperous sharecroppers, who were never allowed to forget that head office was at Maudslay Castle.

Henry Mullins, head of the American branch of the family, tried tactfully—if such a thing could be said tactfully—to convey to his noble kinsman that the system of absentee ownership had just about shot its bolt and that he, Henry Mullins, was better equipped to come to terms with the new management which was just around the corner. This, remember, was 1774.

The earl, who moved in exclusively Tory circles, was persuaded that this talk of independence was a mere flash in the pan. Calling his cousins a disloyal lot of dogs, he threatened them with the gendarmes. Indeed, when he arrived back in London at the end of the year, one of his first calls was at the palace, where he told George III—who, poor, maligned man, when he wasn't chasing bats in the belfry, secretly sympathized with American aspirations—that "something will have to be done about those damned colonists."

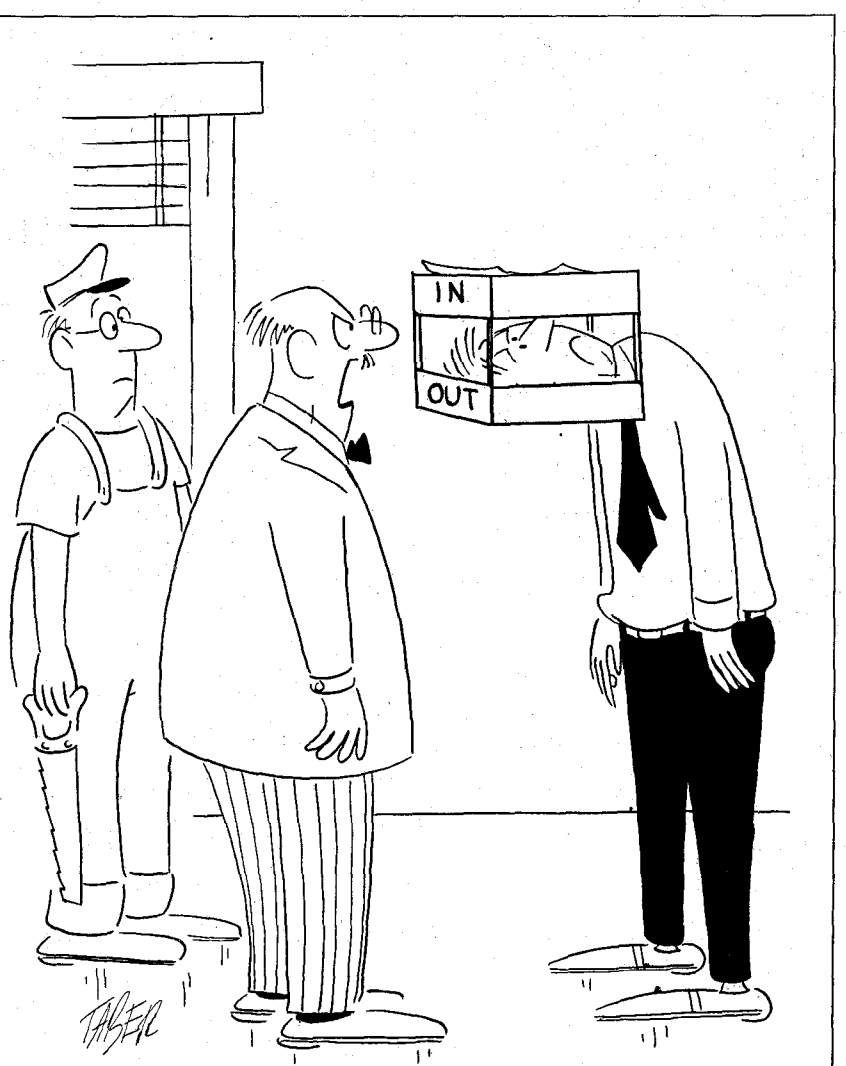
Now Egbert the Adaptable could have dealt with a situation like this easily and expertly. He would have taken up a firm position astride the fence and, when the powder smoke had cleared, would have leaped down on the right side. But this was Egbert the eighth earl, whose chromosomes—the conclusion is inescapable—were dangerously untidy. The American Mullinses, thanks to a couple of Indian girls who had been invited to climb the family tree, had their chromosomes in splendid condition. The upshot of it all, aside from the broader historical aspects, was that the English Mullinses had to get along without their North Carolina estates.

During the decades which followed, it became apparent that the fruit hanging on the main stem of the Mullins family tree was somewhat overripe. The ninth earl, for example, talked to himself. Worse, he liked to quote the replies. One of his brothers, in the mistaken belief that he was a carrier pigeon, flew off the top of the Round Tower at Maudslay Castle, but by the time he discovered that his wings would not function, he was halfway down to the courtyard. Nothing very serious, but little things like that.

Egbert the Adaptable, who saw how his descendants were going and overheard much of the gossip in the servants' hall, was in despair. His sighs were audible half the night.

The twelfth earl, who succeeded during the latter part of the nineteenth century, was heard to make only one intelligent remark. He had been spending a few weeks in a darkened room at a private loony bin in

(Continued on Page 64)



"This wouldn't have happened, Martin, if you hadn't been lying down on the job."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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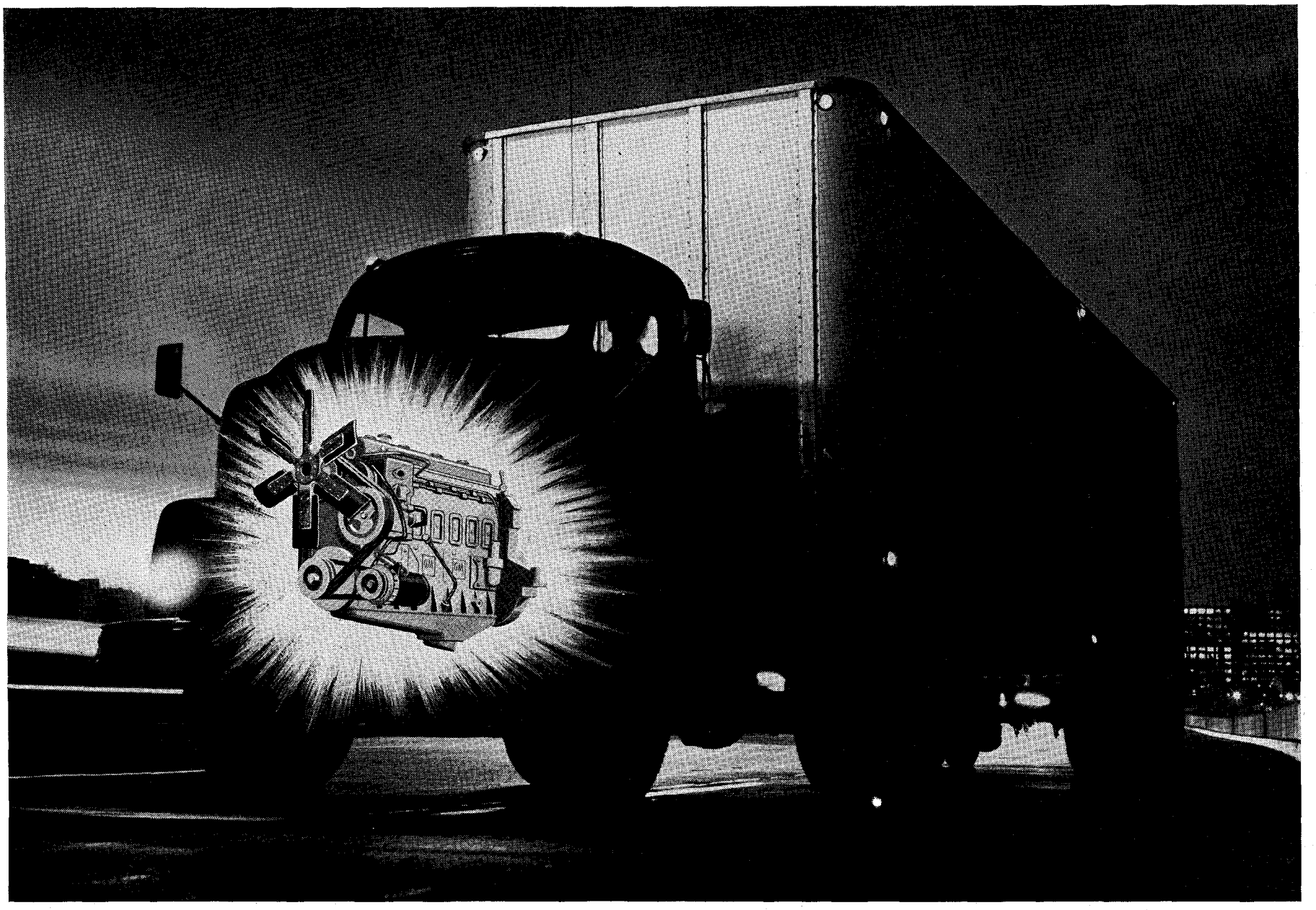
New "Jimmy" Diesel—the thriftiest ever!



New GM "71E" Diesel can cut gasoline engine operating costs in half—now available for any make truck 26,000 GVW and up

If you're using gasoline trucks for heavy hauling, almost any Diesel will cut your fuel costs—on the average about 3¢ a mile.

And this new free-breathing General Motors "71E" Diesel—with 4-valve head and new injectors—is proving itself second to none on fuel mileage. But fuel savings are only part of the extra economy you get with a "Jimmy" Diesel. Consider these features also:

Longer Life—due to simplified, heavy-duty, 2-cycle design. Field experience shows that GM Diesels have longer and lower maintenance cost periods between overhauls than 4-cycle Diesels.

Easier Maintenance—because of their lighter-weight, parts-interchangeability features and the ready availability of unit subassemblies. Minor repairs or major overhauls can be made on a "Jimmy" in much less time than on other Diesels.

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Shropshire. "I can see one thing quite clearly," he said, gazing somberly at his own reflection in a mirror. "We Mullinses will have to stop marrying our cousins."

The same twelfth earl missed the chance of a brilliant marriage, which might have restored the family fortunes. He fell in love with Dulcinea Wolverton, daughter of Donald Wolverton, the pneumatic-tire magnate. When, some years later, Wolverton was elevated to the House of Lords, it will be remembered, he chose aptly to be known as Lord Blowmetight.

The Wolvertons were of good sound stock and, if the earl had not bungled the affair, the Wolverton money would have set up the Mullinses in something like their old style.

There was a gigantic party to celebrate the engagement. The twelfth earl, who had a nice baritone voice, as well as a receding chin, was invited to sing something. So what did he do? There, in the presence of his father-in-law-to-be, to say nothing of some four hundred shareholders in the Wolverton Pneumatic Tire Company, he sat down at the piano to accompany himself in that grand old—but utterly unsuitable—song:

Solid iron never rusts,
Solid tires never bust.

This was, so to speak, the final application of grease to the Mullins skids. He never saw Dulcinea again.

The thirteenth earl left pitifully few footprints on the sands of time, and even these had fuzzy outlines. He liked horses and beer, neither to excess. His countess was a splendidly built woman, on lines suggestive of the Percheron. For two years he captained the darts team of the Dog & Duck in Maudslay village, resigning this honor when he became involved with the Lost Tribes of Israel. He was, in short, a simple, unassuming gentleman of whom it was once said, "He is the kind of chap you forget at first sight."

Before taking leave of a world which had not been a bed of roses, the thirteenth earl knew the joy of rocking the cradle in which, happily blowing bubbles, lay his son, our hero, Egbert the Clot.

It was a Saturday, bath night at Maudslay Castle. On the way back from the castle bathroom, the earl contracted severe frostbite, from which, poor man, he never recovered.

It was about this time that the nightly peregrinations of Egbert the Adaptable took on another tempo. There were impatience and irritation in every stride, for the founder of the family saw plainly what was about to happen to his descendants unless something was done.

There was not much comfort to be derived from Young Egbert, the fourteenth earl, as the years passed. At the end of his first year at a junior prep school, the headmaster's report said, among other things:

> Egbert shows a commendable enthusiasm for sport, but will not, I fear, become an outstanding footballer until he overcomes a certain confusion between his left and right feet.
>
> To call his scholastic attainments mediocre is, let me say, fulsome flattery.

To his wife, the headmaster remarked, "Well, it's a good thing that there's a nice, comfortable seat in the House of Lords waiting for the boy. He'll be out of harm's way there."

Young Egbert was not—let us face it frankly—very bright. This was generally admitted by his mother, his cousins, the doctor and his teachers, none of whom seemed to grasp something vastly more important, which was that the Mullinses had got along perfectly well for centuries without being bright. What really mattered about Egbert was that the pattern of his chromosomes was good, which meant that the famous Mullins adaptability, which had skipped some five or six generations altogether, was not going to skip him. Egbert may have been—indeed probably was—a clot. But it did not alter the fact that he was a happy youngster, highly popular, not only undismayed by his evident shortcomings but apparently unaware of them. In other words, he had, without benefit of brains or learning, come to terms with life, his environment and his fellows.

Old Egbert—Egbert the Adaptable—saw all this, causing a great improvement in his temper, although during the war years he never seemed quite reconciled to night bombing. Even as he brandished his sword at the bombers passing overhead, he must have been only too sadly aware of the inadequacy of the gesture.

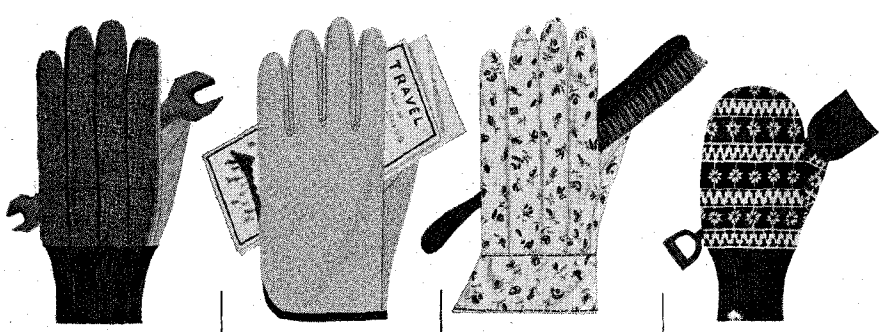
Shortly after World War II ended, Egbert was called for military service, but the little trouble which stood in the way of his football ambitions was responsible for his rejection. Egbert, needless to say, was delighted, for he had no military ambitions, and it left him free to devote his energies to the breeding of white mice.

Then we come to the year 1951, when Egbert the Clot came of age and entered into undisputed possession of the mortgage on Maudslay Castle and the overdraft at the local branch of the London & Home Counties Bank, which were the symbols of his high position as head of the Mullins family. Nor, let it be said here, did he—ill-equipped as he apparently was—shirk any of his heavy responsibilities.

It all began with a surfeit of peacock.

Long-wearing gloves with a dress-up look

You've never seen such handsome styling, so many attractive colors and patterns, in gloves that are made for hard long wear. So smart you'd think they were made just to look at...and you'll really be amazed at the low prices too! That's why you'll be seeing Riegel gloves for all the family...everywhere. You'll like them!



Mighty-Scrapper™ Knit-wrist...and **Rambler**™...Driver's style. Both rugged leather, Mighty-Dot back in contrasting colors. 89¢ and $1.19

Roadmaster™ Utility glove in jersey with Mighty-Dot palm. Knit-wrist and slip-on styles. 59¢ and 79¢

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Infants Knitwear, Diapers, Crib Sheets, Baby Blankets, Industrial Work Gloves.

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"It's no good, mamma," he said at luncheon one day, pushing his food away from him untouched. "I just can't eat any more peacock. What's wrong with beef for a change?"

"Well, you see, Egbert," said his mother unhappily, realizing that he had to be told the facts of life sooner or later, "we have to buy beef."

"Oh! It's like that, is it?" said Egbert lugubriously, for he had a healthy appetite. "Perhaps, after all, it's a pity they turned me down for the army. The chaps tell me the grub isn't too bad, and there's usually plenty of it."

That afternoon Egbert had a talk with the bank manager, from which he derived small comfort. In the evening, his eyes dim with grief, he gave away his white mice. The penny had dropped.

Three days later there occurred what may be called the rebirth of the Mullins adaptability. "It seems to me, mamma," Egbert said over a pathetically inadequate piece of Argentine beef at lunch, "that we have only one asset left. Let's use it."

"What is that?" asked the countess hopefully.

"Old Egbert, of course," he replied, "Egbert the Adaptable. Maudslay Castle is one of the stately homes of England, isn't it? Busloads of people pay good money to see far worse-looking dumps than this, and with Old Egbert rampant as an added attraction, they'll come in droves."

"But, darling," protested the countess, "Old Egbert hardly ever appears before midnight."

"Maybe," replied Egbert, "when the old boy knows the fix we're in, he'll adjust his timetable a bit to make things easier."

Now Young Egbert—let us cease forthwith calling him Egbert the Clot—knew Old Egbert pretty intimately. As an infant in the nursery he had welcomed visits from the founder of the family, without the smallest fear, for it had been so apparent that the ghostly visitor had been actuated by none but the kindest sentiments.

The idea was an instantaneous success. Egbert signed up with a big tourist agency for the exclusive booking rights, and during the first summer season thousands of people left London by bus after dinner to see the famous Maudslay Castle ghost. Old Egbert, realizing how vital it was to his latter-day descendants, advanced his nightly appearances to ten P.M. Young Egbert charged the customers ten shillings apiece, and there were evenings in June and July when as many as six and seven buses were parked in the courtyard of the castle.

Old Egbert positively purred with delight. For a ghost of his temperament he had lived too long in obscurity and he loved every moment in the public eye, the screaming children and fainting women. At his first appearance of the evening, Old Egbert walked through a four-feet-thick stone wall at the top of the grand staircase, wearing full armor emblazoned with the red cross of the Crusaders, brandishing his huge sword and—this is what really fetched them—with his head under his left arm. For the next fifteen minutes a trained nurse, always in attendance, was kept busy slapping faces and administering *sal volatile*. Once again in their long history, thanks to the timely reappearance of adaptability, the Mullinses were on the way up.

At the end of the second summer, believe it or not, Young Egbert had lifted the mortgage off the castle. He bought a car for himself and another for his mother—bought with cash too. Beef appeared on the menu daily. The peacocks—now strictly decorative—strutted happily on the lawns and terraces. Young Egbert gave further proof of his adaptability by working out a deal which enabled only half the visitors to be declared for income-tax purposes. The rest was velvet.

Maudslay Castle, from being the grim mausoleum of a vanished grandeur, was once more a splendid home to live in and, without the smallest doubt, its happiest inhabitant was its proud builder, Egbert the Adaptable, who went so far as to put on an afternoon show during the rush season.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, a strange letter was delivered to Young Egbert. It must be quoted in its entirety:

MAUDSLAY MANOR,
Mullinsville, N. C.
April 28, 1955

Dear Lord Maudslay: My excuse for writing to you is the belief that we are kinsmen, although there seems to have been no contact between the two branches of the family for a long time.

My daughter Annabelle and I intend visiting England during the summer, and I would appreciate word from you that a visit from your American cousins would be welcomed. We plan to be in London during the latter half of June and have reserved accommodation at Shrimpton's Hotel.

With cousinly greetings,
Yours sincerely,
HUMPHREY G. MULLINS

The Earl of Maudslay,
Maudslay Castle,
England.

"What do you think of that?" asked Egbert at lunch that same day, passing the letter across to his Great-uncle James. "Did you know we had any American cousins?"

"Did I know it when I caught mumps? Don't ask such dashed silly questions. If it hadn't been for the American Mullinses, it wouldn't be necessary today for you to turn the castle into a circus and have Old Egbert on show nightly like some dashed freak. Ask him what he thinks about it."

"What did the American Mullinses do?" asked Young Egbert.

"They pinched everything, that's what they did, and if they come here, my advice to you is to set the dogs on them."

Egbert was not deeply impressed by this bad report of the American Mullinses, who had written him a polite letter making peace overtures which, in his simple-hearted fashion, he believed called for a polite and friendly reply, and this he proceeded to pen. The substance of his letter was to invite them for a weekend in late June. The invitation was duly accepted.

Thanks to the success of Old Egbert's nightly performances, there was now an adequate staff in the castle servants' hall. When orders were issued to prepare a suite for the American Mullinses, there was, naturally enough, some discussion among the servants. This, unfortunately, was overheard by Old Egbert some fifteen minutes before the arrival of four busloads of visitors from London.

Old Egbert's rage and indignation knew no bounds. For the first time since he had been commercialized, he refused to appear, with the result that 227 cash customers demanded, and got, their money back. This happened on three consecutive evenings, until the tourist agency which organized the parties began to talk seriously of breach of contract.

Then one of the snide columnists got wind of the matter and came down to investigate. Although nobody at the castle had done so, he was smart enough to connect Old Egbert's behavior with the impending visit of the American Mullinses and based his article on the assumption that Old Egbert would not forgive them for their uncousinly sharp practice in 1776.

Then Humphrey Mullins, writing from Shrimpton's Hotel, said:

Dear Lord Maudslay: Since our common ancestor appears to resent our impending visit to Maudslay Castle so strongly, perhaps we should cancel it. I say this in your interests, for you, after all, have to live with him. Would you and your mother care to spend the week-end with us in London? Annabelle and I would be most disappointed to return home without meeting you.

Yours sincerely,
HUMPHREY G. MULLINS

To this Young Egbert sent a firm telegraphic reply:

ARRANGEMENTS UNCHANGED WILL EXPECT YOU SATURDAY GREETINGS
MAUDSLAY

Young Egbert went to London immediately after sending the telegram, spending several hours with a well-known theatrical costumier not far from Drury Lane, determined to be ready for all emergencies. Even if he had no time to learn how to walk through stone walls, he would give the customers a show for their money.

One or two of the regular customers—some people came several times each season—were heard to remark that the ghost was much taller, but otherwise the show went off quite well. This was on the Friday evening, before the arrival of the American Mullinses on the following day. Young Egbert was tall and, with an artificial neck built up to the top of his head, he was not far short of seven feet in height. But it was exhausting work, and it was a relief when the last bus drove off towards London. The free publicity had brought some nine hundred customers.

On the Saturday morning, Young Egbert and his mother, too busy making

Anniversary

By Betty Isler

Had someone told me
twenty years ago
That I could love you more
than on that day,
I would have laughed and
said, "It is not so,"
And gone sure-heartedly
along my way.
But now the brook in ever-
deepening flow
Has carved our lives, as
pebbles in the sand,
Turned ceaselessly by
currents to and fro,
This way and that; so have
you held my hand
Through all vicissitudes,
throughout the slow
Maturing years, through
darkened hours of pain.
Thus, as the colors of the
pebbles show
Their richness in the depths,
so does love again.
Had someone told me
twenty years ago. . . .
But then I did not know, I
did not know.

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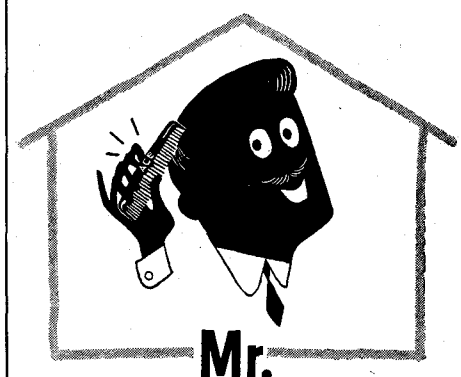

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preparations for the reception of their guests, did not so much as glance at the Daily Pictorial, which they were in the habit of sharing over the breakfast table, so the paper went unread to the servants' hall. Thus it was that at eleven that morning the staff had a preview of Annabelle, wearing the frock in which she had been presented at court. It described her as "the lovely Annabelle Mullins, heiress to tobacco millions." And she really was lovely too.

There was some little awkwardness when the guests arrived. Young Egbert, anxious in view of all the publicity to receive them well, had the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes flying side by side from the Round Tower. Old Egbert, usually allergic to daylight, cut down the American flag as the car came through the gates and, as if he had not done enough, pushed half a ton of stone coping off the roof, sending it crashing down into the courtyard within a few feet of the visitors.

"I'm afraid Old Egbert is rather irritable these days," said the countess apologetically. "He lives almost entirely in the past, so please excuse him."

Lunch passed off pleasantly enough, but long before the coffee was served, Young Egbert was madly, hopelessly in love with Annabelle. Now there has been no attempt thus far to conceal Young Egbert's shortcomings, but it is essential to an understanding of his character to emphasize here that he did not know, or care, whether the American Mullinses were rich or poor. Annabelle was lithe and lovely, with auburn-tinted hair and violet-blue eyes. She was full of laughter, with a caress in her voice, the kind of girl he had dreamed about, but never seen.

Dinner was a somewhat strained feast that evening because Young Egbert, who was expecting nineteen busloads of customers, was wondering how he was going to explain his absence while he understudied for his ghostly ancestor.

There were nearly a thousand customers present when Young Egbert made his excuses at ten o'clock. They were four deep on either side of the grand staircase, with the hall and picture gallery jammed. They were in a state of nervous anticipation, all talking shrilly to cover their fears. In the servants' hall the Daily Pictorial was being passed from hand to hand and

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The best place for an overweight person to put a mirror is on the door of the refrigerator.

HAL CHADWICK

---

speculation was rife as to whether Annabelle reciprocated Young Egbert's love.

"Our Egbert might do worse," opined the butler.

Emma, the parlormaid, who was considered an authority on Americans, her sister having married a G.I. and gone to live in Alabama, where—according to Emma—she had been bitten by a mad hush puppy, showed plainly by her manner that she entertained dark misgivings.

"I wonder," said the cook wistfully, "whether she's really rich or whether it's just newspaper talk."

"They've got millions," said the butler; "just millions."

Old Egbert, whose chief amusement for seven hundred years had been eavesdropping, pricked up his ears. Romance left him quite cold, which was natural enough in a man who had abandoned eighteen wives in Asia Minor. But millions, that was something else again, something which put a quite different complexion on things. His attitude was partly dynastic and partly selfish. Here was a chance, not only of putting the Mullinses back where they belonged but of ending the undignified nightly appearances and the personal tedium involved.

Smirking superciliously, Old Egbert went up to the musicians' gallery to watch his understudy put on the show. Young Egbert's performance went down quite well, thanks to an unrehearsed incident. He slipped on the polished floor of the Great Gallery, allowing his head to fall and roll some ten yards, coming to rest against the pedestal of a white marble statue, which was seen to be stained with red paint. It brought the house down. Even Old Egbert roared his approval.

Young Egbert, practically suffocated under his false neck and shoulders, hoped that Annabelle had not seen through his disguise. He was awakened around two o'clock in the morning by the sound of Old Egbert's mailed feet stamping purposefully in the direction of the guest suite. Vastly intrigued, he followed on tiptoe and was just in time to see his ancestor walk through Annabelle's door, without the formality of knocking, carrying in his arms a vast bunch of red roses still dripping with dew. Old Egbert was wearing his head, a sign that his mission was peaceable.

Although Young Egbert spent the next two hours with his ear glued to the keyhole, he could not catch what was being said, but it was evident from the tones of their voices that Annabelle and her remote ancestor were on excellent terms. Several times Annabelle's tinkling laugh was clearly audible. Egbert the Adaptable knew how to turn on the charm when it suited him.

The first light of dawn was in the sky when Old Egbert emerged into the corridor, brushing past his shivering descendant. "The wind is set fair," he said softly. "Have the beacons prepared."

Young Egbert was too excited to go back to sleep, because it was a custom at Maudslay Castle, when an Earl of Maudslay or his heir announced his engagement, to light beacons on the outer walls. He went down into the rose garden, where he gathered more dark red roses, wishing that he had thought to do so without ancestral prompting. Annabelle found him there soon after full daylight.

It was upon the tip of Young Egbert's tongue more than once to ask Annabelle just what it was Old Egbert and she had talked about during the night. Wisely, he said nothing, believing that he knew. What he and Annabelle said to each other in the rose garden is strictly their affair, but three days later the beacons were lit at Maudslay.

They were married quietly in August in the little parish church of Maudslay, where, in the year 1214, the returned Crusader, Egbert the Adaptable, gave thanks for his safe deliverance from the perils of the sea and from Saracen bondage. On the way down the aisle after the ceremony, Annabelle paused to lay her hand affectionately upon the white marble tomb where lay his bones.

As the open carriage passed over the drawbridge and into the courtyard of Maudslay Castle, a dim figure on the top of the Round Tower was seen to wave his sword. A moment later the American flag fluttered in the breeze beside the Union Jack.

"Wave to him, darling," said Annabelle, "because this is positively his last public appearance."

"What makes you so sure of that?" asked Young Egbert.

"He told me so," replied Annabelle, who had said her last word on the subject.

THE END

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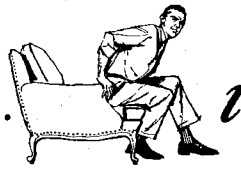
and want to watch TV...



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Tough Customer (Continued from Page 31)

Then, "At least it will keep you from just sitting on your pension-money fat."

He was accustomed to hecklers, all kinds—on one memorable occasion near forty thousand of them, there in Yankee Stadium, unanimous in the belief that he was crooked, blind, or maybe both, calling Billy Martin out at home; but the commissioner's office had backed him up, and the pictures in the morning papers had proved him right—not that he had needed photographic support or any other kind. He had a smile for Edna.

Molly said, "Did you meet the new principal?"

"The skinny fellow? Glasses? Looks like a sour owl?"

Molly looked down at her plate. "Yes." In a small voice this time.

"I saw him. Picks up his knees when he walks, like a trotting horse."

"Eat your dinner," Edna said, "before it gets cold."

He looked at her in mild surprise, but her face told him nothing.

And after dinner he sat in the big chair he had bought for the house, and looked through the bottom halves of his reading glasses, and read every word describing the game he had watched, while Edna and Molly, thick as a good shortstop-second base combination, talked woman talk in the kitchen over the dishes.

When the knock at the door came, he heaved himself up to answer it, and Molly came past him and up the stairs like a young Rizzuto.

Tom opened the door. The new principal, name of Stoddard Carson, said, "Good evening." And he paused. "Mr. Vickers?"

"Wilton," Tom said. "I just live here." As if the whole village didn't know.

And from the kitchen Edna's voice said, "Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Carson. Molly will be right down."

Her tone made Tom think of maple syrup; and he asked himself why, if that was how it was, they hadn't come right out and let him know.

He took off his glasses for a good look at Mr. Carson. "Sit down. . . . No, not there; that's my chair." And then, "Going out?"

Mr. Carson agreed that that was the idea. He added, "There is a fine Japanese film playing. It won a special award for color and composition at the Cannes Festival."

Tom caught a part of it. "Night ball game at the Stadium," he pointed out reasonably. "Nixon and Turley. Thought of going myself."

There was silence. Edna appeared, drying her hands. "Maybe Mr. Carson doesn't care for baseball, Tom." In a deceptively mild voice.

"I'm afraid I don't know too much about it," Mr. Carson said.

And when they were gone, driving away to the Japanese film, Edna said merely, "I'll finish the dishes."

"I'll give you a hand."

"Don't bother." There was frost in the air.

He said to her back, with vague uneasiness, "I did wrong?"

"They're probably keeping your stool warm at Lou's." And then, "Wear your coat. It's chilly tonight." She was gone.

This was Tuesday. Wednesday morning, a few minutes before eight, Tom rolled out the two heavy School Zone signs—one in each hand—planted them appropriately, took his stand. Cars appeared. Tom frowned at them. They crept past. Two miniature females skipped up the road. Tom met them. Gravely he gave each a large forefinger, to which they clung, giggling, all the way to the schoolyard. One curtsied. Tom bowed. He returned to his post.

And here came a few yards of shiny black automobile. Tom held up his hand. So did the driver, in a friendly gesture, and made no attempt to slow. Tom stepped in front of the car. The squealing of brakes was spectacular. Tom ambled around to the driver's window.

Mr. J. Littleton Rogers, who owned the bank and what mortgages the village boasted, along with the new drive-in theater and sixty acres zoned for heavy industry along the highway, and sat, as a matter of course, at the head of the three-man school board, looked a trifle displeased. "What in the devil are you trying to do, Tom?"

Large, Olympian, handing down judgment in the Socratic manner—that is, by artful questioning, "You want I should do this job? Or no?"

"Well," Mr. Rogers said. And then, "I see your point. I apologize."

"It's O.K.," Tom said. "No hard feelings."

And here came young Molly, bright as a shiny new button, two little girls skipping beside her. Tom shuffled his large feet. Molly stopped.

"Ah," Tom said. "Edna thinks I did wrong last night."

Molly smiled. The two little girls scampered into the schoolyard. "You're sweet, Tom. You didn't do wrong."

"You like him?"

"Yes."

He pondered it. "I guess," he said finally, "that that's what I thought." He advanced, large and imperturbable, to meet the school bus.

The Red Sox and Yankees were at it again that afternoon. And the stool at Lou's beckoned most urgently. Tom saw off the last school bus and put the signs away. Duty done, he was on his way when he heard the voices—Mr. Stoddard Carson and another; the second voice was young, cocky, like that of a rookie with a big head. "Stow it, dad. I'm just walkin' around, see? Public property, see? I'm the public."

Tom ambled toward the sounds.

Mr. Carson said, in a voice not quite steady, "I'm sorry. But the school buildings are for pupils and teachers only. You'll have to leave."

"That so, dad? You're going to toss me out?" The youth had quantities of hair and tight-fitting jeans and a leather jacket with padded shoulders. "You, all by yourself?" There was silence.

Tom sighed. "No, sonny," he said. "I am."

He found a fistful of jacket collar. He found another fistful of youthful jeans and haunch. He turned around and ambled to the door, bearing his burden easily, deposited it in the schoolyard, well out toward the middle, watched it bounce. Then, "How was that fancy movie?" he said in a pleasant voice, and nodded gravely and resumed his journey to Lou's.

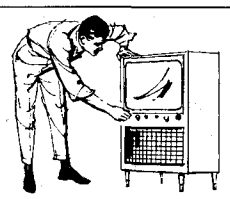
He was not quite halfway there when Molly caught him. Her third-grade teacher's aplomb was somewhat shaken. "He came into my room, Tom. I don't know what he had in mind. I was alone ——"

"Hey," Tom said. "You're racing your motor."

"I—guess I am." They walked in silence for a time.

"Maybe," he said, "you got something on your mind you want to tell me about." Thereby earning a smile, shaky around the edges, but all the more warming for that.

...that gets you down



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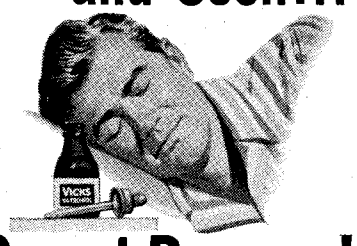

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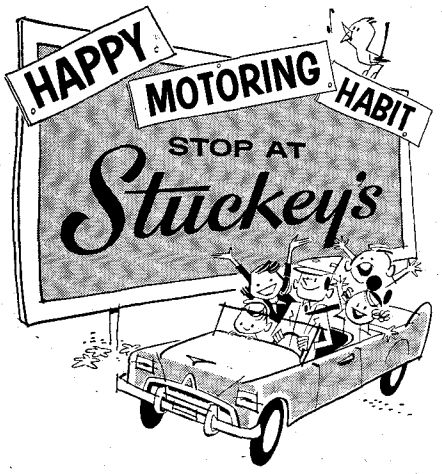

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"You are sweet, Tom."

"I'll buy you a ——" He stopped there, sternly repressing his own thirst out of deference to young womanhood. "In here," he said, and held the door of the Scoop, which does not even vaguely resemble Lou's.

There were stools there, too, but he chose a booth. He seconded Molly's order, and received a dish of ice cream, bilious green with spots, the like of which he had not encountered except in nightmares. But he chomped his way through it. And he listened.

"He's different," Molly said. "Stoddard, I mean." Defensive-like.

Tom did not deny it.

"He likes books, and music, and ——" Her voice sort of ran down.

"I guess lots of people do," Tom said, although the statement left room for argument. "Eat your ice cream, honey."

She picked up her spoon. She put it down again. "I'm going to cry."

It shook him, but he rallied gamely. "Here." He produced an enormous square of white handkerchief. He concentrated on the green ice cream.

And after a time the tears stopped. Molly sniffled. She handed back the handkerchief. "Thank you." In a very small voice.

Tom said, "What does Edna think?"

"I haven't asked her." And then here came the big one. "What do you think about him? You're a man."

He had never called one wrong in his life; this was his pride. On the other hand, he had the feeling that there might be a first time. "Eat your ice cream, honey." And, resorting to craft, "It'll work out." He hoped. He told himself that after the game he'd see if he couldn't shift the burden onto Edna, which was where it rightly belonged.

(Berra singled sharply through the middle in the bottom of the eighth, scoring Richardson from third and Mantle from second, and that was it.)

At Lou's, Tom finished his beer, which tasted of ice cream, and ambled home to seek Edna, found her ironing one of his nightshirts, which billowed and flapped like a fair-sized tent. She listened while he spoke of the Scoop conversation.

And then she merely nodded. "I know."

"Well," Tom said, and shuffled his large feet. "She's—young."

"So she is. That's why she went to you."

He asked that that one be spelled out.

"You're old enough to be her father. Older." The iron worked busily.

Tom admitted age.

"You're a man."

No argument there either.

"She doesn't have a father." And the iron swished on without pause.

Tom opened his mouth, shut it again. It was clearly time to stand up and be counted. "I just pay room and board, Edna."

In the silence, Edna said unexpectedly, "I wish you wore pajamas. They're easier to iron."

"Pajamas," Tom said, "get twisted." And since the conversation was off the rails anyway, he went out to his large chair to ponder.

It was sort of—well, flattering that young womanhood had come to him for counsel, and that mature womanhood had been content that it was so. He preened himself a bit in male pride. And then he went to the telephone and placed a call to a man he knew in the Yankee front office. It was possible, he thought, that there was more to Mr. Stoddard Carson than had so far appeared. He would find out.

The next day, Thursday, when the 12:00–1:00 stint was done, and before the Dodger game began, he sought out Mr. Carson. It was a nice office, neat, businesslike. And Mr. Carson, for all his glasses and sour-owl expression and skinniness, looked at home in it.

He said, "I didn't thank you, Mr. Wilton, for dealing with our visitor yesterday. I do."

"He was just a punk," Tom said.

"To me he appeared formidable. I am not sure I could have coped with him."

Tom let it go. He came to the point of his visit. "Last game of the Red Sox series tonight over at the Stadium. I got two tickets."

Mr. Carson's eyebrows rose.

"Maybe," Tom said, "if you saw a ball game, you'd like it." He paused. "You and me," he added, lest there be doubt.

Mr. Carson said carefully, "That's very generous of you. But tonight the school board—an idea I have to present to them—I ——" He stopped there, plainly uncomfortable.

"It's O.K.," Tom said. "Some other time." He wondered if it had been such a good idea, after all.

That afternoon, with one eye on Reese, who covered ground like a rookie instead of an old man, he used the other eye to study the gathering along the row of stools and decided that none of the stoolholders would be suitable company for the evening. And that was funny, because from Lou behind the bar to Pete Roberts, the barber, they were all nice companionable characters. Or had always seemed so. He wondered if that dish of green ice cream yesterday had completely unsettled him.

And when the game was over, he ambled home, vaguely dissatisfied with life in general. In the front hall he took off the blue cap and looked at it in disgust. And he wondered if at his age a man began to sour as a matter of course, like cider kept too long.

Dinner was a silent affair. And afterward, Molly up in her room with papers and things to attend to, Tom helped with the dishes, clad in an apron the size of a dickey, handling plates and glasses with ginger care lest they come apart in his large fingers. Once he put down his towel and got out his watch and glared at it.

Edna said, "Lou's? Game tonight?"

"Game. But not at Lou's." He mentioned the tickets waiting for him at the box office. He mentioned Mr. Carson, and he failed to see Edna's small smile. Her voice, when it came, was noncommittal.

"Too bad, Tom. It's a pity to waste them. Isn't there anybody?"

It burst in his mind like a light exploding. "How about you and me?"

Her face was hidden from him. "Baseball is for men."

"Why? Tell me that?" He developed the theme.

Edna turned to look full at him, reminding him in this moment of young Molly. "If you're sure you want me to, Tom?"

Standing there, dish towel in one hand, dickey apron dangling, he nevertheless achieved dignity, even courtliness. "I'd be proud if you would, Edna."

And he was proud. Edna wore her best coat, the black one, and the hat he specially liked, the kind the Queen of England wore—not the young queen, nor yet the young queen's mother, but the lady who had been married to the king with the beard. The tickets were waiting, as promised, and Tom held Edna's elbow with vast delicacy as they moved to their places. In the lights the field gleamed richly green and immaculately brown. There were the sounds of the crowd, and the sense of excitement all around them, and Edna smiling—and life was not so sour after all. It was a fine game, to boot—1–1 into the ninth.

The lights still burned at Lou's when they got off the bus. "It was a lovely evening, Tom," Edna said. "Thank you." And then, "I think I like Mr. Berra best."

Sound judgment from an unexpected source. He nodded approval.

"And all the people who knew you. That was nice."

He set his large feet down hard, but there was no jar. "Ah ——" And he paused. Then, (*Continued on Page 72*)

"His last word was 'ouch!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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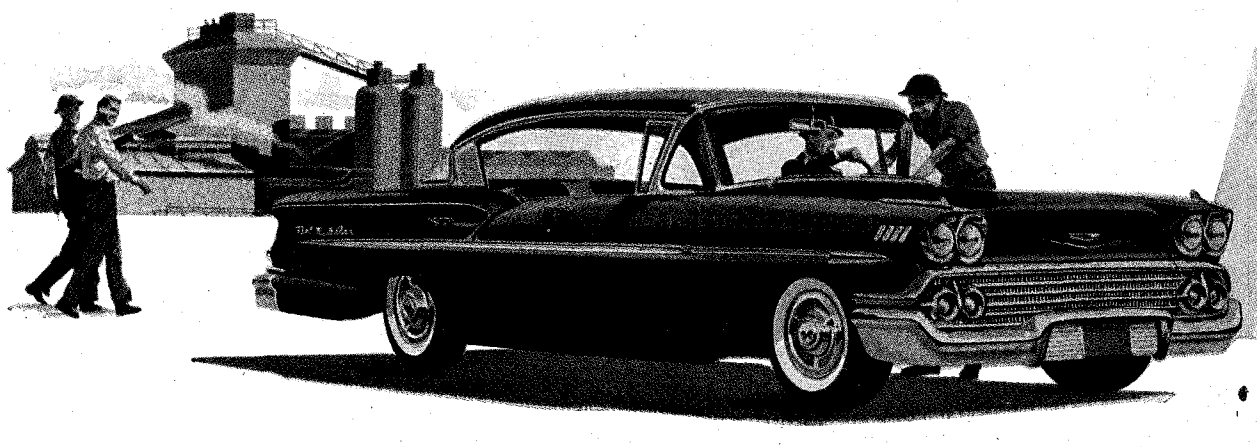

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(*Continued from Page 68*) screwing his courage to the sticking point, "Would you care for a—glass of beer, Edna?"

She hesitated. "Do you think we should?"

"I do," he said. "I do, for sure." He gave her his arm as they crossed the street. . . .

He was at his post on time in the morning, even a little ahead of time—a job worth doing was worth doing well. Mr. J. Littleton Rogers, remembering his lesson, wheeled his shiny black car past almost on tiptoe. Mr. Rogers' face was grave, but he had a nod for Tom.

Mr. Carson arrived. He smiled as he walked across the street. "How was the ball game, Mr. Wilton?"

"Good." And then, "Fine." Which was still understatement, but the best he could think of at the moment. "How was the school board?"

Mr. Carson's smile slipped a trifle, but his head was high. "A little—difficult." He went on, and Tom thought of the neat office and the way that Mr. Carson seemed to fit it.

Molly arrived, escorted, as usual, by third-grade moppets. "You were sweet to take mother last night, Tom. She enjoyed it."

"It was," Tom said, "my pleasure." Which was neither more nor less than simple truth, but sort of warming to say right out like that.

When the morning stint was done, he strolled down to the firehouse. Joe Potter, off duty from the post office, and Bill Wilks, who worked swing shift in the paper factory over by the river, were polishing the shiny red truck, and deep in conversation.

"So, O.K.," Joe said. "Maybe the rooms are little. They were big enough for me when I was a kid. . . . Hi, Tom." And then, to Bill again, "Ain't that right?"

Bill agreed that it was right. "Ten-twelve thousand dollars," he said, in the tone of a man who spoke of the moon. "Taxes start up, they don't never come down. Like they say, inflation." And then, "They learned us good enough, didn't they?" He appealed to Tom. "Kids are fine, sure. But they don't need no country club. Ain't that right?"

"Tom," Joe said, "is smart. He don't pay taxes."

Tom listened. This, then, was the subject Mr. Carson had brought up to the school board last night. The drift was plain enough—Mr. Carson, apparently, was throwing his weight around, finding fault with the school facilities, advocating change. He considered it in silence and decided that Mr. Carson was using poor strategy; a new manager did best to concentrate on finishing in the first division before he agitated for paneling in his office or fancy new lockers for the players. Maybe Mr. Carson was not so smart, after all. He chewed a little on the concept, thinking of young Molly and her trust in his judgment; thinking, too, of Edna, in her best black coat and the hat he liked.

They were friends, he told himself, even if they were females, and a man owed something to his friends. Didn't he? Well? And he had been asked for his opinion, to boot. And how could a man who had spent a good share of his life handing down opinions just stand by and let others do the deciding? And so, in the end, he ambled back up the road to the school.

Mr. Carson was in his office. He listened to Tom's report on local reaction. He took off his glasses, and his face seemed a trifle less owllike. "You think I'm wrong, Mr. Wilton, in pointing out that our classrooms are overcrowded and our teachers overworked?"

"Could be," Tom said. He paused. And then, to set the record straight, "Kind of like young Molly, do you, son?"

Mr. Carson was silent for a little time. "I do. But is that germane?"

"Come again?"

"Is it pertinent? Does it have a connection? My argument is with the school board and with the village, not with Miss Vickers."

"Ballplayer holds out," Tom said, "he's arguing salary with his club. Personal argument, sort of. But if he holds out too long, the fans get mad at him too."

Mr. Carson studied his glasses. "I respect your judgment, Mr. Wilton. You are in touch with the village. You are a part of it. So far, I am not. I am afraid I would not be accepted at Lou's Tavern or at the firehouse, as you are."

"Want to be?" The question was important, and he waited in silence.

"A great deal, Mr. Wilton." There was no mistaking the sincerity.

It was not long after the noon bell rang, while Tom was knee-deep in small fry and trying to look in all directions at once, that Mr. Carson and young Molly walked together out of the schoolyard and across the street; they got into Mr. Carson's beat-up little car and drove away. It looked to Tom as if they had a lot to say and wanted to say it in private, maybe over a dish of green ice cream.

There was no game of interest that afternoon. He had his beer at Lou's, and listened to talk—mostly on the subject of taxes—and then strolled on home. Edna was already pushing things around in the kitchen. Tom sniffed at the aroma. His taste buds expanded.

"Pot roast," he said. "That's right friendly of you, Edna."

"It was cheap."

Some of the pleasure went out of the moment. "Need any help?"

"No." And that was that.

Still he hesitated. He had a vague, uneasy feeling that somewhere, somehow, he had muffed one—there was that kind of unspoken attitude in the air—but the trouble was he couldn't see where. Unless—"If I did wrong, taking you to Lou's for a beer after the ball game, Edna"—he paused—"I'm sorry." Standing large and contrite, admitting the possibility that he had been fallible. Funny thing was, it didn't seem to hurt much at all.

Edna lifted the lid of the Dutch oven and the pot-roast fragrance came rushing out all steamy and warm, fine-tasting. She replaced the lid. "You didn't ——" She turned around. Her voice no longer held an edge. "You didn't do anything wrong at all last night, Tom." And then, "Go wash up. Dinner'll be ready."

He obeyed.

Molly did not appear. Dinner was a silent affair, and afterward they did the dishes. Tom said, "House seems kind of empty without Molly."

And Edna brushed at her hair with the back of one soapy hand and said only, "Yes," in a funny kind of voice.

"Something's eatin' on you."

But she just shook her head.

And, later, "I'm going out," Edna said. "I don't think I'll be long."

Tom stirred uneasily in his big chair. "You want I should go with you, Edna?"

"Not necessary." But she made no move to leave. Then, "If you like." And, as he stood up, "We're going to the schoolhouse."

All of the lights were on, and the street in front of the school was lined with cars. Tom followed Edna straight for the sixth-grade room down beyond Mr. Carson's office.

There were maybe thirty, thirty-five people there, squeezed self-consciously behind the desks. Up at the teacher's desk three-four chairs had been set for the three-man school board, J. Littleton Rogers in the center. Mr. Carson stood. And down in the front row sat young Molly, her face raised, and her eyes fixed and shining. She did not see Edna. She did not see Tom. She listened.

Mr. Carson was saying, "I asked you to come at night—tonight—in order that you might get the full effect." He paused. "In daytime, when the children are here and the building is filled with life, you don't see the reality—the cracks in the walls, the broken desks, the loose floor boards, the atmosphere of neglect. But the children see it. It colors all of their thinking. Education is unimportant—it must be, they think—because if it were not, it would be conducted in different surroundings. But that is only a part of it, a small part."

Tom looked at Edna. Edna's face showed nothing. Tom thought of Joe Potter and Bill Wilks down at the firehouse. He looked at Mr. Carson and at Mr. Rogers behind him. He looked at the people squeezed behind the desks, and he asked himself what he was doing here. And yet he listened, because something was scurrying around in the corners of his mind, like a mouse only half glimpsed as it dodged behind furniture and drapes, annoying, distracting.

Mr. Carson was into statistics now, which maybe meant something to people who understood them—how many pupils to each teacher, how many rooms, how many desks, and such; all of this against what somebody (*Continued on Page 74*)

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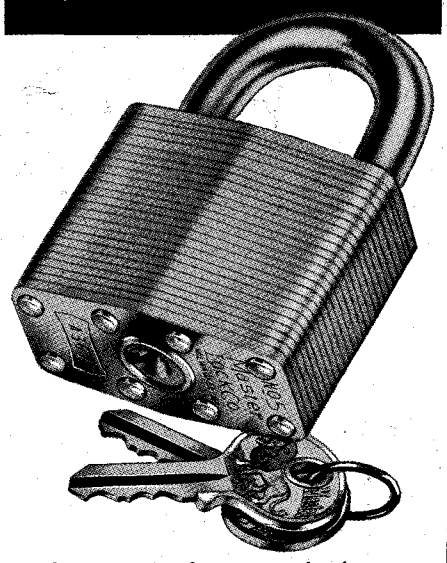

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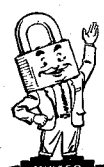

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A pioneer American leader, later to be elected governor for an amazing number of terms, risks the perils of a winter trip in an open boat in order to aid his people. Returning, he finds that his beloved wife has been drowned during his absence. Who was the leader, and how did his wife drown?

Richard Q. Rodgers

See page 74 for answer.

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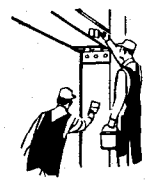

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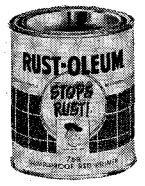

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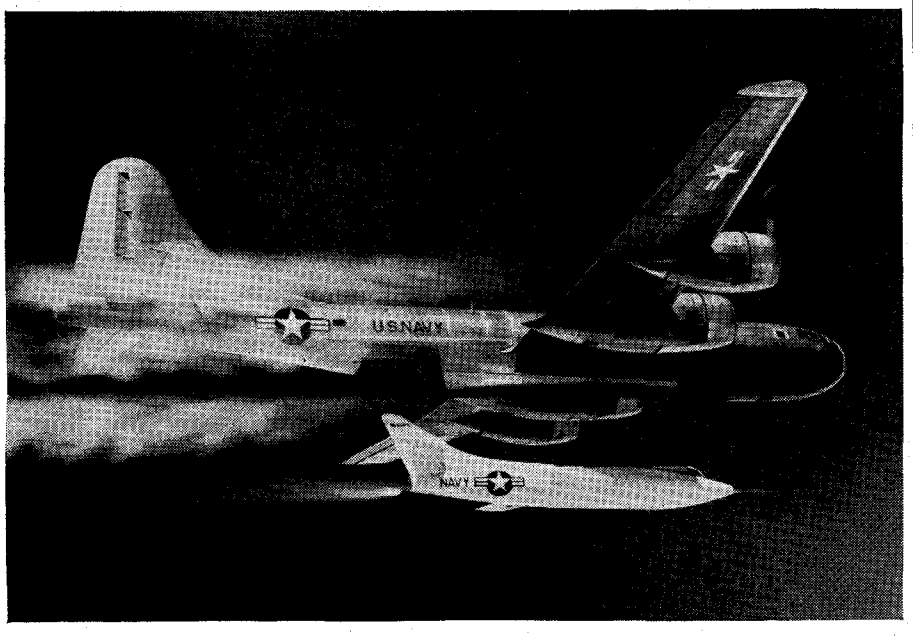

MY CLOSEST SHAVE *by Bill Bridgeman*
Douglas Test pilot

"My closest shave was during the first try at a speed record in the fantastic Douglas Skyrocket," *says* Test Pilot Bill Bridgeman, author of *The Lonely Sky*. "A special B-29 dropped me like a bomb at 30,000 feet . . . I turned on my rockets and climbed to 40,000 . . . when suddenly all power failed. Rocket power, cabin pressure, heat—everything went—and the window frosted over so I couldn't see. *Finally* I got the radio going on an emergency battery . . . and a pilot in a chase plane talked me down to a blind landing!"

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Colgate Instant Shave

(*Continued from Page 72*)

Tom had never even heard of had decided ought to be.

The attitude of the audience was clear—unresponsive, even sullen. *I warned him*, Tom thought, *but some people don't listen.* And he supposed that that was how it always was—advice was cheap, so not many people considered it worth accepting. And young Molly, from the look of her, hadn't waited for his judgment, after all, and that was kind of disheartening, but all of a piece. It was just as well he hadn't come right out in the beginning and said what he thought about Mr. Carson and his books and his music, declared himself, that was, because he had an idea that, after speaking out, living in the same house with Edna might not be easy.

And then his ears pricked up. Mr. Carson was saying, "This country of ours spends a great deal more—billions of dollars a year more—for recreation, sports, than it does for education." He paused there, but he did not look at Tom. "Does that seem right?" It was his tag line. He took off his glasses, mopped his face with his handkerchief and sat down.

The silence was thunderous, broken only by young Molly, who clapped and who would, from the looks of her, have given a two-finger whistle if she had known how. Mr. Carson looked at Tom, and his look seemed to apologize for, in effect, sticking his finger in Tom's eye with that crack about sports.

Tom stirred on his large feet, and all of a sudden it seemed that mouse in his mind turned into a sort of conscience and walked straight out into the center of the room and sat there looking at him and twinking its whiskers demandingly. He tried to ignore it. He told himself it was none of his affair, one way or the other; he wasn't married, he didn't have any kids, he didn't own a house and he didn't pay school taxes. But a voice in his mind said silently, answering Mr. Carson's unspoken apology, "It's O.K., son." And there was even a grudging sort of admiration, one professional to another.

Mr. Rogers said, "Are there any questions from the floor?"

Tom waited politely. Nobody spoke. Tom rolled forward a pace or two, and all eyes turned on him, most of them somewhat hostile—maybe thirty-five pairs of hostile eyes, not even a screaming voice raised, and he had listened to forty thousand people telling him he was wrong and never turned a hair. "I got somethin' to say."

Someone unidentified said, "You're not a taxpayer." But the argument seemed to attract no following.

Tom said, "You hire a man, a professional. You tell him to do a job. Maybe he thinks one way and you think another. That's O.K. Your privilege. You bought your ticket. You can tell the umpire he's blind, if you want to." He paused. He looked around at them all. "Only thing is, just keep this in mind: he's right there, on the spot, and he knows what he's doing." He paused again. "And he calls them as he sees them. That's what you pay him for." He rolled back to his place beside Edna, and stood there, large, patient and silent, and in the room the arguments began, tentative at first, but gathering force as they went along.

Outside, the evening was pleasant, fair, warm. People flowed out of the schoolhouse in little groups, talking still. One by one the lights went out. Tom and Edna stood by the schoolyard gate. They waited.

And here, walking close together, hand in hand it was plain even in the darkness, came young Molly and Mr. Carson. They stopped.

Mr. Carson said, in that precise way of his, "Thank you, Mr. Wilton, for speaking up. It started them talking, and that was what I had hoped for."

"Tom," Molly said, and that was all, but it was enough.

"It's O.K., son," Tom said. "Man says what he thinks."

There was silence.

Molly said, "We're going to be married, Tom. We told mother today."

"Sort of figured," Tom said. And then, "Been pondering on a wedding present." He paused. "Thought maybe a couple of World Series tickets." He paused again. "Good ones."

Molly looked up at Mr. Carson. Mr. Carson took off his glasses. He was smiling, and his face didn't look owllike at all. "We'll be honored, Mr. Wilton. We thank you."

Tom bowed. He offered Edna his arm. She took it, and they turned away in silence and started up the road. He thought of dinner tonight, a lonely time without Molly. He thought of other things, too, that had never occurred to him before. He turned them over slowly, examining them from all sides.

He brought one of them out in the open, sort of tried it on for size. "You look real nice tonight, Edna."

"Thank you, Tom."

They walked some distance farther in silence. "Molly gone," Tom said, "won't be right me living in the same house with you—alone."

"I had thought of that"—in a quiet voice.

"Well," Tom said. And then, "Maybe you'd think of marrying me." Out loud like that, it was kind of—well, embarrassing. But a man spoke up or he didn't.

Edna had stopped. She disengaged her arm from his. The lights from Lou's sign shone on her best coat and the Queen Mary hat. She watched him quietly. "Is that what you want, Tom?"

He nodded. "It is."

"Why?"

And the answer to this, too, he had. Standing there, looking down at her, grave and unsmiling, he took off his hat and held it carefully in his big hands. Even the words were there, and he spoke them with dignity. "I'd be proud if you would, Edna." He was conscious that time stood still, just sort of rooted to the ground.

And then, "So," Edna said, "would I." And that was all. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 72)

William Bradford, the Pilgrim leader who became governor of Plymouth Colony in 1621 and was re-elected thirty times, ventured forth with a boat crew from the Mayflower soon after reaching the New World. The boat party explored the shore line for a place to settle, and fought off hostile Indians. On returning to the Mayflower, Bradford learned that his "dearest consort," his wife Dorothy May, had fallen overboard and drowned.

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The Legacy of Mr. Lincoln

(Continued from Page 34)

"You don't want to take it out on a pore ole dog," she had whispered to him. "You'll get more shoes. You'll work and earn them. You're my smart child, smart as a whip."

Her belief in him had stirred some latent ambition for the first time, and he had gotten a job that summer in a small general store. His employer had been stern but fair, and by fall he had earned a good pair of shoes, and the stuff for a dress for his mother.

Well, the shoes had served for the church part. There had been a camp meeting that spring, a tent meeting, with a young preacher painting heaven and hell in terms so vivid they had struck terror into Marcus' heart. He had watched as adults hit the glory trail down to the sinners' bench, there to repent and receive the Holy Ghost. Finally his own turn had come, and he had walked the short distance to the bench in his new shoes, with the eyes of the congregation upon him. He had not been a backslider either. Ever since that day he had gone to church on Sundays, feeling himself one of God's faithful and elect. The rest of the week, in Marcus' opinion, was an entirely different compartment of his life. Weekdays were a practical matter.

Rising from the bed, Marcus removed his gold wrist watch and placed it reverently on the night table. The watch was his finest possession. Bought after his election with campaign funds conveniently left over—he had practiced every possible economy—it marked another milestone in his life.

Marcus got into his pajamas and retired to the bathroom with his underwear. There he found soap and washed shorts, socks and undershirt carefully, then hung them on the shower rod to dry. He would remove them in the morning before the maid came in. He figured to save about two dollars a week by performing this chore, and in a year would have the price of a couple of good hogs. Hogs were a sound investment, and entrusted to his mother to care for back home, should increase his money rapidly. He did not intend to be poor again.

Marcus had entered politics with the avowed intention of making money. To him a congressman's salary looked enormous, and further, he knew there were various ways for a politician to augment his income. Marcus was not likely to be choosy about these. He intended to have security. He saw the world as ruled by the rich and powerful, and to cheat the world of these titans was to him not only justifiable but desirable.

He had vowed that Washington would not change him. "Send me to Congress," he'd told the voters, "and I won't be like some of these cheap dudes who get up there with the big shots and forget all about the poor at home. Elect me, and I'll see this district gets its share of the Government money they're throwing around so free. And when I come home, I'll still be the same old country boy, a plain man like you, working for your interest."

Some men owe their success in politics to presence, some to eloquence. Marcus owed his to a false friend of his political opponent, Congressman Thomas. In an unguarded moment Thomas had once written a country town politician, "Of course, I stay in Washington as long as I can. The minute I get home those local jerks fill up my office and keep me from doing any work." During the election campaign this rural politico, smarting because Thomas had refused to endorse him for a post-office appointment, dug the letter from his files and took it to Marcus with a sly smile.

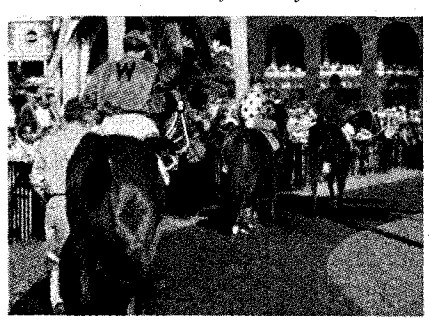
The next night Marcus was striding up and down a platform flourishing the letter. "'Jerks,' ladies and gentlemen," he had cried. "Here it is in black and white, what the high and mighty Congressman Thomas thinks of the people who gave him his job. Jerks! Don't send an old windbag who looks down on his own people to represent you in Washington. Send one of your own. A local boy."

He was certainly a local boy. His people were dirt farmers. Ill-fed, seldom with two dimes to rub together, they yet clung with stubborn tenacity to pride in owning their own land, looked down on the "half-hands" who were often their neighbors, were looked down on in turn by the townsfolk, who called them "rednecks" and had as little to do with them as possible. Marcus had grown up working the farm, had dug "taters" for dinner when there was often little else, and had acquired a burning ambition to educate himself and to conquer the world beyond his native piney hills. Luck had been with him, as it so often is with the energetic and the single-minded. When he reached college age his brothers and sisters were out on their own, and his provident dad had managed to save a little. Generously the old man gave to Marcus to go to the local polytechnic institute, feeling proud of this boy he could not pretend to understand.

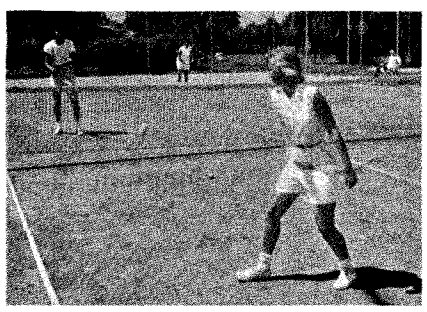
At the institute Marcus waited on tables, mowed grass and studied. Late at

ST. JOHNS REGION—Family resorts on the wide, tide-packed shores of Northeast Florida offer accommodations to fit any budget.

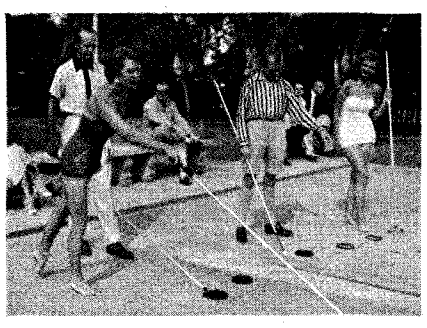
INDIAN RIVER REGION—An angler casts from one of the area's fine ocean beaches. The salt-water river is famous for sea trout.



GULF STREAM COAST—Southeast Florida resorts, close to many sport attractions, also are centers for active play of all kinds.



WEST COAST — Splendid public tennis courts are found throughout this region. Also, municipal facilities for golf, boating.



NORTH FLORIDA—Even in northernmost Florida, winter never curtails outdoor fun.

Best place to play best is any place in Florida

...and vacations in this land of fun cost no more than ordinary ones

There's more recreational fun in Florida than you can shake a putter—or a fishing rod—at! Nowhere else on this continent are resorts and sports so numerous.

You can golf in shirt-sleeved comfort from Pensacola to the Keys. You can fish for fighting Florida bass in 30,000 lakes, or troll for deep-sea battlers on the Gulf of Mexico or out in the waters of the blue Atlantic Ocean.

Play a tennis match a stone's throw from a beach. Race an outboard up and down a calm lagoon. Take a thrilling ski ride over bays and rivers. Or, just relax and tan a berry brown beside a sun-drenched swimming pool.

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CENTRAL FLORIDA—Golf on challenging courses is one of many sports that make stays in this region fun. The thousands of lakes are excellent for bass fishing and small boat cruising.

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night his light would burn, the next morning he would take notes until his fingers cramped. He made good grades, and when he graduated got a job teaching in a rural school.

He'd climbed from teacher to small businessman, with a corner store that had taken business from older merchants. He knew how to treat the small farmers who made up his customers. He should have; he was one of their own. Along the way he had married a frail girl named Liza who had brightened his life, taken part in his grandiose dreams without understanding them, and finally had sickened and died.

Marcus had entered politics with the one idea: to make money. He wanted, as he told Liza, to "get some of his own back." Late at night he raged up and down their tiny cottage, telling her how the aristocrats and the rich folks ran everything, and cheated the small man who was too dumb to see. "But I'm not too dumb," Marcus told her. "I'm going into politics, and I'm going to get mine. Those people wouldn't spit on me now, but you'll see. Soon they'll know who I am."

Soon they did know. He ran for the state legislature, and his campaign was a joke. They said he was promising to take his truck to the state capital and load it with state funds to bring home and distribute. They said he promised a state job to every man who voted for him. It was impossible for such a man to be taken seriously. And then one morning the voters picked up their newspapers and found that Marcus had won.

He worked like a horse, at the state capital and at home. The door of his office was always open. Every letter written him was answered. No request was too small, too unimportant, to receive his full attention. Four years later he ran for Congress, and won.

His first morning in Washington, Marcus showered and dressed carefully in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit. He descended to the lobby, passed by the coffee shop and sought instead a cafeteria he had noticed the night before. He ate a farm-sized breakfast before he went to his new office. Here he found the rooms assigned to him without difficulty. Two secretaries from his own district awaited him. They had preceded him by a couple of days to unpack the files.

These young ladies had been chosen with care. Both were businesslike, brisk and efficient. One was even good-looking, although that made little difference to Marcus. Chiefly he was interested in getting a day's work out of them for a day's pay, and this he unfailingly did.

Now he opened his mail and settled down to answering it. He worked not by dictation, but by directing each girl briefly about the gist of a reply, letting her phrase it for him.

The last letter he opened was a rambling request for direct information as to how he stood on a labor measure. Marcus hadn't made up his mind, and when he did he wasn't likely to broadcast it in plain terms.

He tossed the letter to the younger of his two secretaries. "Do a fancy job on that one," he directed her. "Make it sort of a narrative like; make it poetic."

She understood him perfectly, which was one reason she had been hired, and in half an hour was back with a reply which quoted the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and a speech of John L. Lewis'.

"Perfect," he said admiringly. "I might have written it myself."

As noon approached, Marcus took a long look in the mirror of the small lavatory adjoining his office. Then he took a towel back into his private office and locked himself in. Carefully he spread the towel on the floor. He had on his best suit, and he didn't intend to start his career as a legislator with dusty knees. He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes of twelve. In twenty minutes, he knew, a buzzer would sound to announce the opening of the day's session of the House of Representatives.

Slowly Marcus knelt on the towel, closed his eyes and folded his hands. Too excited to frame a prayer of his own, he recited the Twenty-Third Psalm. He would have added the Lord's Prayer, but he felt that a long session on his knees might wrinkle his trousers, so he rose and straightened his clothes. Marcus was facing the unknown, and he was terrified of making a fool of himself before all these important men. Wryly he smiled, remembering the story from his childhood of the mother who had cautioned her boy going into company for the first time to keep his mouth shut, so people wouldn't find out what a fool he was. Later she asked how he had gotten along, and he replied, "Well, ma, I kept my mouth shut, but they found out, anyway."

Still good advice, Marcus reflected. He would say very little and feel his way slowly. A good impression was important. Be prompt, he told himself, and vote right, vote the way the party wanted you to, and when election time came maybe you'd get a little help. A straight party vote, he had always understood, was appreciated in the proper quarters. Even a party out of power could be very helpful to a young representative. He thought how fine pictures of certain party leaders would look, framed and autographed, on the walls of his office at home. That'd

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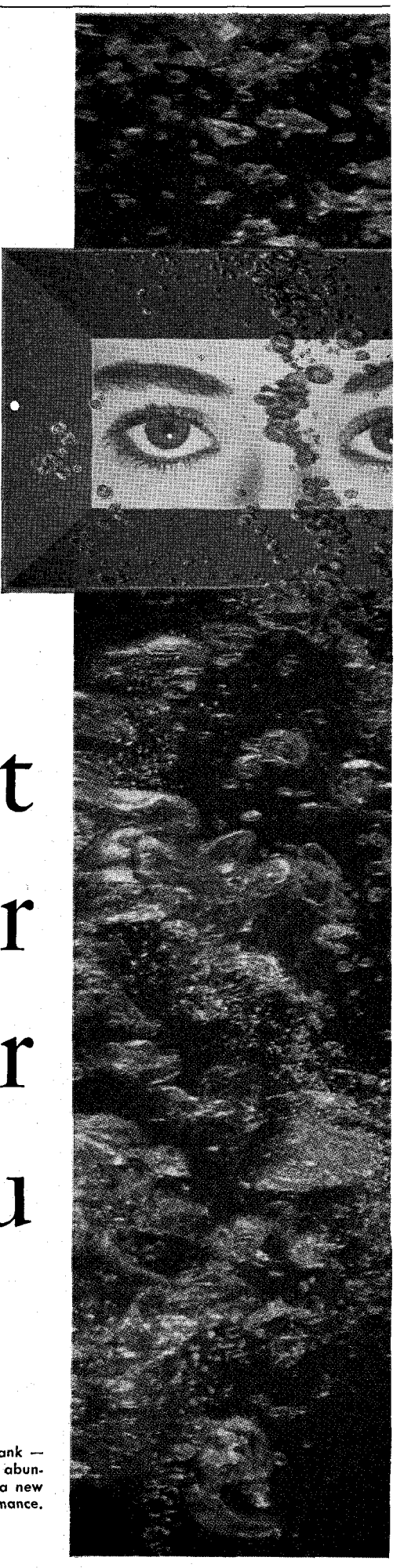
Most important victory over water heater rust-thru



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show them, those who made light of him, how seriously he was taken in Washington.

He descended in the elevator and walked through the pedestrian subway that connected the House Office Building with the Capitol. His palms were sweating as he entered the cloakroom, was shown to his seat in the chamber. For a few minutes he was too excited to take in his surroundings, and then slowly he became aware of them. The legislator next to him was reading the funny papers. On his other side an elderly man munched peanuts. Then the House was called to order, and an old gentleman with beautiful white hair was invoking a merciful God to guide the deliberations of its members.

The prayer completed, the members relaxed again, and a low buzz filled the chamber as the clerk called the roll. Marcus raised his head to gaze at the galleries. The newspapermen in the press gallery appeared to be almost asleep. In the diplomatic gallery three hard-faced men watched proceedings impassively, while a few seats from them two exotic-looking brunettes carried on a conversation in loud Spanish. The public galleries were almost empty, but in the family section a number of wives and daughters sat, bright-eyed and attentive. They must be waiting to see their men take the oath of office.

Marcus answered to his name in his turn, a little later cast his first vote, for his party's candidate for Speaker of the House. When he rose with his colleagues to take the oath of office, to the accompaniment of flash bulbs, he spoke in a low tone, lest his voice tremble.

As routine business was transacted, Marcus watched and listened attentively, eager to learn how to conduct himself so that he would betray no awkwardness. When a brief recess was called he walked with the others to the cloakroom, and there he had his first bit of luck. A kind-hearted man who had bumped into him accidentally tried to remedy the situation with a little graciousness, and introduced him to a large, elderly man. Marcus had a bad moment. He didn't know who the man was. But a certain air of deference displayed by his sponsor led him to take a chance. He shook hands smoothly, and told the old man it was an honor to meet him and a greater honor to serve in the same chamber with him. There were smiles around him. He had guessed right. He had just shaken hands with the former majority leader of the House.

This little incident showed Marcus the path his feet should take. He became the self-effacing member in a group of egotists. Never saying too much, carefully avoiding the too-obvious flattery, he learned to put in the appreciative word at the proper moment, to congratulate where possible, to defer where proper, to build up everywhere, and slowly he achieved a certain modest popularity.

They had given Marcus a nice office, the one Congressman Thomas had had before him, and he was in it by five minutes of nine every morning. He read every letter he received himself, directed his secretaries how to answer them. He expedited the payment of veterans' benefits, checked on the civil-service status of job hunters, mailed agricultural pamphlets to farmers. He underrated the importance of none of this. He knew it was his stock in trade, and that a correspondent who received prompt attention was likely to be a satisfied voter at the next election.

When the House convened at noon he was in his seat. Those brief phone calls which announced "The Whip wants the member on the floor," received the invariable answer from Marcus' secretaries, "The member is on the floor."

He was given a couple of unimportant committee posts, and these, too, he attended to faithfully. For his third committee assignment he was put on a crime-investigating committee in which he was little interested. It was taking testimony on large-scale racketeering in several Northern cities, and was far removed from his concerns. But this post, too, he filled doggedly. On the whole, his colleagues liked him. He had the native good sense to smile very pleasantly and say

A. O. Smith put "something new under the blue"

HOT WATER is one of the world's most corrosive elements. If you've ever experienced the costly mess of water heater rust-thru, you're bound to appreciate A. O. Smith's latest victory in the battle against corrosive attack.

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Inevitably, our researchers developed new, high-performance glasses so advanced there was no existing steel with which they could be fused. Problem was *to bring the metal up to date.*

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Change of Hearts

By Dick Emmons

They've come to an
untimely end,
The valentines we used to
send,
The lacy kind on hinges,
wrought
With hearts and doves and
tender thought,
And on their shelves
grotesquely sit
Bizarre cartoons and
semi-wit.
Too cold the world for
heart and dove?
Not *all* the world. Not *our*
world, love.

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very little, and gradually acquired a reputation for being deep, though closemouthed.

During his free time he explored Washington. He went through the Smithsonian, he took the tours through the FBI and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. He wandered on his own among the imposing Government buildings that lined Constitution Avenue. He explored the Supreme Court Building and the Congressional Library. In the Capitol itself the Rotunda most fascinated him, and many late afternoons he circled in front of the statues in the Hall of Fame. Lee he respected, yet mistrusted as an aristocrat. Franklin he liked as a plain man, Teddy Roosevelt as a doer. Sometimes he stood lost in thought before these statues, trying to figure what common quality made them great. He took to reading about them at night. Congressional Reference grew accustomed to filling his requests for historical biographies as he pored over the lives of one and then another of these men.

But his chief pleasure was to wander down the Mall, past the Monument, past the Reflecting Pool, until he reached the Lincoln Memorial. Here he would mount the steps and stand before the statue that had given so many men before him pause to think. Lincoln was not a Southerner, but he felt with him the kinship of one poor country boy for another. He liked to look at the rugged face, and to imagine he saw a smile playing about the lips.

In February he went through the public rooms of the White House, then returned a few days later in a rented dress suit to the congressional reception given by the President, and shook hands with the chief executive and his gracious wife. After drinking a cup of punch in the Rose Room, he wandered into the broad front hall, and gazed with a sense of shock at distinguished legislators sitting on the stair steps, joking like college boys. In the East Room he was horrified to find the Marine Band blaring out Love Me Tender.

Everyone was kind to him, and once he danced with a senator's daughter, counting to the music under his breath. She, too, was kind, and kept up an effortless flow of small talk which covered his confusion. During the evening the senior senator from his home state clapped him on the shoulder and asked if the governor had gotten in touch with him yet.

When he left the reception on foot, walking down the driveway past lined-up limousines, he directed his steps toward the Mall. He was so excited he tramped through snow without considering what it might do to his shoes. The moon was lighting a white world of snow and massive buildings that looked like palaces in the pale glow. The Reflecting Pool threw another moon up at him as he passed.

A few minutes later he stood looking up at Mr. Lincoln. His mind was a confusion of faces and voices, of features in flesh and in stone. The men who had made his country's laws, past and present, intrigued him. Did those great men he had shaken hands with tonight, who had spoken to him so pleasantly, included him in their conversations so graciously, did they always hew to the line as outlined in the civics books? Did they manage to look like that, to live like that, without any money they shouldn't have sticking to their fingers? Those men whose statues were in the Rotunda, had their lives been open books, their official lives, at any rate? Was there never a shady circumstance, undiscovered by their contemporaries, overlooked by history?

Marcus sighed and mounted the steps to gaze a while at the statue within, then trudged wearily toward home.

Sooner or later, he had known, the machine would get in touch with him. As it turned out, it was later. It was late in March, two days after Marcus discovered that his investigating committee, his stepchild of a committee, to which he had so resented giving his time, was going to conduct an investigation into gambling in his home state. Marcus' feelings about this, remarkably, were mixed. He exulted in the knowledge it would make him invaluable to the machine, which levied a heavy unofficial tax on the gambling, yet he hated to assist the wealthy metropolitan gang he knew to be behind the gambling casinos. The city was not in Marcus' district, but the fact it was in his state would give weight to his opinions. Fate had been very kind. *How rich I will be*, thought Marcus simply.

The next morning the governor telephoned Marcus. His emissary would call in two days, that gentleman informed him. There was an election coming up within the state and, "We want you with us," boomed the governor genially. "We'll work things out. Luke will see you in a day or two."

Marcus hung up the phone, counting the money he expected. That night he tramped Washington's streets. It had been raining, and the street lights were reflected in wet gutters. He felt a new warmth in the air, and saw that a few bushes were beginning to bud. He walked and walked. Once he stopped for a cup of coffee along Pennsylvania Avenue. He didn't quite know why he was walking so long, and told himself he needed the exercise. Slowly he made his way to the Lincoln Memorial. He did not go in, but stood there with a bent head until it started drizzling again. Finally in a mad burst of extravagance he hailed a passing cab and was driven back to his hotel. Perhaps he would move to a better one. He would have plenty of money now.

That night Marcus dreamed of gold coins piled high on his office desk. He sat and counted them over and over until his arms ached, and though he wanted to stop he could not. Every time he tried to quit counting a circle of stone statues around him chanted in unison, "You wanted it, you got it. It's yours, yours, yours! Count it again. Count it again." Just before he waked he heard, in his dream, Liza's voice, calling to him and crying, but he couldn't tell what she was saying.

He couldn't eat breakfast. Even coffee choked him, and finally he made his way to his office. That afternoon he sent his amazed secretaries over to hear the debates in the Senate. If they didn't see Luke in his office it would be just as well. Then he sat looking out the window, trying to make up his mind how much to ask for. He didn't have long to wait. Luke was early, and he had a pocketful of money. He didn't waste words with Marcus.

"You've had heavy expenses, your campaign and all," he announced. "Now we want you to take the stump for us. That costs something too. All in all, we figure that ten thousand ought to take care of everything."

Marcus had never seen ten thousand dollars before. He sat staring at it, stacked in neat little piles on his desk.

"What am I supposed to do for that?" he asked bluntly.

"Well, we want your support in the campaign, of course," said Luke. "And then the governor would like to feel free to discuss national issues with you too. He's taking a great interest in the proposed congressional investigation into gambling in our state."

"I'm a freshman congressman," replied Marcus. "I haven't much influence, and I'll have to be very careful what I say, in any case."

"Of course, of course. However, the governor feels the committee members will be influenced by your opinions on anything concerning your state. After all, you have a fine voting record in the party, and they're bound to give some weight to what you say. Maybe you can get the investigation called off. If you can't, do what you are able to in directing the course of it."

"Well, I'll do my best," said Marcus, and put the money in his top drawer, trying to appear casual.

He concealed his elation until Luke had gone in search of the drink Marcus didn't offer him, since Marcus, the pure liver, didn't drink. Then he did a small jig around the office. This was what he had wanted. Now he was in, and there would be more where this came from. Before his secretaries came he put the money in an envelope, tucked it in his pocket, and left, to stroll slowly down the Mall.

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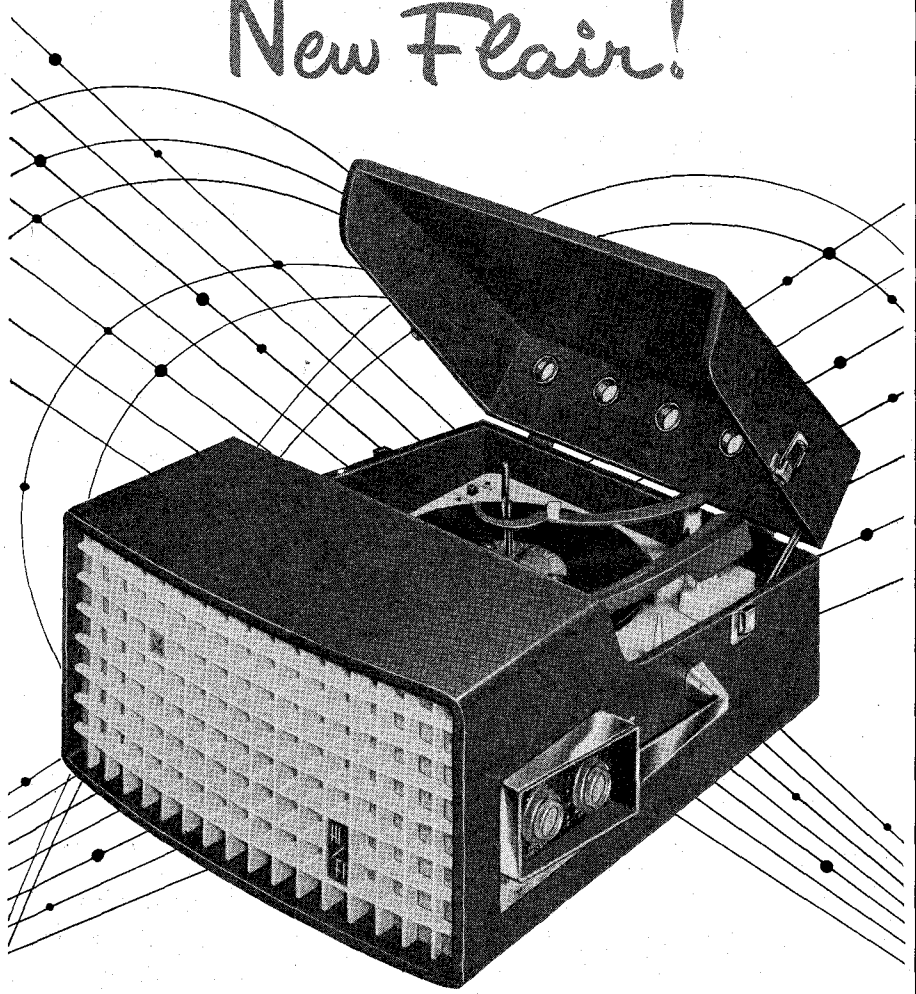

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Spring was coming quickly now, he noticed. A new green was showing in the trees, and already a few forsythia were budding. Soon the dogwood would be out, and the cherry blossoms. He directed his steps toward the cherry trees, and walked clear around the Tidal Basin to the Jefferson Memorial. He'd never thought as much of Jefferson as of Lincoln, of course, but the old boy had had something. On the side of the common man, for his day, fighting Hamilton and the rest to give some measure of government to the people. He had known how to handle those damned aristocrats.

He walked a long way that evening, and in the misty spring twilight found himself in front of the Lincoln Memorial. "I reckon I've been dreaming," he chuckled to himself. Well, he'd just go in and pay his respects to that other countryman before he went home.

There was no one inside. It was so dim the lights were on, and he stood looking up at that ugly, craggy face. He spoke aloud. "Well, I made it. I'm getting mine. Well, I don't care; what would you have me do? It ain't gonna hurt none. There's going to be gambling, anyway. And I'll vote right on most things, the way they'd want me to at home; if they had sense enough to know what the right way is, that is."

It was then he saw the girl in the raincoat. She had edged up out of the rain, and she stood just in the shadow of one of the pillars. If the light hadn't caught the wet gray of her raincoat he wouldn't have seen her at all. She was looking toward him, and he backed away. She must think he was smack nuts, standing here talking to a statue. He must have been working too hard.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, going toward the steps. "I hope I didn't startle you. Rehearsing a speech," he added.

"It's a good place to rehearse speeches," she agreed surprisingly. "He must have heard a lot of them. And he always seems to listen so sympathetically." Marcus saw that she was smiling, and that she was a very pretty girl.

"He doesn't sympathize with me," he heard himself saying. "He's shocked at me tonight."

She looked unconvinced. "Shocked at you? I guess he's seen the worst of a lot of people. Worse people than you."

"He can't know what drives me," he went on stubbornly. "When you're poor enough, and you've been tromped on enough, you can get pretty cussed."

"And it would be hard for him to understand that, because he was one of the privileged?" she mocked him gently.

He hit the wet stone of a pillar with his hand. "He was a bigger man than me. A lot stronger man."

"Bigger than any of us," agreed the girl gravely. "That's why I like to come here. I seem to take strength from him."

She turned. She was going to leave. There was something he had to know first.

"Wait," he begged. "Tell me before you go. What is it, that I feel in him, that you feel, that most of us don't have?"

"Oh, we have it, too," she answered, pausing. "Only not so much. That's why we come here to borrow from him sometimes. It's goodness. But don't you worry," she added kindly, "you'll be all right."

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"Because otherwise you wouldn't be here." With a wave of her hand she was gone.

He watched her go, her head held high, her face to the rain. She was as slight as Liza had been, and as grave. He wondered where they got that gentle strength.

Back before the statue he took the envelope from his pocket. "All right," he said fiercely. "Here it is. Look at it. It's what I've worked for all my life. If I don't keep it, I'll never see so much money at one time again. They'll drop me, and I'll be a damned fool, and it'll be your fault."

He stepped back a pace and spoke again, wonderingly. "And yet I never knew before that when you get in office you don't own the fool voters, they own you. They, and the country, and all the living past. Are you going to make me do it, because you were what you were, you and all the others? Hell, who can argue with a statue?"

But you can shout at a statue. He turned to march down the steps. "All right, I'll take it back!" he flung loudly over his shoulder. He had the ridiculous impression that behind him the statue was smiling. THE END

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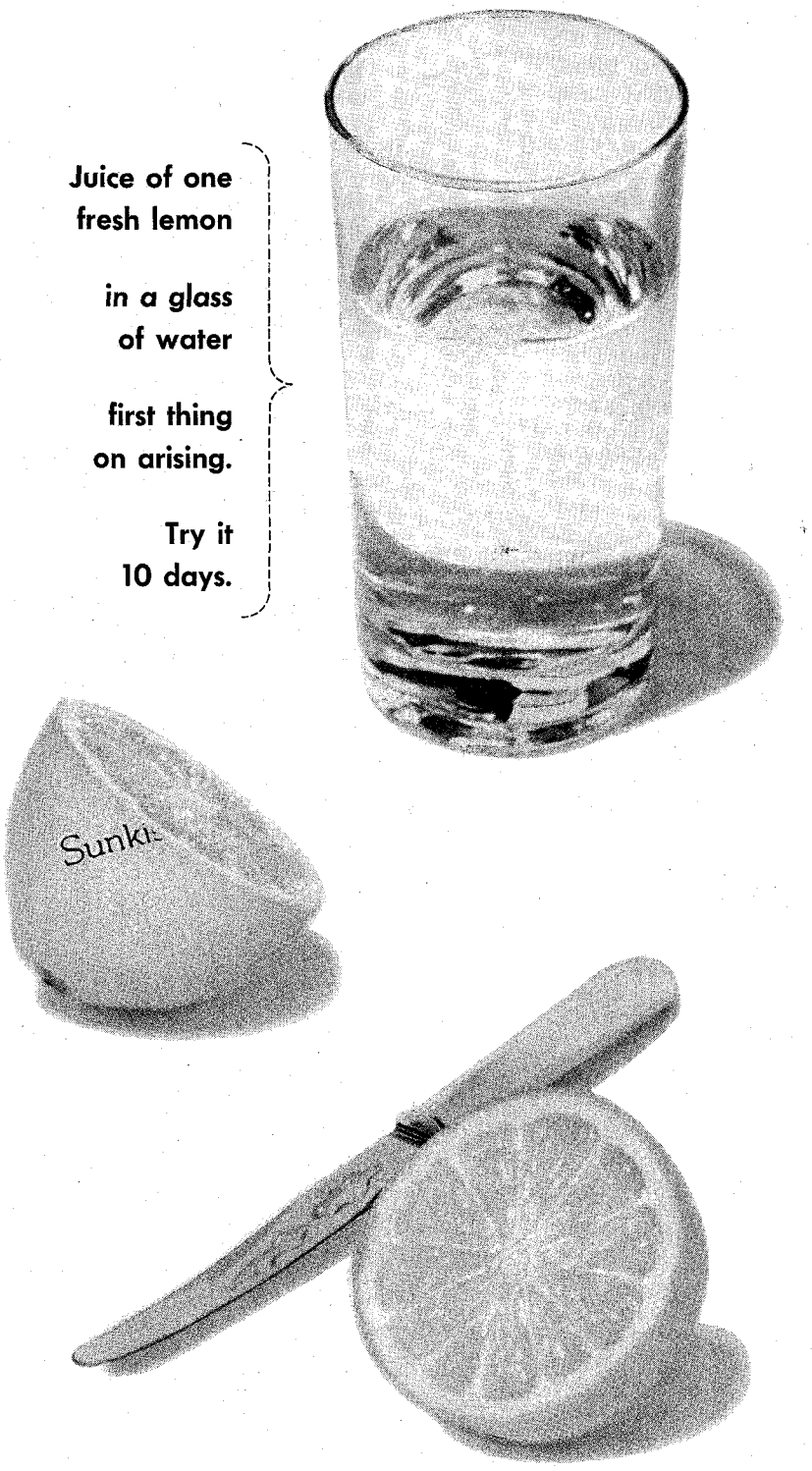

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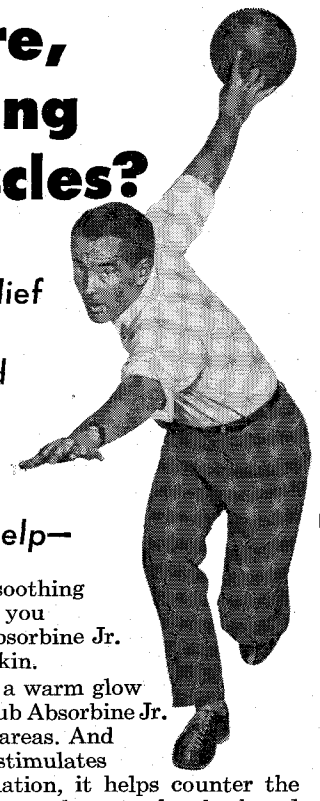

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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 39)

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"I left Lansing, Michigan, because—well, there was a man by the name of Baylor—Forrester Baylor. His family didn't approve of me and —— Well, it's a long story."

"Shorten it then," Mason said crisply. "Let's have it."

"He had a sister, Katherine, a wonderful girl. I had never met her. She came here tonight and met me for the first time. She told me she sympathized with me and thought the family had been perfectly horrid in the way they had treated me."

"What about the ice pick?" Mason asked.

"She bought them for me."

"Who did?"

"Kitty—Katherine Baylor."

"Bought them? Was there more than one?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She said blackmailers were yellow and that if I pointed an ice pick at Harrod and threatened him, he'd leave me alone."

"And at the same time make you guilty of assault with a deadly weapon," Mason said dryly. "How many ice picks did she buy?"

"Three."

"Where are they now?"

"One of them is on the little table by the door."

Mason lifted the ice pick. "There's a price tag on here underneath transparent adhesive tape," he said. "The price tag says thirty-eight cents, three for a dollar. There's some fine print—let me see—oh, yes, the imprint of the Arcade Novelty."

"The Arcade Novelty," Mildred explained, "is down the street a short distance. It's an arcade with a lot of penny machines for amusement and there's a novelty shop where they have bottle openers, bottled goods, novelties of all sorts."

Mason nodded. "Now tell me exactly what happened."

"I came in from the street. I snapped on the light switch and the lights didn't turn on. Everything was dark."

"Could you see anything?"

"I could see a little. Someone was in here, searching the apartment."

"Did you scream?"

"There wasn't time. I just had that feeling of motion coming at me, and instinctively I grabbed one of those ice picks just as someone hit me."

"With his fist?"

"No, no! I don't mean it that way. Someone hit me like a football player hits a line. The ice pick stuck into this person and he or she ran on past me and that jerked the ice pick out of my hands."

Mason thought things over for a moment and said to Della Street, "Della, go down to the Arcade Novelty. Get three of these ice picks; make it as fast as you can. Then come back here. The cab is waiting downstairs. Take it." Mason turned to Mildred Crest. "Your friend, Harrod, called up. He said he'd been stabbed in the chest with an ice pick."

Mildred raised her clenched knuckles to crush them tightly against her lips. Her eyes were wide with terror.

Mason said, "You have something in this apartment or you're supposed to have something someone wants. You're hiding something. What is it? Money? Letters?"

"I—I'm supposed to have some letters. I think Harrod wants them very badly."

"What do you mean, you're supposed to have them!" Mason said.

"Well, you see —— The letters were addressed to Fern—to me."

Mason watched her narrowly. "Where are they?"

"In my purse. I had them with me."

"Then why did Harrod want them?"

"To sell to a magazine, I believe."

Mason said, "Look here, young lady; you're lying to me. Are you really Fern Driscoll?"

There was panic in her eyes as she started sobbing hysterically. "I—I can't talk now. I can't, I can't, I can't!"

Mason said, "Cut it out! Listen, there's no time for all that stuff. I don't know what we're getting into. If anything should happen and the police should question you, say that you refuse to make any statement save in the presence of your attorney. Can you do that?"

"If you say so."

"I say so. Now where's that missing ice pick? There were three. One's in Carl Harrod. Where's the other?"

"Kitty has it."

"What's her name?"

"Katherine Baylor."

"Where does she live?"

"She's at the Vista del Camino Hotel. She's from Lansing. Her family's rolling in money. Her father's Harriman Baylor, a big manufacturer. Her brother's Forrester Baylor. He's responsible for my condition—my pregnancy."

"How long have you been pregnant?"

"Two months. . . .No, no, Mr. Mason. I'm not really pregnant." Again she started sobbing.

Mason looked at her with exasperation; then moved around the apartment, looking at the drawers which had been pulled out and the contents dumped on the floor.

"We'll have to report this," he said.

"No, no! We can't! There are reasons. There isn't time to tell you everything now. I—I can't! I can't!"

Mason again turned away, looking around the apartment. He saw her purse on the chair; he picked it up and opened it. "Are these the letters?"

She looked at the tightly tied packet. "Yes."

Mason put the letters in his pocket and looked again in the purse. Suddenly he said, "Where did you get all this money?"

She looked at him with tear-streaked eyes. "They're going to say I stole it—if they find it."

"Whose is it?"

"Fern Driscoll's."

"And you're not Fern Driscoll. You're Mildred Crest. Is that right?"

"Yes."

Della Street's knuckles sounded on the door. Mason opened the door and Della said, "Well, here they are. Three ice picks, exactly the same as those others, but there's a different price tag on them."

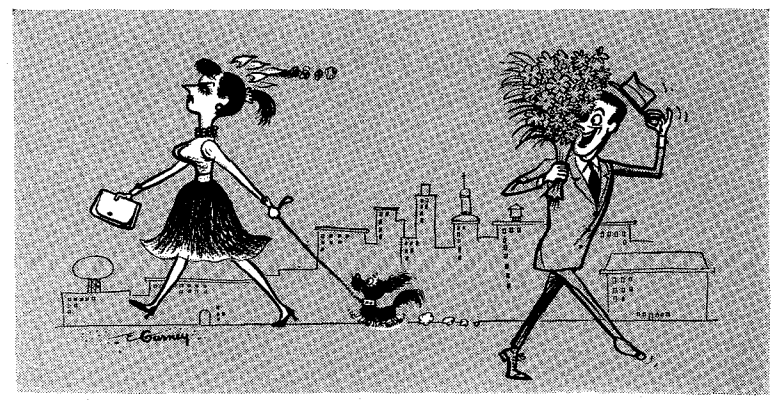
"What do you mean?" Mason asked.

"They're forty-one cents straight now," she said. "Half an hour ago they were thirty-eight cents, or three for a dollar."

"How come the price changed?"

"It's quite a story. The woman who rang up the sale insisted on telling me all about it when I inquired if the picks were three for a dollar. It seems someone bought three picks earlier in the evening and this woman in charge went to replenish the stock in the display case and found there were only eight left in stock. She made out an order for another gross and then found the price had gone up. So she tore the price tags off the others that were in stock and put the new price tags on them."

Mason turned to Mildred Crest. "Now look, Mildred, there isn't time to find out what this is all about now. I'm going to see Carl Harrod and see about that ice-pick stabbing. Now here are definite, positive instructions. If anybody comes and asks you about what happened, or about an intruder, or about stabbing anyone with an ice pick, you simply state



The Perfect Squelch

Janice was a meddler and worse. One of three sisters, she constantly embarrassed the two others with their boy friends. She cloaked her spite and jealousy with smiles, but made life miserable by her eavesdropping and talebearing.

One Sunday afternoon, she intercepted the boy that her older sister had been out with the night before. Pursing her lips in a simulated kiss, she made a smacking sound and asked: "What was that noise I heard as you said good night to Doris?"

The young man, momentarily embarrassed, soon recovered.

"That?" he said. "It seemed to come from the other room. Was it your ear pulling away from the wall?"

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that you have no comments to make. I am going to leave two of these ice picks here with you on the table. That will make a total of three. I want you to take all the price tags off all of these ice picks, flush them down the toilet and destroy them. You will then have three identical ice picks. If the police start checking and find that one woman bought three ice picks, they'll find all three ice picks in your apartment. There won't be any missing."

"But won't they find out that ——"

"Probably," Mason said, "if they start an investigation, but this will keep them from starting one unless they get a direct complaint. I'm taking these letters with me."

"Take the money too."

Mason shook his head. "Keep that money right where it is. Don't tell anyone anything about it. Don't answer questions about anything. Come on, Della."

Mason and Della Street left the apartment.

On the way down in the elevator, Della Street said, "What do I do with this extra ice pick?"

Mason said, "Harrod says my client stabbed him in the chest with an ice pick. Probably all he saw was a feminine figure silhouetted against light which was coming in from the corridor. He charged, doubtless intending to knock the woman over with the force of his charge and, while she was bowled over, make good his escape. That ice pick was invisible to him. It probably went in without any sensation of pain because the point was so fine and sharp. Later on, when he got out of the apartment house, he found an ice pick stuck in his chest. Harrod probably doesn't want to go to the police any more than our client wants to go to the police. So Harrod rang me up."

"And what does he want?" Della Street asked.

"That," Mason said, "is something we'll find out from Mr. Harrod himself. I have an idea that he wants to make a trade. I think he'll offer to trade his silence in return for some letters our client has. So the minute we get to Harrod's apartment I'll do something to hold the attention of Harrod or whoever else is in the apartment. You start planting this ice pick. Wear gloves, and be sure you don't leave any fingerprints."

"What about the price tag?"

"Leave it on."

"Why?" she asked. "If he was stabbed with an ice pick ——"

"Exactly," Mason said. "I want it so we can tell the ice picks apart. If Harrod doesn't go to the police, we have simply presented him with an ice pick. If he does go to the police, the police will find two ice picks in his apartment. It will be up to Harrod to keep them straight so as to tell one from the other."

"Do I keep my gloves on all the time?" she asked.

"No," Mason said, "I have to explain your presence as my secretary. You plant the ice pick while I'm distracting their attention. As soon as you have the ice pick planted, take your gloves off and take out a notebook and pencil."

The cabdriver held the door open for them. "Where to?" he asked.

"Drive straight down the street for three blocks," he said; "then turn to the right and I'll tell you where we want to get out. We're meeting a person on a corner."

"O.K.," the driver said. "I take it you want me to drive slow."

"That's right," Mason said.

They passed the Dixiecrat Apartments, went for half a block; then Mason said suddenly, "This is where we're to meet the person. Stop right here."

The driver stopped and Mason handed him a five-dollar bill. "This will cover the meter and leave you a little over," he said.

As the man started to thank him, Mason handed him two more one-dollar bills. "And this will enable you to buy something for the kids when you go home."

"Gee, mister, thanks," the cabdriver said. "I sure won't forget this."

Mason said, "In that case, perhaps you'd better give me the two dollars back."

The cabdriver thought for a moment, then grinned. "I've got the poorest memory in the world," he said.

Mason handed him three more one-dollar bills. "In a cabdriver," he announced, "that's a wonderful asset."

Mason and Della Street walked the half block back to the Dixiecrat Apartments.

Mason consulted the directory. "Carl Harrod, Two-eighteen," he said.

Mason pressed the button. Almost instantly the buzzer sounded which released the outer door.

On the second floor a woman was standing in the corridor.

Mason strode past Della Street to take the lead.

"You're Mr. Mason?"

"Yes."

"This way," she said. "Carl is expecting you."

She held the apartment door open and Mason walked in, preceding Della Street.

The woman waited until Della Street had entered the apartment; then hurried forward and said to Mason, "He's had a chill."

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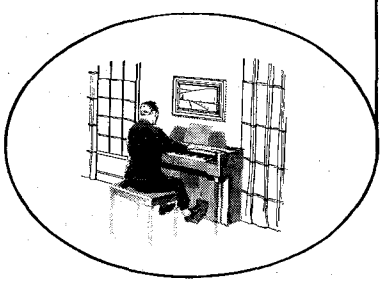

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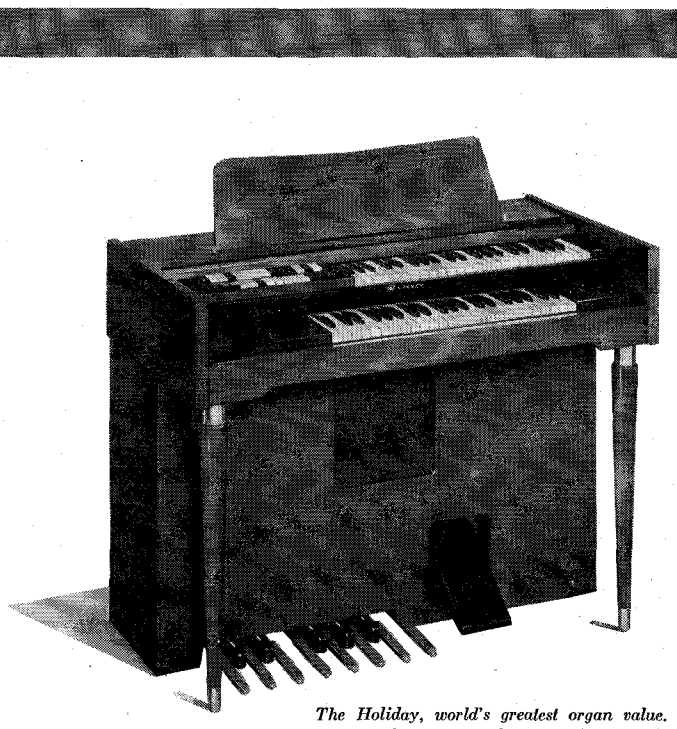

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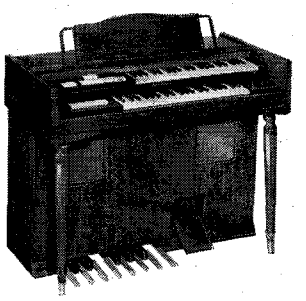

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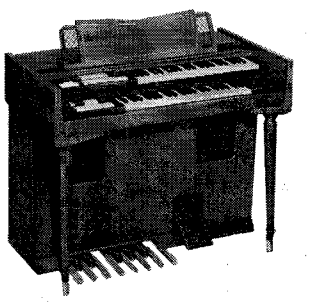

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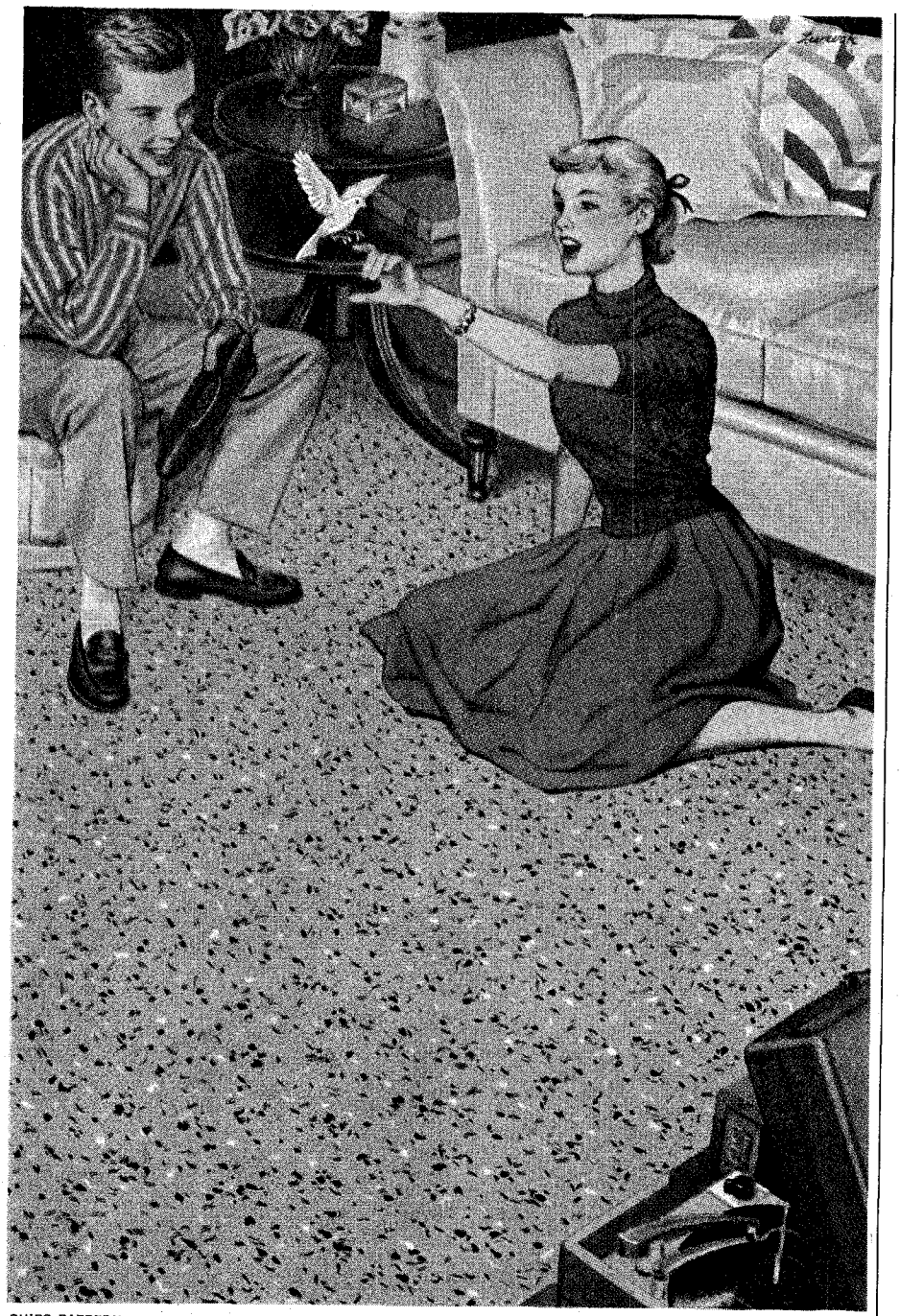

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She led the way over to an adjustable reclining chair in which a man was stretched, a blanket wrapped around him. His eyes were closed.

"Carl," she said, "this is Mr. Mason."

Harrod opened his eyes. "I'm glad you came, Mr. Mason."

Mason bent over him and the young woman half turned toward Della Street to invite her to be seated.

Mason said, "Is this Mrs. Harrod?"

The woman whirled to face him. There was a moment's embarrassed silence. Then the young woman said, "Answer him, Carl."

Harrod waited a moment; then said, "Yes, this is Mrs. Harrod."

Mason held the young woman's eyes. "How long," he asked, "have you been married?"

"And what difference does that make?" she blazed.

"I wanted to know," Mason said. "I'm an attorney. I'm dealing with an injured man. I want to know how long you've been married."

"It's none of your business!"

Mason noticed out of the corner of his eyes that Della Street was moving swiftly around the apartment, as though looking for a comfortable chair. Abruptly she gave an exclamation of annoyance. "That pesky fountain pen! The cap is full of ink! I'll go to the sink and ——"

Della darted through the door to a kitchenette. No one paid any attention to her.

Harrod said, "Look, honey, this is Mr. Mason. He's a lawyer. I think he's going to help us."

"I don't care what you think!" the woman said. "My private affairs are my private affairs, and I'm certainly not going to have some smart lawyer come in and start putting me on the pan."

"No offense," Mason said. "I just wanted to know what the situation was."

"Well, now you know," she said.

"I'm not certain I do," Mason told her.

Della Street returned to the room, removed her gloves and took a notebook from her purse. "Where do you want me, chief?" she asked.

Mason said, "This is Miss Della Street, my secretary. I want her to make notes of this conversation. Now then, you're Carl Harrod?"

The man nodded and coughed.

"You say you've been stabbed with an ice pick?"

"Yes."

"And just why do you think I'd be interested in this stabbing?" Mason asked.

Harrod opened his eyes, shifted his position slightly, moved his hands under the blanket, then lay still again. "You're going to be very much interested," he announced.

"Why?"

"You're representing Fern Driscoll."

"Did she stab you?"

Harrod was silent for a long moment. He closed his eyes, opened them, then said, "Fern Driscoll stabbed me. She's your client."

"How did it happen?" Mason asked.

"I wanted to have a talk with her. I was investigating an automobile accident in which she was involved. I went up to her apartment."

"Where?" Mason asked.

"Rexmore Apartments. Three-oh-nine."

"Go on."

"I found the door slightly ajar. I pushed the button. I could hear the bell chimes on the inside. Abruptly the door was flung open and Fern Driscoll said, 'Oh, it's you!' and with that she lashed out at me—I didn't see the ice pick at the moment. I felt a sharp stinging sensation at the skin. I didn't feel deep pain at all."

"Then what happened?" Mason asked.

"She slammed the door in my face and locked it. There was someone else in there with her. I could hear them talking."

"What did you do?"

"I rang the chimes again, rattled the doorknob. I saw she wasn't going to open up, so I made up my mind I'd make her regret it. Believe me, I have the goods on her. I decided to release everything I had on her, and that's a lot."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, I turned for the stairs, and then was when I found there was an ice pick in my chest." Harrod turned to the young woman and said, "Nellie, how about a drink?"

She went through the door into the kitchenette, came back with a bottle of whisky and a glass with water.

She extended the bottle and the glass, but Harrod said, "Pour it and hold it to my lips."

Harrod drank the whisky and water. The woman wiped his lips.

Harrod said, "It's funny, but I've been cold ever since I got home."

"Have you had a doctor?" Mason asked.

"No."

"You'd better get one."

"I don't want one."

"Why?"

"Doctors ask too many questions."

"Did this ice pick go all the way in?" Mason asked.

"Clean to the hilt," Harrod said.

"Then you'd better have a doctor."

"I told you I don't want a doctor. Doctors go asking questions, and then they babble everything they know to the police."

"Well," Mason said, "it sounds to me as though the police should be notified."

Harrod shifted his eyes and said, "That would be bad for your client."

"I'll look out for the interests of my client," Mason said sharply.

"All right," Harrod said; "it wouldn't be good for me."

"Why not?"

"I am not the most exemplary citizen in the world, Mason," Harrod said. "I'm a —— All right, I'm an opportunist."

"And a blackmailer?" Mason asked.

"He didn't say that!" Nellie flared at Mason.

"I was trying to make it easier for him," Mason said.

"You don't have to!" Nellie snapped. "He can talk for himself!"

Harrod said, "Fern Driscoll has some letters. I don't know how much you know about her history, but she was going with Forrester Baylor in Lansing, Michigan. Forrester is the only son of Harriman Baylor, a big manufacturer. Fern Driscoll was working as his secretary. She and Forrester got playing around, and then all of a sudden all hell broke loose. I think perhaps someone found out Harriman Baylor was about to become a grandfather under circumstances that didn't appeal to the old ——"

"Watch your language," Nellie interrupted quickly.

Carl Harrod grinned and went on talking, "I started out trying to sharpshoot. I'm an investigator for an insurance company. That's the way I make my bread and butter. I'm also an undercover correspondent for a magazine entitled The Real Low-Down. I wasn't sure about my story until after I'd interviewed Fern Driscoll. Then I was certain I was on the right track. The trouble was the story is too big. The magazine has to have proof. I understand there are some letters written by Forrester. It's also reported that Harriman Baylor gave her a big wad of dough to go bye-bye and have a baby

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very quietly; then release it for adoption to anyone that Harriman Baylor designated. That's the kind of a story that Real Low-Down would pay ten thousand smackeroos to get nailed down. I have everything I need except the letters. That's why I went to Fern Driscoll's apartment."

"You're telling me all this?" Mason asked.

"I'm telling you all this," Harrod said.

"And that secretary of his is writing every word of it down," Nellie snapped.

"Let her," Harrod said. "Mason has got to play ball with me in this thing."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I'd been there earlier and tried to be nice," Harrod said. "Being nice didn't get me anywhere, so I went back to try it again. This time I wasn't going to be so nice."

"Now wait a minute," Mason said. "You went there the first time. What happened?"

"The door was opened by Katherine Baylor. I'd followed her to the place. You see, the Baylor family are out here quite often. Harriman Baylor has business interests in Southern California. The family always stays at the Vista del Camino Hotel. I had a tip that Baylor himself had taken a tumble and was going to make a big try to get those letters. I felt certain some member of the family would show up. I had an idea they'd located Fern Driscoll. Katherine showed up, registered, left her baggage and went right out to a cab. I followed in my car. She went direct to Fern Driscoll's apartment in the Rexmore. So I went up and rang the bell after she'd been there long enough to get the preliminaries over with."

"That was the first time you'd been to Miss Driscoll's apartment?" Mason asked.

"Actually it was the second time. . . . Suppose you let me tell it in my own way?"

"All right," Mason said. "Go ahead."

"Well, Katherine came to the door, took a good look at me, and after I'd introduced myself she used some language, then swung on me and cracked me on the nose."

"Then what happened?" Mason asked.

"I got a bloody nose. She slammed and locked the door before I could do a thing. Believe me, if she hadn't got that door slammed and locked just when she did, I'd have broken her jaw."

Nellie made clicking noises with her tongue against the roof of her mouth, indicating shocked disapproval.

"Go on," Mason said.

"All right. I went back after a while," Harrod said, "and knocked again. Believe me, if the door had opened and this Baylor tramp had been there, I'd ——"

"Your language, Carl," Nellie said. "Mr. Mason's a lawyer."

"I mean, this Baylor girl," Harrod amended hastily; "if she'd been there, I'd have given her something to remember me by. That is, if she'd opened the door."

"She wasn't there?"

"I think she was," Harrod said. "Someone was in there with her. I could hear them talking. I don't know who it was."

"All right. What happened?"

"I've told you what happened. I rang the chimes. Fern Driscoll pushed open the door and lurched at me with this ice pick without so much as a word!"

"Not a single word?"

"Well, she said something like 'You again!' or something like that."

"Were the lights on in the apartment?" Mason asked.

"What do you mean, were the lights on?" Harrod countered.

"When the apartment door was opened," Mason said, "were lights on in the little reception hallway of the apartment?"

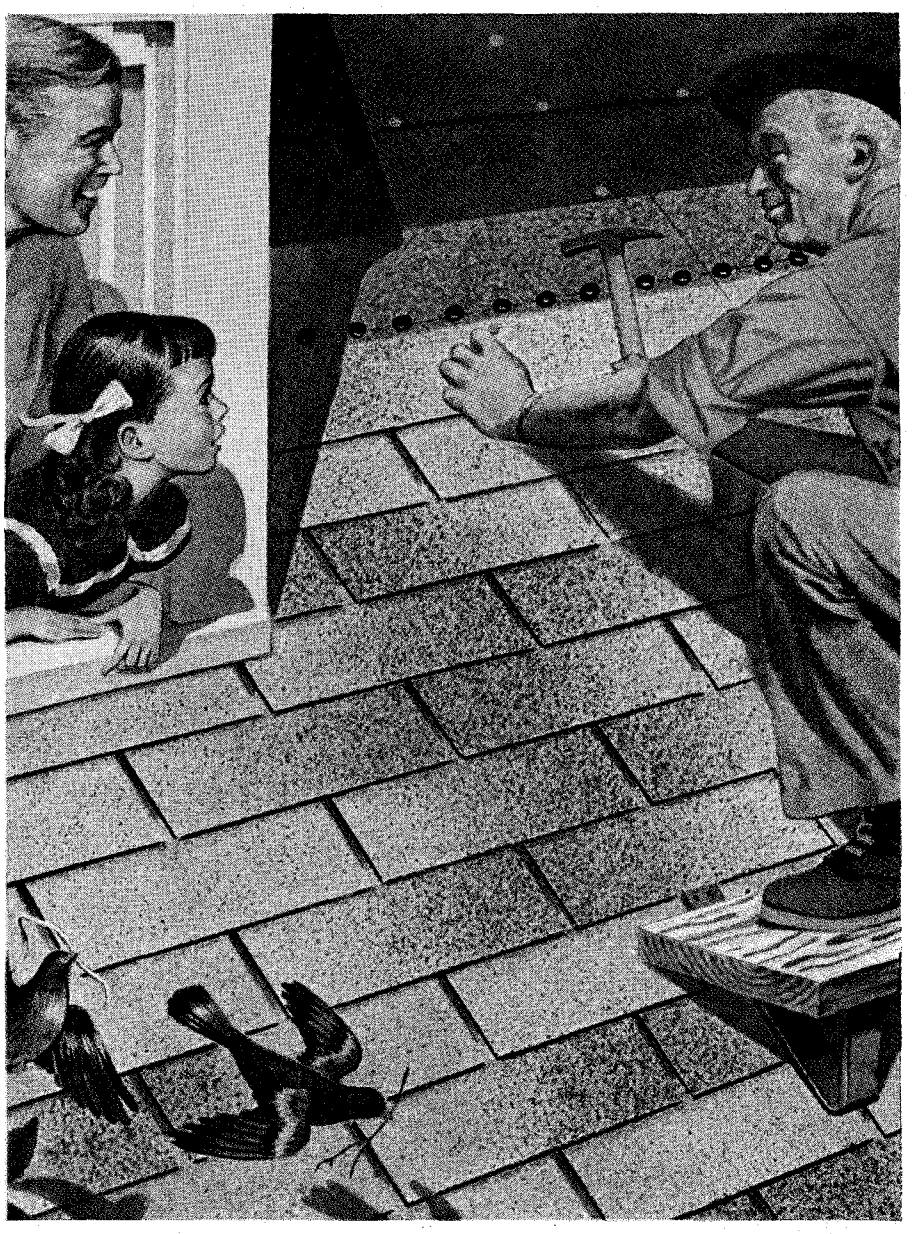
Harrod thought for a moment. "I don't remember. Why?"

"I was wondering why you didn't see the ice pick so you could have avoided it," Mason explained. "You wouldn't have just stood there while someone made a pass at you with a weapon like that."

Again Harrod thought for a moment; then said, "I (*Continued on Page 86*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, Jim, you always remember things so sweetly!"



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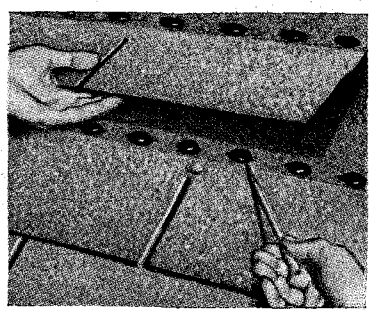

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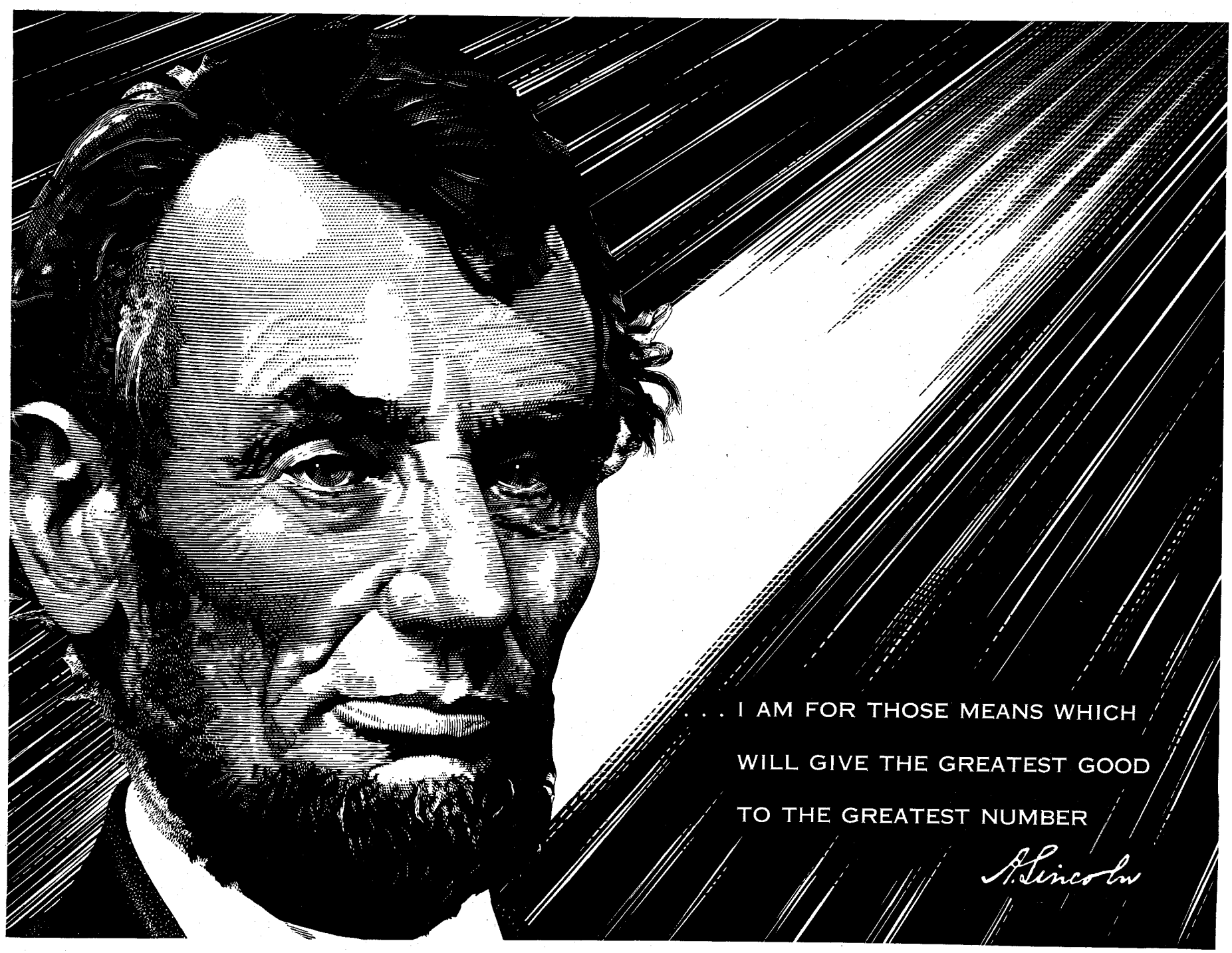

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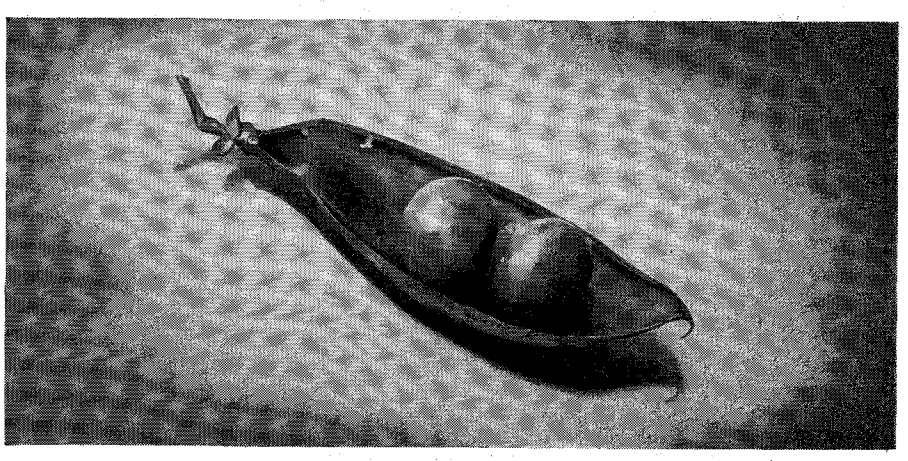

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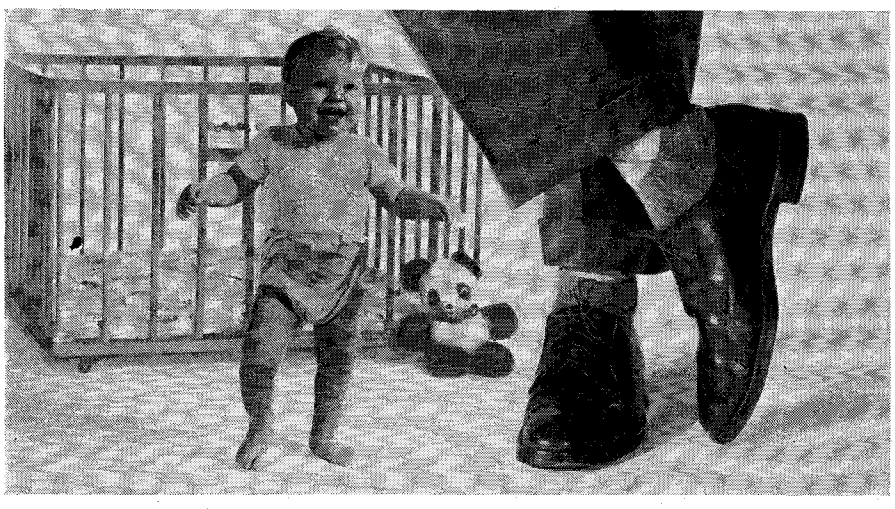

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(*Continued from Page 83*) guess you're right. I sure as hell didn't see any ice pick. The lights weren't on in the apartment. That is, they may have been on in the apartment itself, but the door opens into a little hallway. When you go in the door, there's a little, narrow hallway, then you make a sharp, right-angle turn to the left and then you come into the main apartment."

"And you had no idea you had been stabbed with an ice pick until after the door closed?"

"That's right."

"And you didn't see the ice pick?"

"No."

"Then you couldn't have seen the face of the woman who wielded the ice pick clearly enough to be absolutely certain," Mason said. "As far as you know, it could have been Katherine Baylor who stabbed you, instead of Fern Driscoll."

Harrod's face showed anger. "You've got no right to come up here and cross-examine me and —— Damn it, I'm trying to be co-operative! Now I'll make you a proposition, Mason."

"What is it?"

"Your client can make a settlement with me. Your secretary there can type up a release and I'll sign it."

"What sort of a settlement?"

Harrod shook his head. "You go talk with your client; then you make me an offer. You've heard my story; now go get hers. Get it all. Don't take anything for granted. Ask her who she really is. Then you come back to me."

Mason said, "Not now, Harrod. First we're going to have a doctor look you over and see how serious the situation is."

"I don't want a doctor. I know exactly what I want."

Mason said, "I'm going to get my own personal physician on the job. He's going to give you a once-over. The idea is to keep any complications from developing."

"I told you I didn't want a doctor. He'll ask me questions and then go to the police. Once he does that, we're all in the soup."

"That," Mason interrupted, "is the beauty of having my doctor on the job instead of yours. He'll ask you how you feel, he'll take your blood pressure, he'll find your exact physical condition. He may ask you questions about how it happened, and, if he does, you're perfectly free to tell him that, for all you know, you were walking in your sleep, stumbled and fell forward on an ice pick. Or you can simply refuse to answer questions, and tell him that you'll talk to your own doctor at the proper time."

"But what good is it going to do to have this doctor of yours see me?"

"It may save some complications," Mason said. "He'll be my doctor. Not yours. He'll be appraising the injury so as to assess damages."

"I don't need to tell him how it happened?"

"No."

"It won't cost me anything?"

"Nothing."

There was a moment's silence.

Mason went on, "There are some disadvantages. The doctor won't report to you. He'll report to me. But if he feels you should have any special treatment, he'll tell me. That will be to your protection. Because he's my doctor instead of yours, you won't have to answer any questions that you don't want to answer, and if he doesn't have any information from you that indicates you were the victim of a felonious stabbing, he won't have to make a report to the police."

Harrod grinned. "Particularly if I tell him that I was holding the ice pick in my hand when my wife pushed open the door carrying a bunch of dishes in from the kitchen, and that the door hit my hand and rammed the ice pick into my chest."

"Don't let him trap you," Nellie warned. "That's exactly what he wants you to do; make some contradictory story to a doctor and ——"

Harrod's face showed anger. "Shut up!" he said. "Keep out of this!"

Nellie sucked in a quick breath, started to say something, then changed her mind.

"How long will it take you to get your doctor here?"

"He should be here within an hour."

"What's his name?"

"The one I have in mind is Doctor Arlington."

"He's worked for you before?"

"Yes."

Harrod said to Nellie, "Get me another blanket, Nellie. I'm still cold." He turned to Mason and said, "Here's something you can be thinking about in the meantime: Your client can't stand an investigation. Don't let her pull the wool over your eyes. She isn't Fern Driscoll. She's Mildred Crest. She stole Fern Driscoll's purse, her identity and her money. You just let that broad of yours know that you know that and that I know it. Then you come back and we'll talk a little turkey. Now then, go get your doctor, if that will make you feel any better."

Mason and Della Street called Doctor Arlington; then took a taxicab to the place where Mason's car was parked and drove back to the Dixiecrat Apartments.

They had waited some five minutes when Doctor Arlington drove up, parked his car ahead of Mason's, got out, shook hands, and said, "What's it all about, Perry?"

Mason said, "It's a damage claim. That is, it's going to be a damage claim. The man's name is Harrod. He's in Apartment Two-eighteen. I told him I was sending my doctor. You ring the bell, go on up and take a look at him. Be sure you have it definitely understood that you are there as my physician, making an independent checkup. Explain to him that you are not his doctor, and that there is to be no confidential relationship of physician and patient. If he makes any statement to you about how he feels, I want you to be able to testify."

"All right," Doctor Arlington said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Something was stuck in his chest."

"A knife?" Doctor Arlington asked.

"No, no, not a knife," Mason said. "I think it was a much smaller pointed object."

"Not a nail?" Doctor Arlington said.

"Probably something about the size of an ice pick."

"I see."

"He probably won't give you any information about how it happened," Mason said, "although he may tell you that he was standing in front of the kitchen door when his wife came through with a big load of dishes and kicked the door open. He was holding an ice pick in his hand, and the suddenly opened door jabbed it into his chest."

"Is that the way it happened?"

"That's what he may tell you happened."

"Did it happen that way?"

"How do I know?" Mason asked. "You go on up and find out what's wrong with the guy. He's having chills."

"The devil he is!"

"Uh-huh."

"That'd better be looked into," Doctor Arlington said. "An ice pick can be damned serious."

"All right," Mason told him. "Go look into it."

TO BE CONTINUED

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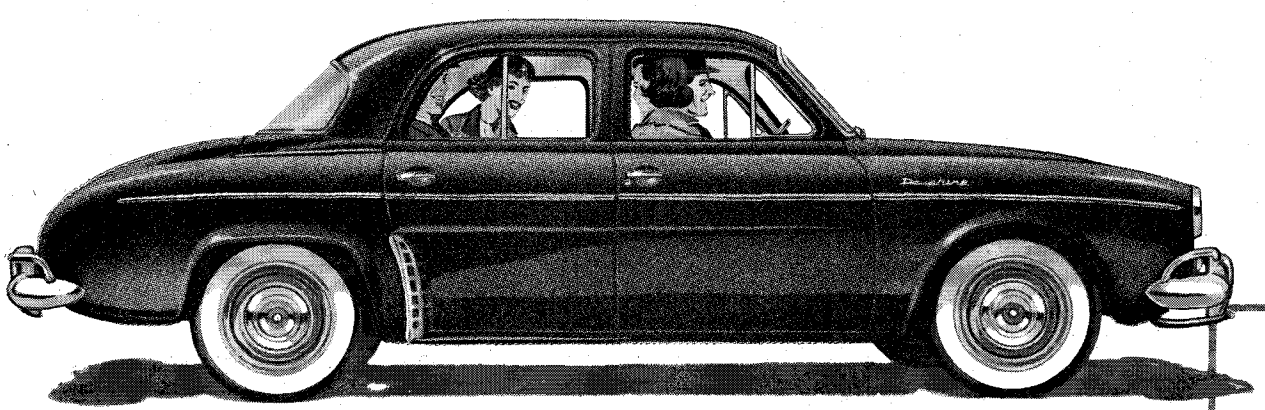

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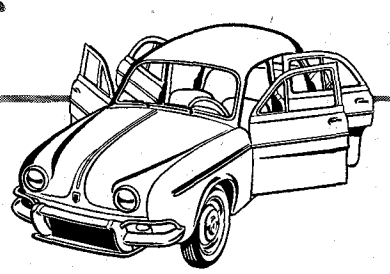

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Is the U.N. Old and Tired?

(Continued from Page 25)

wartime scientific adviser, Lord Cherwell, that the U.N. is "a dangerous delusion which is rapidly becoming a snare."

So what are the facts about the U.N. in its thirteenth year, in this world of atom and hydrogen bombs and intercontinental missiles? Is it betraying the millions of people who still express faith in it? Has it been a fraud and a snare from its beginnings? Or have the Russians somehow twisted it out of its original shape so that it has become a menace to the United States and its allies? Now that Russia has equaled or perhaps surpassed the West in production of lethal weapons, has the United Nations become useless, or worse than useless? Or does the world organization now have an entirely different and even more important role to play than many of its founders suspected? We can find partial answers to all these questions by briefly recalling what the U.N. was doing on its anniversary last October.

What it was doing was not anything new. The U.N. was merely tackling another phase of the turbulent Middle Eastern situation which has commanded its attention for more than a decade. This time Syria and Turkey were the ostensible disputants. This particular wrangle started when the Russians made a deal to sell arms to the Syrian Government. The American Government thereupon accused Russia of transforming Syria into a militarized puppet which was a threat to its neighbors. Moscow promptly countered with another accusation. The United States, it alleged, had conspired with Turkey to overthrow the Syrian politicians who made the arms deal with Russia, and to replace them with a Syrian government-in-exile already set up in Turkey. This accusation was given some plausibility by the fact that a number of disgruntled Syrian politicians had sought refuge in Turkey. The two superpowers accompanied their charges and countercharges with maneuvers of soldiers, warships and warplanes. Certainly this looked like a threat to world peace, and neither the United States nor Russia tried to prevent the U.N. from considering the dispute.

But then the General Assembly bogged down into its customary snaillike procrastination. Following weeks of debate, the U.N. shelved the Turkish-Syrian dispute last November without a single positive move toward settling it. Moreover, the Russian-Syrian arms deal remained intact and unrebuked by the U.N., and the Soviet Government calmly proceeded to consolidate its relations with Syria by a long-term economic and financial agreement. All through this U.N. talkfest Russia was the only major power which kept its foreign minister and deputy foreign minister continuously in New York. Evidently the U.N. figured prominently in Soviet strategy during that period.

Episodes like that have convinced some Americans that the U.N. is more helpful to Russia than it is to us. Certainly the Turkish-Syrian dispute showed once again that the U.N. is not a supergovernment capable of making and enforcing prompt and clear-cut decisions. The society of nations has become more cautious every year. It does not goad its member governments into vigorous action. On the contrary, it serves as a brake, avoiding or postponing showdowns in almost every situation referred to it. However, even the latest abortive Middle East debates have suggested that a U.N. which acts as a brake rather than a spur possibly holds more advantages for Americans than for Russians. During a period when Moscow's apparent edge in long-range missiles enables it to present one challenge after another to the United States and its allies, a powerful brake may be a definite need.

This possibility was pointed out to me by a member of the American Military Mission to Turkey whom I encountered in New York at the height of the clamorous Middle East discussions. He had flown back for consultation, and I said to him, "You people in Turkey must be having an exciting time."

He smilingly shook his head. "No excitement in Turkey," he said. "Most of the excitement about Turkey seems to be right here." He explained that the Turks had been so much preoccupied with national elections that their newspapers and radio stations had devoted less attention to current U.N. debates than those in New York.

I asked him, "Did Moscow's threats to Turkey, and American warnings to Russia about Turkey, play a big part in the elections?"

He surprised me by replying, "Foreign policy wasn't a Turkish election issue. Russian threats are such an old story to the Turks that many candidates didn't even mention them. And the Turks take American support for granted. Since Turkey was admitted to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (N.A.T.O.) a few years ago, its people have never worried. They believe that the United States is irrevocably committed to fight Russia in case Moscow attacks Turkey or any other N.A.T.O. member. It is the United States, not the United Nations, which possesses the military power the Turks rely upon."

I asked, "If that's true, hasn't this prolonged debate in the U.N. been harmful to American interests? Hasn't it merely given the Russians more time to consolidate their position in the Middle East?"

After a moment's thought, the American officer from Turkey replied, "I may be wrong, but it is my guess that on balance the U.N. has been at least as useful to Washington in this dispute as it was to Moscow. What we Americans cannot afford to overlook is that the missile age makes the prospect of war more horrifying than ever, and particularly horrifying to small nations in strategic areas likely to become battlegrounds for the superpowers. In this latest Middle East controversy, everybody knew that the principal disputants were Russia and the United States, not Syria and Turkey. When the two superpowers began to throw their weight around, even the most fanatical leaders in the Middle East started to talk about peace. They know what happened to Koreans after their country became a battleground for the great-power blocs. They know that people living on the next battleground will suffer much more than the Koreans did, because both the United States and Russia have proclaimed that they will use nuclear weapons if and when they get involved in another war, even a limited one."

I said, "But I still don't see just how the United Nations served American purposes in this situation. Certainly it didn't influence Russia to cancel its arms deal with Syria. The U.N. really didn't do anything at all, did it?"

The American officer replied, "Yes, the U.N. did one thing. It made everybody stop, look and listen. When another explosion apparently threatened, the U.N. served as a safety valve which enabled hostile governments to blow off steam. What impressed me most about this episode was the effect it had upon those Middle Eastern leaders who have been skeptical about the U.N. and about American support for the world organization."

I understood what he meant. During this 1957 session several Arab delegates privately admitted to American correspondents that they are more sold on the U.N. than ever before. They recognized that the glass-walled palace in New York is the only place in the world where members of both power blocs—big and little alike—are brought together with the avowed purpose of seeking peaceful solutions. The U.N. can rattle no sabers, because it doesn't have any sabers to rattle. Apparently Americans who celebrated the U.N.'s twelfth birthday reached somewhat similar conclusions.

When I and other reporters talked with the men organizing the U.N. in San Francisco in 1945, we could see that they were sharply split into two groups. One group advocated an armed league

NEXT WEEK

What a Mess I've Made of Things!
Singer Vic Damone Tells His Own Story

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empowered to impose peace by force, which would evolve sooner or later into a supernational world government. The other group considered such a prospect utopian, not at all likely to be achieved for generations. This group pictured the U.N. as primarily a meeting place where all the nations of the earth could publicly present and debate their diverse opinions, and could at the same time get together in private to work out compromises—or deals—just as politicians do everywhere.

The attitudes of these two groups really were irreconcilable. But in view of the world situation in 1945 both groups agreed that some kind of U.N. should be set up without delay. So they formulated a charter, or constitution, which would permit the U.N. to develop in very different directions, depending upon the behavior of its strongest members. One section of the charter provided that, if the U.N.'s most powerful member governments could agree unanimously, the organization would develop its own armed forces to impose peace. But if the most powerful member governments could not agree, as many of the U.N.'s founders expected, then the charter permitted the world body to serve primarily as a forum.

In the light of what has happened since, it is interesting to note that one American who was very skeptical about an armed U.N. was the present Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, who was very much in evidence at San Francisco. Mr. Dulles has become one of the most controversial figures in the history of American politics. He probably antagonizes as many members of his own Republican Party as he does Democrats. I have talked recently with leaders of both parties who get red in the face at the mere mention of his name. This Dulles penchant for irritating people at home and abroad is not new; he enraged some earnest souls at the San Francisco Conference. But despite Mr. Dulles' exasperating ways, no American has exerted more influence upon our relations with the United Nations from its outset, under Democratic as well as Republican administrations.

The question of whether the U.N. should carry its own "big stick" arose before the San Francisco Conference, during the 1944 election campaign. President Roosevelt was running then for his fourth term. In the late stages of the campaign, in a New York speech on October 21, 1944, Mr. Roosevelt came out flatly for an armed United Nations. He said, "The United Nations (Security) Council must have the power to act quickly and decisively to keep the peace by force, if necessary. . . . It is clear that if the world organization is to have any reality at all, our representatives must be endowed in advance by the people themselves, through their representatives in Congress, with authority to act." At that time Russia was our wartime ally, and Mr. Roosevelt apparently really expected postwar Soviet-American co-operation.

During that 1944 campaign, Mr. Dulles was foreign affairs adviser to the Republican candidate, Gov. Thomas Dewey, of New York, and he immediately challenged the Roosevelt proposal. He declared, "The plan to impose peace presupposes a political unity of the great powers which has rarely occurred and which, if it prevails, will itself assure peace. While the Security Council can be useful as a forum where controversial matters are discussed, the force proposals are little more than scenery."

So in 1944 Mr. Dulles was skeptical about an armed world organization, and there is no evidence that he has ever changed his mind. Nevertheless, throughout the Truman administrations, Mr. Dulles was given continuous opportunities to impose his own ideas upon the U.N. during its formative years. The chief Republican delegate to the San Francisco Conference, Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, wrote in his diary in 1945: "I think the most valuable man in our entire American setup has been Foster Dulles. Nominally just an adviser, he has been at the core of every crisis." Senator Vandenberg heartily shared the Dulles conception of the U.N.

Today one of the severest critics, both of the United Nations and of Mr. Dulles, is Dean Acheson, who was Secretary of State in the Truman administration. Yet Secretary Acheson repeatedly drafted Mr. Dulles to work on our relations with the U.N. In 1950, when war broke out in Korea, Mr. Dulles became one of the Truman Administration's chief trouble-shooters at the U.N. He and Mr. Acheson worked in close accord on the reorganization of the U.N. during the Korean war. What happened then with the support of both political parties largely determined the present shape of the world organization, as a very brief analysis will show.

Some Americans still blame the U.N. for dragging us into the Korean war, but actually it was the other way around. We dragged in the United Nations. The chief cause of the Korean war was an unfortunate wartime agreement between Washington and Moscow to partition Korea and jointly occupy that country for an indefinite period under the soothing label of "trusteeship." When the American Government discovered by 1947 what an impossible situation that arrangement had created, Washington persuaded the U.N. to assume responsibility for the unsavory mess. So the U.N. was theoretically responsible for Korea in 1950 when the Soviet bloc mistakenly calculated that they could snatch a cheap victory in Korea without resistance from the unarmed United Nations. But Moscow misjudged the reaction of the American Government, which alone possessed the power to frustrate the Soviet scheme. Actually, American soldiers started fighting in Korea before the U.N. could possibly make a decisive move. But in order to insure maximum support in this conflict, moral and otherwise, the American Government moved swiftly to make it appear that the U.N. had initiated the resistance to Soviet aggression which Washington already had begun.

Americans from both political parties directed the ensuing reorganization of the U.N. During 1950 and 1951 Secretary Acheson and Mr. Dulles co-operated in working out a complicated scheme known as the Uniting for Peace Resolution. Both fully supported it, though several U.N. experts expressed doubts because it reduced great-power influence inside the U.N. and raised the status of small nations. It did this by shifting as much power as possible from the Security Council, where five major governments have veto powers, to the General Assembly, where no government has a veto and every government, however large or small, has only one vote. This 1950–51 reorganization more or less permanently discarded any prospect of an armed United Nations. It sought to put as much authority as possible behind an unarmed peace organization which could support its decisions only by the force of world opinion.

In fact, that is the only kind of U.N. which has ever existed. During the seven years of the Truman administrations the American Government took the lead in reorganizing the U.N. as a meeting place where even the most hostile governments

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could send responsible delegates to talk turkey, publicly and privately. There was no strong American opposition to this reorganization and by 1953, when the Republicans took over from the Democrats, the 1944 Roosevelt conception of an armed U.N. had ceased to be a party issue. The retiring and incoming secretaries of state had combined forces to direct the readjustments.

However, both American political parties have inherited some more or less mythical notions about international peace enforcement which have persisted for almost three decades. The chief myth is that the old League of Nations, sponsored first by Republican ex-President William Howard Taft in 1915 and then by President Woodrow Wilson in 1916, was so much more powerful than the present United Nations that it could have imposed peace by force if only Americans had joined the League in 1919. Democratic politicians still blame stubborn Republicans for keeping us out of the League, while Republicans blame Woodrow Wilson for refusing to accept minor reservations. But historians long ago exploded this myth. They showed that the 1919 Wilson-sponsored League had even fewer actual "teeth" than today's United Nations, and also that there never has been a Senate majority in either party for a world league possessing its own independent armed forces, not subject to an American veto. At San Francisco, American delegates were just as insistent as the Russians upon veto powers for themselves.

What some of the U.N.'s founders did hope for in 1945 was that the major victors of World War II might prove to be wiser than those of World War I, and would eventually co-operate to enforce peace. So the U.N.'s charter provided for a Review Conference after ten years of experience, if a majority of member governments so desired. It was agreed that in such a conference the great powers would have no veto. Shortly after Secretary Dulles assumed office he publicly advocated convening a Review Conference in 1955, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee got very busy testing public opinion and making expert studies of charter revisions which might be desirable. But that conference never has been held. The Russians opposed it, and Secretary Dulles finally decided that Americans couldn't profit by it either.

That is how matters stand today. The U.N., with the tacit consent of both American political parties, has gradually hardened into an organization in which great-power influence has declined. Starting with fifty-one member governments, the U.N. has added another thirty-one during its first twelve years, and only Soviet-American conflicts prevent it from becoming a universal society of nations. Due to this conflict, the German people still are wholly unrepresented, as are the Chinese people subject to Peking. This conflict, together with the enlarged membership, has steadily reduced American influence in the U.N. Over the years the organization has become chiefly concerned with easing the tensions between Russia and the United States, and for that purpose has given increasing support to governments and individuals who are neither Russian nor American.

The consoling thought about your passport photo is that any American tourist usually looks good to foreigners.

ELDON PEDERSEN

Two men in particular stand out as model representatives of today's unarmed U.N. One of this pair is a Swede, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld. The other is a Canadian, Lester Pearson, who is expected to become Prime Minister of Canada next spring if his Liberal Party returns to power, as polls predict. During 1957 Mr. Hammarskjöld was unanimously re-elected to the U.N.'s highest post for another five years, and Mr. Pearson was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his decade of leadership in the U.N. The most impressive feature of Mr. Hammarskjöld's unanimous re-election by governments bitterly hostile to each other is that he is not a colorless character, which such unanimity might indicate. He has never compromised his personal convictions while steering the U.N. through five critical years which covered the Korean truce and the prolonged Middle East and Hungarian crises. How did this independent-minded Swedish aristocrat retain the unanimous support of eighty-two governments plagued by numerous feuds? The answer seems to be that he accurately estimated just how far an unarmed U.N. can go. He recognized more clearly than most people that the chief contribution which a "milk-and-water" U.N. can make to world peace is to act as a brake upon impetuous and unruly nations, great and small.

Lester Pearson seems to have reached similar conclusions about the U.N. more than a decade ago. In 1947, during an intensely emotional debate concerning the partitioning of Palestine, with the United States and Russia in opposite corners as usual, Mr. Pearson devised a compromise which both superpowers accepted. That compromise was one of the first steps in transferring power from the Security Council, paralyzed by great-power vetoes, to the vetoless General Assembly. But Mr. Pearson, serving as Canadian Foreign Secretary as well as a U.N. delegate, thoroughly understood the limitations of the unarmed U.N. he was so active in shaping. He also became one of the major architects of the Western military alliance, N.A.T.O., which he regarded as an essential supplement to an unarmed U.N. That made him unpopular with Russia, and Moscow blocked his proposed selection as U.N. Secretary General in 1953. The almost unknown Mr. Hammarskjöld became the compromise choice for that post. Probably that was fortunate for the United Nations, because Mr. Pearson and Mr. Hammarskjöld have made an ideal team. Mr. Pearson became a key negotiator in the Korean truce, and in the 1956 Suez crisis. He refused to approve the British-French armed intervention in Egypt, about which he had not been consulted in advance as Canadian Foreign Secretary. He promoted the U.N. Emergency Force which became a major factor in averting all-out war in the Middle East.

An unexpected Canadian election defeat a few months ago has temporarily side-lined Mr. Pearson, so that he has not participated in current U.N. Assembly sessions. But his interest is so great that he was visiting the Palace of Peace when the Russians revealed their conquest of space. Shortly afterward he made a speech in Minneapolis which summarized his conclusions about the U.N. and peace enforcement in general. The Russian earth-moons, said Mr. Pearson, merely re-emphasized that the West "must go on seeking, patiently and persistently, a basis for negotiation and agreement with Russia." The only alternative, he declared, is a truce "balanced precariously on the knife edge of terror," followed by nuclear war and annihilation. He pointed out that the West's customary attitude has been "inflexible hostility to Soviet Russia and determined opposition to every move she makes." But he said the West is not, and never has been, in a position to impose this "rigid, unconditional-surrender type of diplomacy." He added that when Russia has a legitimate interest in some area or development, "we would be foolish to act as if that interest can either be ignored or attacked." This was an obvious reference to the Middle East.

But Mr. Pearson repeated with emphasis that everything possible should be done to strengthen non-Soviet military alliances, particularly N.A.T.O. He warned: "If N.A.T.O. dies, the primary aim of Russian foreign policy will be achieved: the splitting off of Western Europe from North America." Mr. Pearson argued that the West, while bolstering its "position of nonaggressive strength," should at the same time "miss no opportunity to negotiate toward peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union, without sacrifice of principles." That speech explained why and how Mr. Pearson has vigorously supported the U.N. during its first twelve years. He has never been deluded about Russian intentions, nor has he held exaggerated ideas about what the U.N. could accomplish. He decided at least a decade ago that the cold war rules out any likelihood of an armed U.N., and since then he has concentrated upon making the most of the only kind of society of nations which appears likely for generations to come.

Leading American policy makers of both political parties appear to have reached similar conclusions, although they have rarely expressed themselves as frankly as Mr. Pearson does. In the cold war it has been expedient to make the Russians seem wholly responsible for the "milk and water" in the U.N. But neither American political party has ever had anything approaching a majority for a supergovernment with independent armed forces strong enough to impose peace. Neither party has been prepared to infringe upon American national sovereignty. So nobody can logically blame the 1958 United Nations for failing to use "teeth" which Americans, as well as Russians, have refused to give it.

I Call on Ed Sullivan (Continued from Page 26)

"I've got a theory, too," I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"My theory is that since your show is among the top-rating TV shows," I said, "you've got your head up above the fence and the fellow with his head above the fence is the fellow people heave rocks at."

"That could be," he said, "since none of those things happened while we were taking a beating from N.B.C. in the ratings wars. In the beginning a lot of people knocked us off. Martin and Lewis beat us every time they went up against us. In the early days N.B.C. threw people at us by the handfuls. Jimmy Durante, Berle and Eddie Cantor were all cocked, aimed and fired at us. But since I was the underdog, there weren't any feuds.

"On second consideration," he added thoughtfully, "I don't necessarily agree with you that it was only after I neared the top in the ratings that fists were shaken in my smiling face. I'd say the warfare began mainly because a new group with a more intense competitive instinct came into television.

"Fights and feuds and name calling grab the headlines," Sullivan went on. "People like to read about them, but in ten years on TV, I've found one basic truth: The things that stay in the minds of people across the country after a show is over are things that involve sentiment. Not phony sentiment—not something deliberately set up as a weeper. Several shows—I don't have to tell you which ones—go in for that. People spot that kind of thing quickly when it's a fraud. Now I'll give you a genuine example of what I'm talking about. One night I was doing a biog of Josh Logan, the famous Broadway and Hollywood director, on our show. I'd been talking to Josh, who's a very sensitive and tremendously emotional guy, about a time when he had been committed to a mental hospital."

"I remember," I said. "He had a nervous breakdown."

"Actually it was a mental breakdown," Sullivan told me. "Josh said, 'Ed, the mental-health program in this country is so important that I'd like to talk about what happened to me. It may help somebody.'

"'Fine,' I said, but afterward some of our production people talked me out of doing it. The night of the show Logan was standing backstage with Leland Hayward, watching me put on a parade of his triumphs. He came up to me, tense and taut, and said, 'Ed, this thing is turning into one of those boring slap-yourself-on-the-back routines. It's flattering, but it's of no importance. I did these things, and thank God they turned out well, but we should have worked in the thing we discussed—I mean what happened to me mentally.'

"'If you want to do it that much,' I said, 'we'll do it.' I cut short a number; I was able to close in the curtains with a flourish of music, and Josh stepped out on stage. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' I said, 'Joshua Logan.'

"'This,' he said to the audience and the viewers, 'has been gratifying to my ego, but it's not important. As it happens, I do have one important thing to tell the country, and I'll tell it quickly. I never got any of the awards I've won until I'd been committed to a mental hospital and released from it.'"

(I almost asked Sullivan what Josh Logan had received an award for. Then I remembered one of them. With Rodgers and Hammerstein, he had written the stage version of South Pacific, the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best drama of 1950.)

Sullivan went on quoting Logan. "Josh said, 'I tell you this because the world is suffering from tensions, with the result that many people are crippled by mental breakdowns. The old way of treating them was to hide them in the garden house when people came to visit in warm

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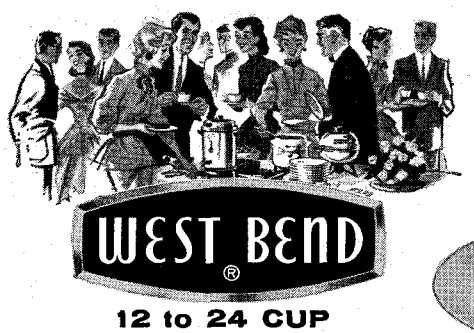

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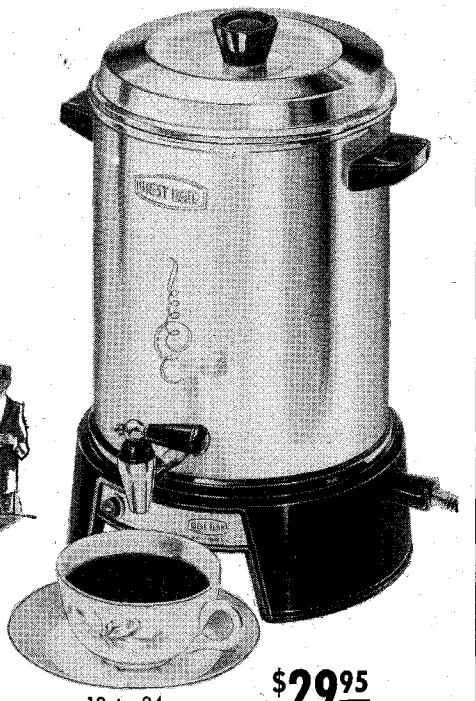

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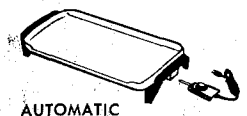

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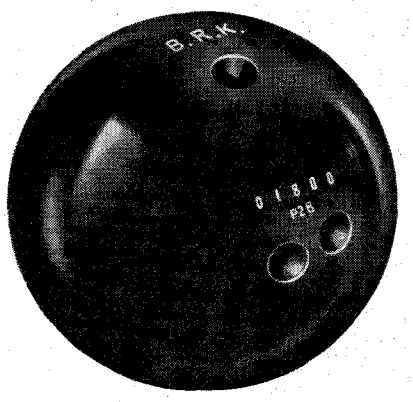

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weather or lock them up in the attic in winter. You don't have to do either any more. A lot of people who are disturbed mentally can be cured, just as typhoid, scarlet fever and tuberculosis can be cured. There is no reason why they should go through life bearing a stigma because they have once been mental patients. This is what I wanted to tell you tonight.'

"People who were watching Logan's face on their screen at home could see that this was no phony plant, no heart squeeze staged for its theatrical effect. Here was a man big enough to tell the people a thing many people would have concealed, because he thought it would help. After Logan was through, there was a moment of complete silence; then there was a shattering roar of applause."

I could understand that. I could also understand Logan saying what he'd said. It was in character. I had once helped Ethel Merman write the story of her life and Logan was one of those I had turned to for help in obtaining background material about her. He was in the middle of directing a show. He was up to his eyeballs in out-of-town tryouts; he was even helping rewrite the production when his secretary relayed my request to him. As busy as he was—and he must have been more than a little harassed—he had taken the time to write me a many-paged letter about La Merman.

"What Josh said was picked up almost immediately all over the country," Sullivan continued. "Two weeks later I got a letter from Judge Michael A. Musmanno, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. In it he said: 'I thought you'd be interested in a decision handed down in Pittsburgh a few days ago. The case involved a young mother and a father who had three children. He lost his job, which created tension in the home. About the same time that domestic tensions developed, the wife's father was killed in an accident. As a result, the wife suffered a mental breakdown. She was committed to a hospital. By the time she got out, the marriage had broken up and the young husband had turned the three children over to his mother, who was bringing them up.

"'When the wife was pronounced cured, she applied for custody of her children. The Pennsylvania law held that her commitment to such an institution had invalidated her capacity and rights as a mother forever. Neighbors who thought this wrong raised money to bring her cause up for appeal. It has gone all the way to the state Supreme Court. The court has repudiated the old concepts of "forever" penalties resulting from being committed. It not only rejected such concepts, it declared that, having been pronounced cured, the mother was entitled to her children. The opinion went on to say that it had found support in a nationally televised show, on which Joshua Logan had said that he hadn't won the Pulitzer Prize until he had been committed to an institution and had then been pronounced cured.'

"And that's not all," Sullivan told me. "Not long after that I went to Oklahoma City to address an advertising-club luncheon. I told this story there. Right after luncheon a doctor came up and introduced himself. He told me he was head of the mental-health program in the Southwest. He said, 'I could have told you of some local repercussions to your Logan show. For years I've tried to raise money for this cause—to get new drugs developed and used, and to persuade young doctors skilled in research to work on the problem away from the ball-and-chain traditions of the past. The day following your Logan telecast the budget director of my state called me and told me that I was being given an unsolicited appropriation because of what Josh Logan had said on your show.'

"What I'm getting at," Sullivan went on, "was that here was something that aroused sentiment. Once aroused, that sentiment was a lever which performed a public service."

"It seems to me I remember vaguely a story about you and Ben Hogan that shows that Hogan has a lot of heart," I told Sullivan, "and that he's a right guy. How's about telling me about it in your own words?"

"He's one of the classiest guys we've ever had on our show," Sullivan said. "Right after his recovery from his near-fatal auto accident, Hogan was in a triple tie in Philadelphia [at the Merion Club] with George Fazio and Lloyd Mangrum for the United States Open title. I called him in Philadelphia and said, 'Ben, I'll give you a thousand dollars, win, lose or draw, to appear on our show. I don't care how you make out in the play-offs.' To me, the real story was that he'd come back after almost dying, not whether he won the championship or not.

"'I'd better not promise to go on your show this Sunday,' he said. 'I don't know how long the play-off will take. It may not finish until late. I'm dead tired anyhow. I'll come over to New York soon for a tournament at New Rochelle; I'll be living in White Plains. If you want me then, I'll be delighted.' I said, 'Fine, it's a date.'

"He won the play-off in Philadelphia, and a representative of We the People called me and said, 'We understand that you've got Hogan locked up for a thousand bucks. We can use him on our Wednesday show and we're prepared to give him fifteen hundred dollars.' At that time Hogan hadn't made the money he was to make later. He hadn't even gotten a settlement out of the lawsuit growing out of his accident. So I said, 'If he can make an extra five hundred, that's fine with me.' An hour later Hogan himself called. He said, 'I understand some people have been in touch with you and that they've told you that they've offered me fifteen hundred dollars and you told them it was O.K. with you.'

"'That's right,' I said. 'An extra five hundred is nothing to sneeze at.'

"'Look,' he said, 'they had no authority to call you. Your offer was a thousand dollars, win, lose or draw. That offer meant more to me than any of the offers I've got since I won. If you still want me for a grand, I'm not appearing on any other show.'

"'I'll be delighted to have you,' I said."

"I like that story," I said. "It gives me a warm feeling."

"Wait until you hear this one," Sullivan said. "When we did Helen Hayes' biog on our show, her daughter, Mary MacArthur, had just died, but Helen had decided that work would be her salvation, so she did a scene on our show from her play, Victoria Regina. She chose the scene where the queen and her family came back to the royal residence after a day's outing, and some member of the family asked her if she didn't think that, on the whole, the day had been too much for her. The queen replied that she had only felt the strain once. At one point the police lines had been drawn thin. A group of roughly dressed workingmen had broken through. They'd come rushing up to her unprotected carriage until they were about ten feet away, and she had feared they might be anarchists. Then they'd stopped and the toughest-looking one of all had called out to her, 'Go it, old girl; you've done well.'

"'The reason I did that scene,' Helen told our audience, 'is that there's a line in it which rings a bell in my heart. Someday I'll be making my last appearance. I've

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lived a singularly blessed life. I've done the things I've loved best with people I've loved most, the people of the theater. Perhaps before I make my last exit from the stage, you of the American audience who have been so kind to me may feel impelled to call out, "Go it, old girl; you've done well."'

"There followed one of those hushes which mean so much more than hand-clapping. Everybody was conscious of the fact that she'd just lost her daughter. Tears ran down the faces of some of the women in the audience. I'd list that moment with my biggest in the theater."

I hadn't seen Helen Hayes on that Sullivan show. I was glad I hadn't. Her voice has always been able to wring me out emotionally, and after her face had been refined by sorrow, it got me by the throat just to watch her—even when she wasn't saying anything.

"That reminds me of something else," Sullivan added. "During the last war, I organized an entertainment program for the hospitals along the East Coast. The wounded of the world's crack divisions came through Halloran, the big general hospital on Staten Island. Father Bellamy, the Halloran chaplain, used to call me and say, 'Ed, the kids have read that So-and-So is in town. Do you think you can get him to come out?'

"Durante was coming to town for a broadcast, so I called him and said, 'I know how tough your schedule is, Jimmy, but these guys asked for you and I feel duty-bound to pass along their request.'

"'Ed,' he said, 'I don't feel young any more and I've got a bad cold. Also, I have a broadcast to do for a cigarette company, but call me the day of the show and I'll see if I can make it.' I called him, and, to my amazement, he said, 'I'll be there.'

"He had to work out a precise schedule to make it. He went down to the South Ferry, took a boat, crossed over to Staten Island, drove to the hospital; then he planned to catch a ferry back in time for his broadcast. When Jimmy arrived at the hospital, I hid him and kept him hidden. I was so aware of the fact that I had to get him off the stage in time to catch the ferry back that I said, 'Jimmy, do just one number. They'll be delighted. It'll be a shot in the arm for them and I'll explain to them why you can't stay longer.'"

I was calling on Sullivan in his apartment in the Hotel Delmonico, on New York's Park Avenue. A maid bustled into a hallway just off the living room, where we were talking, and began to make energetic busy cleaning noises. Sullivan walked into the hallway and asked her patiently and quietly if she would mind waiting until we were through with our conversation before going on with her job. Then he came back and sat down on the divan.

"The Gripsholm had brought back another group of war wounded," he told me, "and the wounded who were already at Halloran had, with a gracious gesture, surrendered the divans in front of the recreation hall to the newcomers. I said, 'Fellows, there's a young comic here I'd like to have you meet.' Jimmy came on and the place went wild. He went into his routine with a piano, where he throws the sheet music around like snowflakes and rips the top off the instrument. He murdered them.

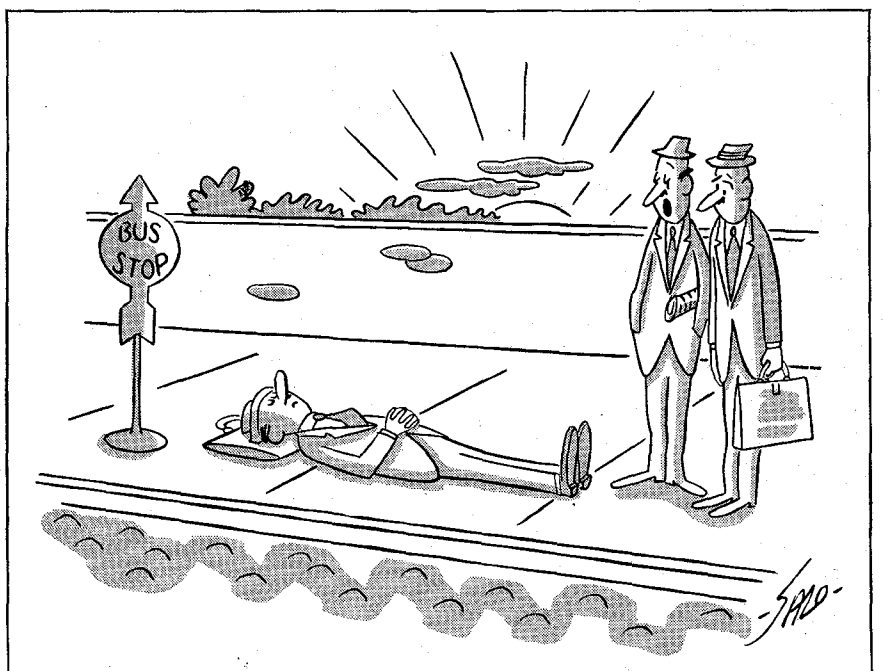
"As he left the stage I walked to the mike and said, 'Jimmy has to get back to town for a radio date; I know you'll understand.' As I said that, he came hurrying out of the wings, pushed me away from the mike and did another song. The same thing happened a third time before he finally left the stage. Thanks to Durante, this was the greatest night the hospital had ever had. The place was pandemonium. I introduced the next act, and walked over to where Jimmy was sitting in the wings with his shirt off, rubbing the perspiration from his skinny body with a big towel. 'Are you out of your mind?' I asked him. 'You'll never make your ferry.'

"'Look at the front row,' he said. 'Just look at it.' I looked. There, on the same divan, were two kids, each with one arm missing. They were applauding the next act by beating their two remaining hands together.

"'When I saw that, Ed,' Jimmy said, 'I made up my mind that my radio broadcast wasn't so important and my cold wasn't so important either.' Jimmy is a very emotional guy. His eyes were full when he said that."

"It makes me pretty emotional too," I said.

"Most writers generally ask me questions about my feuds and I get so involved in answering them I never have a chance to tell them anything else," he said. "But to me, those are the great things with which I've been associated, not the brawls and the name calling. To them I'd like to add the two record-breaking war shows I was privileged to put on in New York. Those shows raised $500,000 in cash, not war bonds. One was for the American Red Cross, the other was for the Army Emergency Relief fund.



"Now there's something you don't often see."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The point of it all is, it's always the things that touch the panic button of people's emotions that they remember. Maybe it's a song they associate with their courtship. Maybe it's Helen Hayes ad-libbing an unforgettable line. Maybe it's Durante's reason for skipping his broadcast. I can go to Europe and dig up all the top acts there and put them on my show. The actors will be brilliant, the show will be polished and no one will remember it very long. But if one thing with heart happens on our stage, that's television at its greatest.

"That's why I hate to get sidetracked into talking about the feuds that have been forced upon me, although such discussions bring in carloads of publicity."

He paused a moment, then went on: "Take the night we did the Oscar Hammerstein biog on our show. To me, Oscar has a Lincolnesque quality. He's so decent that it shines out through his craggy face. That night I said that he had had an unusual career. He'd had seven years of continuous success collaborating with Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern. Then he and Kern had been signed by Hollywood to write movie musicals, but by the time they got there the movie-musical boom was over and done with. Theater owners even had billboards out front proclaiming, 'No Hollywood musical on this program.' The story of the understudy who'd stepped in and had become a star overnight had been done so many times the public was sick at its stomach. So when Hammerstein and Kern arrived in Hollywood, they got $150,000 for doing a show which was never produced. Beginning then, Hammerstein went into one of the most ferocious declines in the history of show business. There were eleven years in which he couldn't seem to write a hit. I asked him, 'Oscar, is it true that Broadway is brutal to people who fail?'

"'That's a lot of rot,' he said. 'They say hello to you just the same, even if they don't buy your material.'

"'How did a fellow like you, who'd already had tremendous success, take eleven years of bitter and galling defeat?' I asked.

"'I'm married to a wonderful woman,' he said; 'when the lean times are on you, if you haven't got that you haven't got anything. She always felt I was a success. When I came home at night she made me feel successful, no matter what had happened during the day.'

"He went on to say that the lowest point of his life had been when France fell to the Nazis. Everything had crumbled under him. He had proposed that Green Grow the Lilacs be made into a musical, and although the idea was later to become a musical called Oklahoma!, it was turned down then. He had proposed Carmen Jones to Jerome Kern. 'Jerry,' he'd said, 'Carmen would make a great musical treated in Harlem style. Instead of a bullfighter, we can have a prize fighter.' But Kern was tied up and couldn't do it. It was at that moment that Paris surrendered. Oscar had lived in Paris and loved it, and another part of his world had fallen. As far as anyone could see, there was never going to be a French Paris again."

I had forgotten that Hammerstein had written a song called The Last Time I Saw Paris. Now I remembered it. I could even remember lines from it. Against the background of what Sullivan had told me, those words took on added poignancy.

"It was an emotional straw that could have broken his back," Sullivan said; "instead it compelled him to write a song. He told our audience, 'I don't sing, I can't dance, I can't tell jokes, but if you like, I'll tell you the lyrics I wrote that day about the wonders of Paris. There is no

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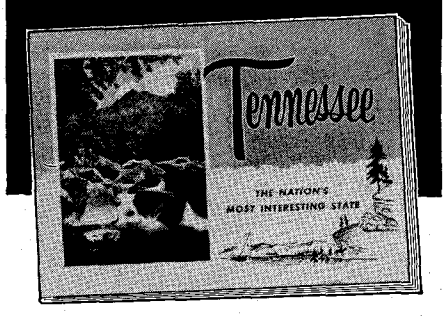

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Folies-Bergère in my lyrics. I wrote about daytime in Paris, the nurses in the park, the children playing, the chestnut blossoms glowing in the springtime sun.' He recited the lyrics and our orchestra leader, Ray Block, cued his band into underplaying the melody of The Last Time I Saw Paris under Oscar's words. You could have heard a mouse stumble in that theater."

We sat silent for a while; then I said, "Listening to you talk about Hogan, I got the feeling that secretly you wish you were still a sports writer."

"Basically I still am," he said. "And my show shows it. Throughout the years I've had the greats in sports on my show. On those occasions I've felt very much at home. I was a pretty good sports writer. I won't say that about my Broadway column. I never wanted to be a Broadway columnist, and in my first Broadway column I said so. I said that I wasn't interested in retailing the kind of garbage they had to rake up."

Sullivan's right-hand man, Carmine Santulo, came into the living room in Sullivan's Park Avenue apartment. He carried a glass of milk. Sullivan waved him away. "You and I have something in common," I said. "I once had a duodenal ulcer, but they removed it surgically and all I have left to show for it is a big Caesarean scar."

"My doctor puts that off as long as he can and only uses it as a last resort," Sullivan told me. "First he likes to try medication and diet."

"What's your system for living with your ulcer?" I asked.

"As long as I stay away from fried foods I'm O.K.," he said. "My doctor also told me to give up smoking, but I made a brave stand for my favorite vice. I told him, 'I don't drink, I don't play around a lot, I don't gamble. Smoking is my one outlet, I think it actually helps curb my tension. Whether that's scientifically true or not, that's my story.'"

"I used to be a two-pack-a-day man," I told him. "Then one day I quit."

"I gave it up for three years," he said; "but I went back to it."

"How did you happen to start again?" I asked.

"I was trying to give Mrs. Sullivan a moral lecture," he told me. "She smokes a lot, and one night, when I'd been off cigarettes for three years, I said, 'I don't understand why you can't break yourself of the habit. I did. I can pick up a cigarette and put it into my mouth and light it and have no overwhelming desire to smoke.' And I demonstrated my self-control by doing just that. I went through my 'how to cope with temptation' routine twice more for her. The third time I started smoking again."

"Maybe you'd better give me some personal background on you," I said to Sullivan. "My visit with you is not going to result in the story of your life, even a capsule variety of it. But one or two odds and ends of autobiographical material might be dropped in right about here."

"I'll rattle off some things," Sullivan said, "you can use whatever you want. I was born in Harlem in New York City. My father was Peter A. Sullivan. My mother was Elizabeth Smith. They came from around Amsterdam, New York. Kirk Douglas comes from there too. My cousin, Jim McNulty, was once the mayor of Saratoga Springs. My twin brother, Dan, is buried at St. Mary's churchyard in Amsterdam. He died when he was about a year old."

"Were you identical twins?" I asked.

He grinned. "I doubt it," he said. "I've been told he was a handsome little fellow. My kid sister, Elizabeth, is buried there too. My sister, Helen, is the eldest. Then there's Charles, myself, my sister Mercedes, and my sister Frances. My father settled in Harlem because a Democratic congressman got him an appointment as a New York customs inspector."

"I've heard you taught yourself to type by copying New York Times editorials," I said.

He told me, "When I went to work on the New York Evening Mail, after writing sports for the Port Chester Daily Item, I'd never learned to use the typewriter. Each Monday I'd written twelve columns of sports for the Item, but I'd done it all longhand. When I got a job in Hartford and next in New York, I was still writing in longhand. But when my copy went to the composing room the guys down there had trouble reading it; they complained bitterly, so I had to learn to use the typewriter. I went into the newspaper's library, sat there and copied Times editorials until I learned."

"How many fingers did you use?" I asked. "Three?"

"Two," he said.

"What's all this about you being a man whose face would crack if it smiled?" I asked. "I notice that you've smiled a lot as I've talked to you. The way I get it, you're called Smiley in derision because you're supposed to be so expressionless."

"I've never learned to smile while I'm talking," he said. "That's a show-business trick. In show business singers are even taught to smile while they're singing. But the fact that I've stayed in the entertainment business without mastering that stunt has become a sort of trade-mark for me. Since no one could pin some label on me like Joe Penner's 'Do you wanna buy a duck?' or Jack Pearl's 'Vas you dare, Sharlie?' the legend that I never smile has become an easy way to identify me. The truth is I smile a hell of a lot, even on the show, but I usually do it when one of my acts is through performing and the audience is giving it a hand.

"While we're on the subject of my TV mannerisms," Sullivan added, "I might as well go into the way I stand, walk and move my head. I have a very big neck for a man my size. It's a Size Seventeen and it's all out of proportion to the rest of me."

"You do have an individual way of walking," I said. "Your shoulders and head move at the same time, as if they are rigidly attached to each other. Did you do exercises to make your neck thicker when you were young?"

"No," he told me. "I have a big neck because of the way the upper part of my body is built, and it's that construction that makes me walk the way I do. You're not the only person who's noticed it," he said. "I get a lot of mail about it."

"What kind of mail?" I asked.

"All sorts," he said. "A lot of the fans feel that my walk is an expression of personal conceit. They say, 'It makes you look smug and stuck-up.' When I read that I started putting Will Jordan, the professional mimic, on my show to do imitations of me. I thought it would indicate to the viewers that I am so far removed from excessive egotism that I enjoy being joshed about the way I handle my body."

"I've watched you while he's doing his imitations," I said. "And you seem to get a kick out of them."

"He exaggerates my mannerisms until he's more like me than I am myself," Sullivan went on. "When he gets going he breaks me up. All those vocal impressionists go to the theaters on West Forty-second Street that run movies over and over again, on a grind basis. They sit there night after night, watching the same moving picture, until they can match a movie actor's every tone and gesture."

"Where did Will Jordan study you?" I asked.

"He sat glued in front of his TV set every Sunday night until he could mimic me," Sullivan said. "People like Jordan have a special oral facility. When he does me, he changes his voice until it's right on the button. I can close my eyes, stand off in the wings and tell myself I am hearing my own voice."

"I understand that some people think you walk and carry yourself the way you do because you have a silver plate in your head," I told him.

"I don't know how that got started, but some people do think that," he said. "One night I was at a party with my wife, and this man said to me, 'Mr. Sullivan, I want to congratulate you.'

"'On something I wrote in my column?' I asked.

"'No,' he said. 'On your courage.'

"'My courage?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I think it's just wonderful for a man with a silver plate in his head to steel himself to appear before audiences.' Another story going around about me is that I broke my spine playing high-school football, and that I walk so stiffly because I had it fused."

Outside Sullivan's apartment a storm raged. The blizzard hung grayish-white curtains of snow on the other side of the windows. Sullivan looked at the swirling snow and then said, "There's something else I'd wish we could talk about. The really top-drawer performers never think they're so good that they don't have to practice. Take Margot Fonteyn of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. That ballet made its television debut on our show. I don't know how many times Margot and Michael Somes, her dancing partner, had danced Swan Lake, but she had him out behind the wings up to the moment they went on, saying, 'Let's try that pivot just once more.' Or take Yehudi Menuhin. After his final rehearsal for our show—the people were already streaming into the theater—Menuhin was still back there, practicing his fingering. It's enlightening to compare such performers with the youngsters who've made one record that's been an overnight hit. They figure they know everything."

"Have you ever had any cleavage trouble on your shows?" I asked.

"Faye Emerson stirred up the first TV cleavage discussion on her own show in 1949," he said. "Before that, she made her TV start on our show modestly enough in a dramatic sketch, but later on she startled people with her generous display of the fact that she was a woman. That's something you have to watch when you're staging a TV show. When a girl star buys her gowns, the *couturier* who designs them for her is not thinking in terms of television, so he's apt to build a costume that's too revealing. Such apparel is accepted socially, but you can't wear it on television because that medium tends to exaggerate such matters."

"But a couple of girls tried it out on you, didn't they?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams. They are both very well fabricated and unashamed of it. I had the wardrobe mistress cover up the cleavage they were willing to display, with tulle, but when they came out on stage they'd ripped the tulle off."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"We were afraid something like that would happen," he said, "so we'd given orders that the minute it occurred the cameras would aim only at the head and neck."

I brought out a newspaper clipping. "This guy," I said, "has written a story headlined: TOPPING SULLIVAN GREAT SHOCK TO MAVERICK STAR. What do you suppose he means by shock?"

"I read that one too," Sullivan said. "What I think he means is this: mostly because of its sheer endurance, our show has become a legend. I imagine that when James Garner, who stars in Maverick, was told that he was going to be on opposite us, he must have thought he was being tossed into a meat chopper, although he won a Purple Heart in Korea and he has plenty of guts.

"On the other hand, when I heard that he was going on against me, I suffered a few qualms myself. *So A.B.C. is finally getting smart*, I thought. *They're sending something against me that's completely different rather than a guy who does the same kind of things I do. Whoever plotted that move at A.B.C. is very wise.*"

I knew that when my interview would go to press, Sullivan's ratings would be slightly below the Maverick figures and that, in general, Allen was below Sullivan. I thought I'd ask him anyhow. He held up our conversation while he telephoned to the next room to ask Carmine Santulo for the latest rating comparison. Santulo brought in the latest three Trendex standings, jotted on a piece of paper. Sullivan read them off to me. "Maverick, twenty-two; Sullivan, sixteen," he said. "Maverick, nineteen; Sullivan, eighteen. Maverick, twenty-one; Sullivan, nineteen."

He did a little mental calculation; then said, "Right now on the average we're three points behind Maverick on the Trendex ratings. But those Trendex figures only cover fifteen cities. On the Nielsen ratings, which include many more cities, it's a different story. For the two weeks ending December twenty-first, Gunsmoke was first, with 44.1; Perry Como was second, with 40.8; I was third, with 37.2."

"Where were Allen and Maverick?" I asked.

"Allen was sixth, with 36.2," he said; "and Maverick, believe it or not, was thirty-second, with 30.1. But," he went on, "if you try to prove things with TV figures, you can become a mixed-up figure filbert. I try not to analyze things that way. If I do, I'll become so obsessed with figures I'll sometimes forget people."

THE END

... ...

If the Moon Could Sing

By Geraldine Ross

If the moon could sing,
The song would float
Earthward, note on silver
note.
The hills would tremble,
listening,

And the heart would hark
As the song crept in
And a silver dream would
soon begin
In the lovely,
music-haunted dark.

There would be the sheen
Of a lullaby,
And the stars would lean
From the wide, hushed sky,

And all of the world would
wake and long
For dreams it learned in
the moon's white song.

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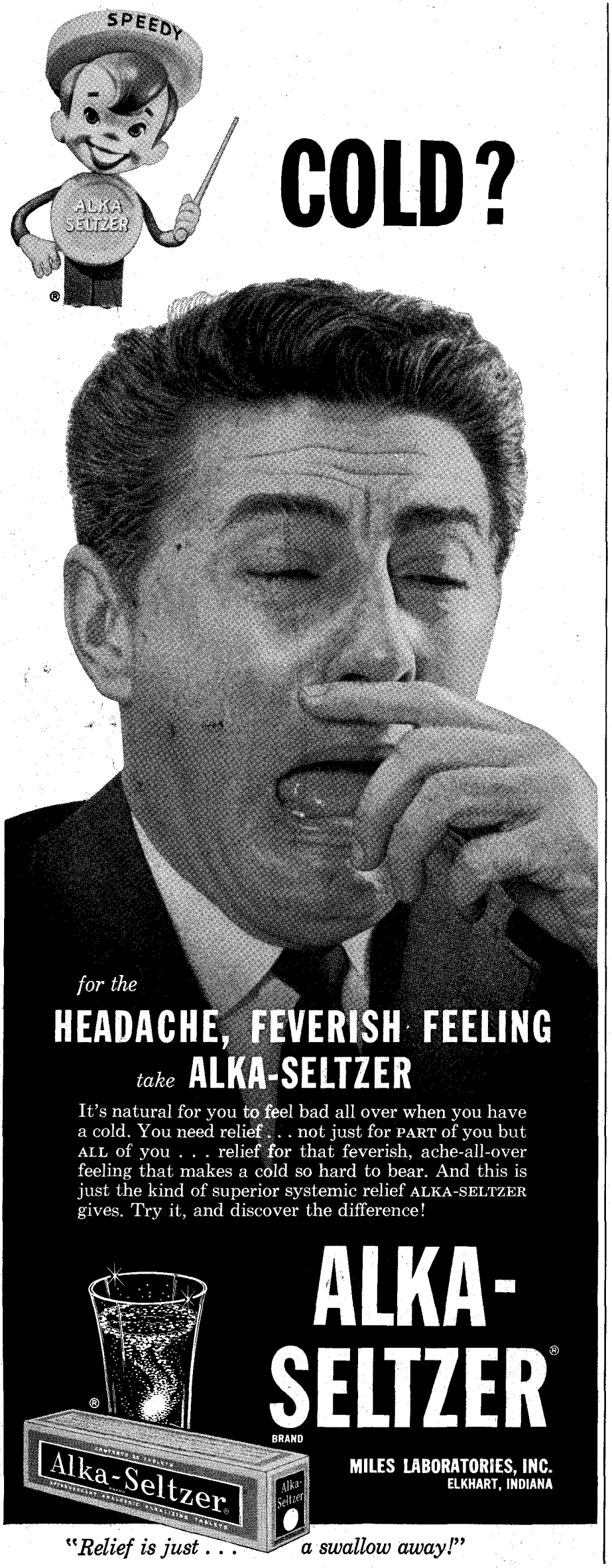
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Bush-League Bandits (Continued from Page 24)

Smith and Wesson cartridge .32's. "You better get another notion," he said. . . . "Shouldn't he, Willy?"

I drank some beer. I was broke, and I suppose Bibber was, and Turk had furnished the beer. And Bibber hadn't really meant anything by it until Turk went to prodding him.

"Forget it," I said. "You're out of shells anyway."

"Like hell," said Turk. He swung and shot at a little dickeybird on a milkweed. He missed, but the bullet clipped a milkweed pod off. He shot twice more, but he didn't get any more pods.

"Now you are," I said.

Turk gave me a quick, funny look, and then I began to laugh. Bib was standing there with his mouth about half open, looking at where the bullets had hit. He looked around and saw me laughing, and he laughed, too, and he sat down again.

I looked over at Turk, but I couldn't see that he was laughing. He unlatched the barrel of his pistol and tipped it up and took out the cylinder and punched out four empty cases with the little dingus under the barrel. He got four more live shells out of his pocket and put them in the cylinder and put it back so that the empty in the fifth bore was under the hammer, and pulled the barrel down and latched it.

He put it back inside his shirt, and then he tipped up the long-necked bottle and drank down two big swallows. I'm not that crazy about beer. The first wet bite of it goes pretty good on a hot day, but I get filled up pretty quick on beer.

It was hot. One of those hot, drowsy, lazy afternoons. It was nice and cool there in the shade of the trees at the far side of Gilroy's pasture lot—nice and cool and quiet there for a while.

The afternoon stage pulled out past the jog at the end of Gilroy's. There must have been a Wells Fargo box on it, because they had a shotgun man up. Tom Petticord was driving.

Turk said, "I bet they got a good load in that express box." Those eyes of his didn't miss much.

"Well," I said, "it won't do me much good."

Turk gave me a look. "No," he said. "Won't nothin' do you much good out in that hayfield, Willy."

It made me mad, somehow. I said, "You tryin' to pick a fight, Turk?"

He watched me, real sharp, and his lips pulled back past his two missing teeth. He was holding his right hand close to his belly. His shirt was still unbuttoned. He never looked away from me, but he said, "Willy thinks I'm tryin' to pick a fight, Bib. What d'yuh think about that?"

Bib grunted. Some days I think he's too simple to say much. "What do you want to fight Willy for?" he said.

"He don't," I said, "but he'd like to flash that gun again, maybe."

Turk grinned at me, sort of tight and tough. "Don't think I can't do it," he said.

I took the beer bottle by the neck. "Go ahead," I said.

Turk looked at me. I was in a position to bust all the teeth out of the other side of his mouth, and he knew it.

"You're sure enough proddy today," he said.

"I ain't got a gun inside of my shirt," I reminded him.

"Ah, hell," he said, and rolled over on his back.

I kept hold of the bottle a while longer. With Turk, you don't know, for sure.

I don't even know how it is I let him talk me into things. Some days I think maybe I'm as simple as Bib. Or maybe it's like I read in a book once, that there's some people that just naturally lead, and others that don't do much but follow. I mean, I was as old as Turk, and bigger, and I honestly don't think he was so much smarter than me—but there it was.

"Willy," said Turk, like he was reading my mind, almost. "You got any gun at all, Willy?"

"A rifle," I said.

"Hey, Bibber," said Turk. "You got a gun?"

"Nope," said Bibber. He belched. He'd been hogging beer all afternoon.

Turk said, "Well, your old man's got a gun of some kind around, ain't he?"

"Oh, yuh," said Bib, "he's got a shotgun. It's a muzzle-loader, though."

"How many times you need to shoot a shotgun, Bibber?" said Turk disgustedly. "You can stop a grizzly bear, and him achargin', with two barrels of buckshot."

"Well, yuh," said Bib, "but it's a muzzle-loader, just the same. An' I don't know about no buckshot. Pa he shoots mostly grouse with it. An' sometimes rabbits."

Turk just lay there with his eyes closed and his face turned up at the sky. "Judas," he said finally. "You birds scare me. You just plumb scare hell out of me."

"Why?" said Bibber.

"Why?" Turk said. "Why? Because I'd be better off stickin' up that stage alone, that's why. 'Cause the both of you are so simple you can't find your hat with both hands, that's why!"

I looked at him. "You're funnin'," I said.

"Yuh," said Bibber.

Turk kept looking up at nothing, at the sky. "Yeh," he said. "I'm funnin'. Like hell."

I guess it was about then that it began to come over us that we were really going to do it. It wasn't like later, getting all cold and aching in the pit of the belly. Right then it was kind of like when you were a little kid and hiding in the dark, and the one who was It came closer and closer to where you were hiding. You were scared he'd find you, and still you knew you'd be disappointed if something didn't happen, and you were all tingly and itching to make a run for it, only it wasn't time yet. Like that, it was.

We didn't talk about it. We didn't make any plans that hot afternoon. We finished up the beer and chucked the bottles over the bank, and afterwards split up and went on about our business.

I went by the home place and got my rifle. It didn't look much different. Pa wasn't around, and I guess it was just as well. Ma was there, and she was the same as always. She must have smelled the beer on me, but she didn't say anything, except, "You getting along all right, Will?"

"Sure," I said.

"Your pa isn't here," she said.

"I just came by to get my rifle," I said. "He don't need to fret."

"People do," she said.

"Even pa?" I didn't mean it to sound as rough as it came out. I hadn't any fight with ma; I didn't mean to give her the rough side of my tongue.

"Yes," she said, "Even your pa. You'll know about that someday."

"Ah," I said, "I didn't come to stir it all up again. I just came by for my rifle, if Jody hasn't busted it."

"You know we wouldn't let Jody have it."

"Yeh. Well, I'll get it then, ma. That's all I came for."

She gave me a funny look. "All right, son," she said.

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So maybe that was a part of it too. The way it was with pa and me. I got my rifle and swung up on my horse, and then Jody came running around the house.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Whatcha doin' with that gun? Whatcha ridin' that ole plow horse for? Hey, Wully?" He's a case, that one. Sure it wasn't much of a horse, but it was just one horse more than I ever had around pa.

"Ah," I said, "go wash your face, kid."

He came at me like a banty rooster. "Who you callin' 'kid,' hey?"

I made as if to lean down and cuff him one when he came close, and he shied off. "Hey, Wully," he said. "Lemme ride that old plow horse; hey, Wully?"

I let him ride behind me, down to the fence corner, him bouncing a little, hanging onto my belt.

"Hey, Wully," he said once. "When you comin' home?"

"I'm not coming home," I said.

"You'll starve out," he said. "When the hayin's done."

"You heard pa say that," I said.

"Wull, yuh," he said.

"Well, you can tell him he don't need to fret about it."

We reached the fence corner and I tried to give him a hand down. He slid right off backward, over the horse's rump.

"You fool," I said, "you want to get your head kicked off?"

"That ole plug?" he said. "Bla-a-a-ah!" I tell you, he was a case, that kid. But when I looked back, once, he was still watching me, still standing there by the fence corner. It was a funny thing; it kind of bothered me. Him just standing there, watching me ride off.

It held hot. We had one rain, a thunderstorm, a regular gully-washer, but next day the sun was out, hot and steaming, and we only had to turn the hay once, to dry it, and then haul it and stack it. And when that cutting was in, the haying was done, and old Gaither, the farmer for whom we were working, didn't need any more help.

So I guess that was part of it too. You use up the things to do around town, pretty quick. There's always things to buy, and somebody to sell 'em to you. Money just kind of melts away in town. And then, when you've got something working away in you like yeast—maybe you even think you've forgot it, but it's in there, working and stirring—why, you've just got a kind of restless feeling, like you were looking for something and not exactly sure what it is.

It wasn't a thing I thought about in particular, but one afternoon there were the three of us—Turk and Bib and me—kegged up under the trees in the lot just past the edge of town again; no particular reason, just the three of us. Loafing, killing time. When the stage pulled out, we all three watched it without saying anything, just sat there watching till it was out of sight.

Then Turk said, "Once a week, regular. Always when Tom Petticord is driver. Same shotgun man. They've been doin' it so long and so regular they don't even think about it any more."

A kind of big, long, cold, woolly worm went crawling up my backbone. I looked over at Bib. He was looking down the road where the coach had gone, and he had a funny look on his big, simple face. Turk was watching both of us, I guess, because all of a sudden he started to laugh. It kind of made me mad.

"What you laughin' at?" I said.

He looked at me with his lopsided, teeth-missing grin. "Oh," he said, "I wouldn't laugh at you, Willy. . . . I wouldn't laugh at Willy, would I, Bibber?"

"Who you laughin' at then?" said Bib.

"I didn't say I was laughin' at anybody," said Turk. . . . "I didn't say I was laughin' at anybody, did I, Willy?"

"What are you laughin' at then?" I said.

"I'm laughin' at old Tom Petticord an' that shotgun man," said Turk. "Don't you think that's funny enough to laugh at, Willy?"

"I don't know," I said. I didn't either. It was like watching somebody else do what I was doing. It was like standing back and watching. Only it was me I was watching, along with Turk and Bib. I lay back and pulled my hat down over my face.

"This is plain silly," I said.

"Bib," said Turk, "Willy thinks it's silly."

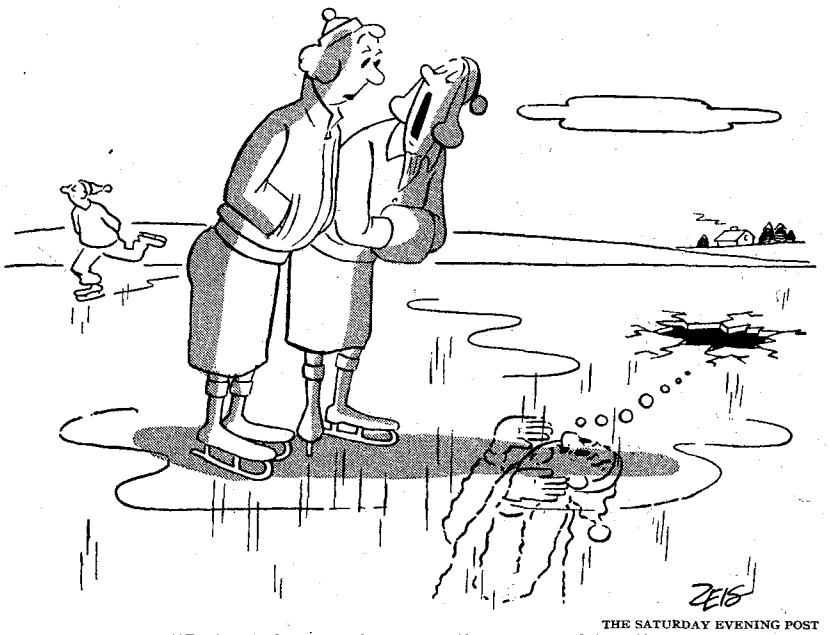
Bib just grunted.

"That boy with the shotgun starts shootin'," I said. "What then?"

"You think he's a fool?" said Turk. "With three guns lookin' him in the eye, he's goin' to start shootin'?"

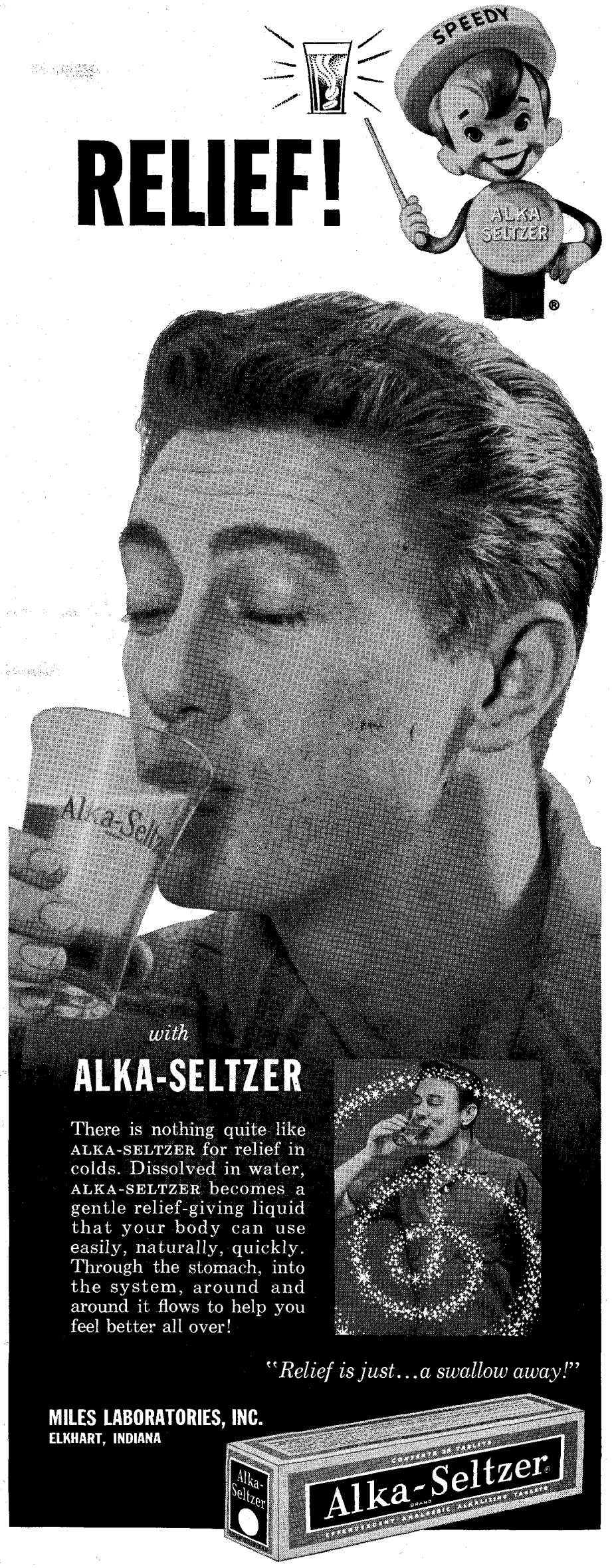
"That's his job," I said.

Turk laughed. It stung like a willow branch across your face when you're riding after a cow through a thicket on a cold morning.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think he's trying to tell us something."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"He ain't goin' to spend his wages dead," said Turk. "You think he's fool enough to figure on spendin' his wages dead, Willy? I don't think he's that big a fool. Sure, if he's got the chance. But not with three guns lookin' him right in the eye, Willy. You know better than that, Willy."

"No," I said, "I don't know about it. How'd you learn so much about it?"

Turk just let it lie there. The silence was getting pretty long before he said anything. Then he said, "You want out, Willy?"

"Never said that I was in, Turk," I growled.

"No," he said. . . . "Willy never did say he was in, did he, Bib?"

Bib grunted. I got mad. I said, "You want to fight, Turk? You want me to bust you, Turk?"

Turk looked at me. He kept his eyes tight on me, and his lips pulled back from his teeth. His hand slid in the front of his shirt.

"Your rifle's hangin' on your saddle, Willy," he said.

"I don't need any rifle," I said.

"Course not," he said. "You ain't even got the guts to go along with Bib and me."

"I got the guts," I said, and it was like somebody else saying it, like I was still standing back, watching.

"Fine, Willy," said Turk. "That's fine." But it was quite a while before he took his hand out of his shirt front.

We picked a place on the Siskiyous, about halfway between Barron's and the toll house. "We want a place where it's steep," Turk said. "Then he can't whip up the horses and break for it. We want someplace where it's hard to get word out quick."

So we picked the place where a turnout was cut into the bank on the side of the mountain. The downhill freighters had the right of way, 'cause they were hard to stop, and the stage always pulled into the turnout and listened. If they heard the team bells of a freight outfit coming, they stayed there till the freighter passed. But either way, they always stopped, even if only to breathe the horses. It was a good place.

Bibber kept fighting his mask; he was as bad as a muzzled dog. All it was, was a handkerchief around his nose and cheeks and hanging down over the rest of his face. But Bibber kept pulling it up and yanking it down and fooling with it till I got so mad and nervous I said, "Oh, go hide your ugly face behind a tree if you're so worried they'll recognize it."

"Can't breathe with this thing on," he said.

"Leave it down till you're ready to use it, then," said Turk. He sounded nervous too.

"I'd prolly forget to pull it back up, then," said Bib, which wouldn't surprise me a bit. Bib had the big shotgun, and there were nine double-aught buck in each barrel and new caps on the nipples.

For about the fifth time I flipped open the trap-door breech on my .45–70 to see if the thing was still loaded. It still was. About every time the clock ticked it reminded me that we were downright-for-sure amateurs at this business, and the longer we waited, the more certain I was that we had no business here at all. And about the time I was pretty near ready to throw the whole business straight up, the stage came around the turn below, the horses walking, pulling hard, and they were ready to breathe when Petticord swung them into the turnout.

Turk hissed and we stood up. I didn't want to get up at all. I'd just as soon have stayed right there, out of sight. Bibber was in the middle, big as a house and with that big old shotgun. Turk was behind him to the right and I was on his left.

Bibber shouted, "You hold it right there!" just the way Turk had coached him.

I swung up my rifle, but I didn't say anything. Turk came up, and I don't know if his thumb slipped or what, but his pistol went off. It made a lot more noise than you'd expect from a .32; only he had it pointed up in the air and it didn't hurt anybody.

It gave me a kind of funny feeling, looking down on the stagecoach. We had 'em. Tom Petticord and the shotgun man had both hands head-high. From up on the bank, they didn't look very big or very brave.

Then this freighter came around the turn downhill. I never did hear any bells. I didn't even hear the freight teams, and it a twelve-horse hitch. Not that it made any difference. When we did hear, it was too late.

I heard Turk cuss and shoot his pistol. The wagon slewed as the driver locked the brakes. He went over backward out of his seat. He wasn't hit. He was just getting off that seat the fastest way. And back behind the seat he had a Henry .44, and he knew how to use it. That's where the whole thing blew up higher than a kite.

You ever hear a bullet go by that's aimed at you? It's as ugly a sound as there is. It's quick—a short, nasty sound of something heavy tearing—and it's gone before it really starts, and it couldn't scare you any more if it went on for an hour. I didn't even pull the trigger on my rifle. I hit the ground and another .44

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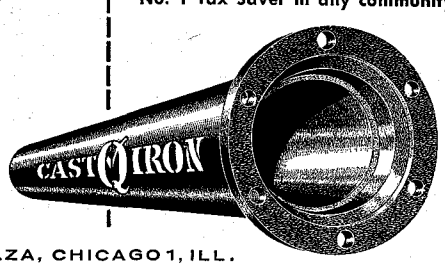

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slug hit a stub limb behind where I'd been standing and made a short screaming ricochet into the hillside, where it thumped and stopped.

Then they had us. The shotgun man came from one side and the freighter from the other, and Tom Petticord was covering the middle with his Remington revolver cocked and ready.

When they told us, we came out with our hands up, and Tom looked at us and said, "Well, I will be teetotally damned!" And he kept looking at us like he still didn't believe it.

Sheriff Byeford was a big man. He was tall and heavy, and round-faced and big-voiced. He looked like he didn't believe it either.

He looked at me, and he said, "How old are you?"

I told him.

"Speak up," he said.

"Sixteen," I said.

"Walt Durham's boy, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"And you," he said to Bibber. "You're fifteen, is that right?"

"Yuh," said Bibber.

"Big as a draft horse. Wonder your pa don't find enough to keep you busy and out of trouble. With a cowhiding about every other day to keep you smartin'."

Bibber didn't say anything.

Sheriff Byeford said to Turk, "You've had time enough to come up with a good story. Number One: Who are your folks?"

Turk didn't look up, but his lips pulled back from his missing teeth.

Sheriff Byeford breathed hard through his nose. "All right," he said. "Now, how old are you? I got as much time as you have. I was elected to a four-year term, and I still got three to go. You can make it hard or easy, but I'll find out what I want to know, if it takes all of the next three years."

Turk said, "All right, find out, fat boy."

The sheriff said, "This last time, boy. Who are your folks?"

Turk looked up and sneered at him. Sheriff Byeford reached down and took a handful of Turk's shirt front and fetched him up like the shirt was empty.

Sheriff Byeford said, "Listen, boy; you've come lucky so far in this thing. You're a kid, and nobody got shot, and nobody shot you, and you'd be damn grateful for that if you had a brain in that head of yours. You still don't know how close you came to being dead up there with nine buckshot in you. You think you're playing a game, but you haven't any idea how tough this game can get. You went out with a gun like a man and you bucked a man's game, and you'd better take any breaks you get, because the dose we hand a man on this kind of a deal will make you mighty sick. So you stand up here and you answer any questions, and you keep a civil tongue in your head or, I'll tell you right now, boy, you won't like it!"

He shook Turk like an empty sack; Turk wasn't much more than that in his big hands. He wasn't mean about it, but he wasn't baby-gentle about it either. Turk started to cry.

I mean, criminy, that really threw me. I mean, old Turk was tough! He didn't have any folks. He didn't need any folks. Nobody told him what to do or when. He knocked around and he took care of himself, Turk did. When he started to cry, I couldn't even look at him. It was pretty awful.

One of the deputy sheriffs stuck his head in the door. "They're here," he said.

"All right," said Sheriff Byeford. He went out and shut the door. We just sat there, the three of us. Bibber was bawling too. Nobody'd laid a finger on him, but he was bawling—I guess because Turk was. I had to swallow pretty hard a time or two myself. Then, after a long time, the door opened again, and pa was standing there.

I wished I was dead. He looked at Turk and he looked at Bibber, and then he looked at me.

"Well, son," he said. He didn't sound mad. He sounded like he wanted to cry too. Criminy! I sure had to swallow hard then.

"They tell me they're going to give you a chance, boy," he said. "I told them it'd have to be up to you. I couldn't speak for you any more. You left my house. You left home. It'd have to be up to you, what you wanted."

"Look, I'll make a deal with you. You don't tell me about your day—I won't tell you about mine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was funny. I tried three times before the words came out. Like my throat was dry, sort of. "What do you mean?" I said.

"Why, the express company said they'd drop charges and put you in my custody. I told them I couldn't say yes or no. It had to be up to you."

I looked at him. I started to say something, and then couldn't say it.

Pa watched me. When he saw I wasn't going to say anything, he laid it out. "What it means is you've got to make up your mind on this. If you do come back, you're no big desperado to me. You're a sixteen-year-old cub, and you'll do as you're told and you'll keep your nose clean and a civil tongue in your head. When you're big enough and smart enough to think like a man and act like a man, you'll be treated like a man, and not one day before. If you're willing it should be like that, then you're more than welcome, son."

I wasn't scared of him. That was the good thing. When I left home—well, all right, when I ran away from home, if you want it honest—I was about three quarters mad and the rest scared. I wasn't scared now—not of pa, anyway. Maybe when I heard that first bullet rip past my ear—not over an inch or so from my head—maybe that shook the other scaredness out of me. It was like all of a sudden what he said made sense.

I looked at pa. "I'm willin'," I said. "Whatever you say."

He took a big, deep breath, like he hadn't been breathing good in quite a while.

"Come on then, son," he said.

I got up. I went out with him. Turk was hunched down with his head in his hands. He wasn't crying—not out loud, anyway. But his shoulders were shaking. He looked kind of small and skinny, sitting there all hunched up. Pa shut the door, and I couldn't see Turk any more.

The sheriff was sitting with one hip on his desk. He gave me a keen look, but didn't say anything. The deputy gave pa my rifle.

Pa took it like he didn't know what to do with it. "Thanks," he said.

"No thanks to me," said the sheriff. "Thank the express company." He looked at me. "You can thank 'em too," he said.

"What about Turk?" I said. I don't know why I said it. It just came out.

"I don't know," said the sheriff. "Can't remand him to his folks. He ain't got any. I don't know who else'd take a chance on a smart-alecky big-mouth like that. Besides, he's the one started this whole silly deal, I understand. No, I s'pect he'll serve time, to learn his lesson."

I looked at pa. He looked at me. Not that it would do any good. I mean, that's what made me leave—made me run away before. He and I just didn't think alike on anything, seemed like. Only now he looked at me.

"How about it?" he said.

"He's got no folks," I said. "He's pretty ornery." I mean, it felt kind of funny. I knew what he meant, and he knew what I meant.

"Go on out and wait in the wagon," he said.

I waited quite a while. When pa came out, Turk was with him. Pa brought him up to the wagon, and said, "Think you two can get along?"

I looked at Turk. He looked at me. He didn't look so tough. He looked pretty scared, as a matter of fact. I thought of telling him that there wasn't anything to be scared of, and then I decided not now. I mean, we had lots of time, and besides, it'd be better if he learned it himself. Right now was a good time for all of us just to get on home.

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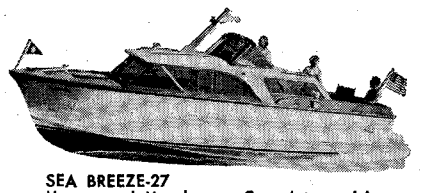

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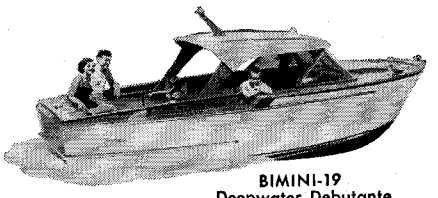

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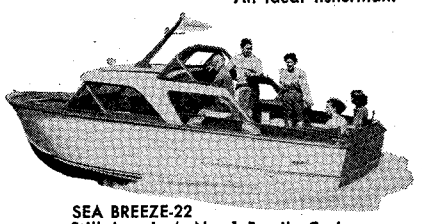

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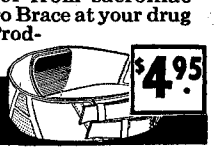

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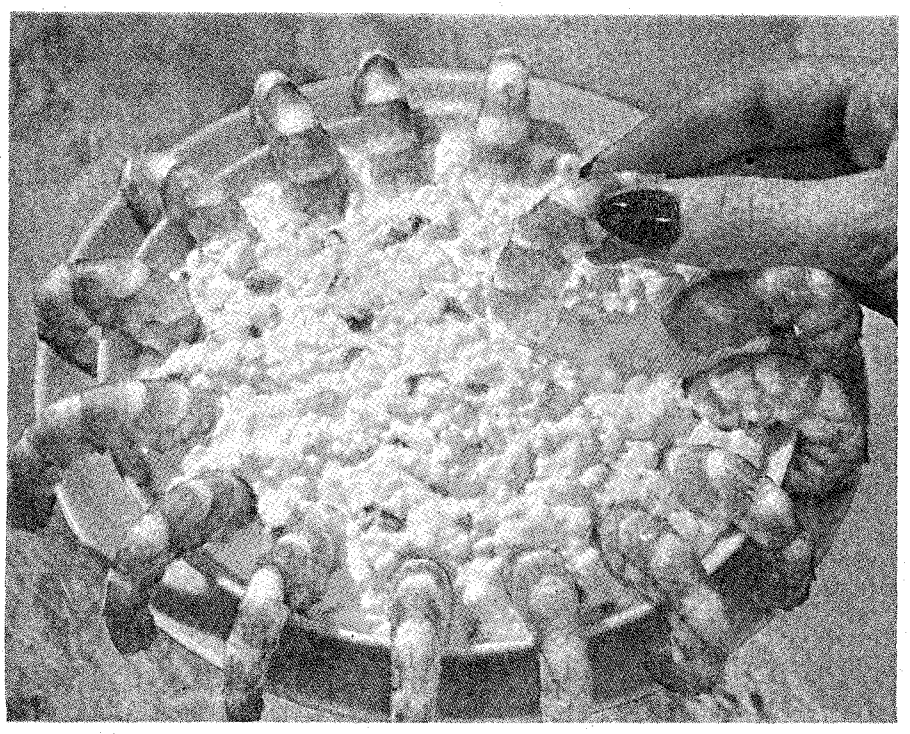

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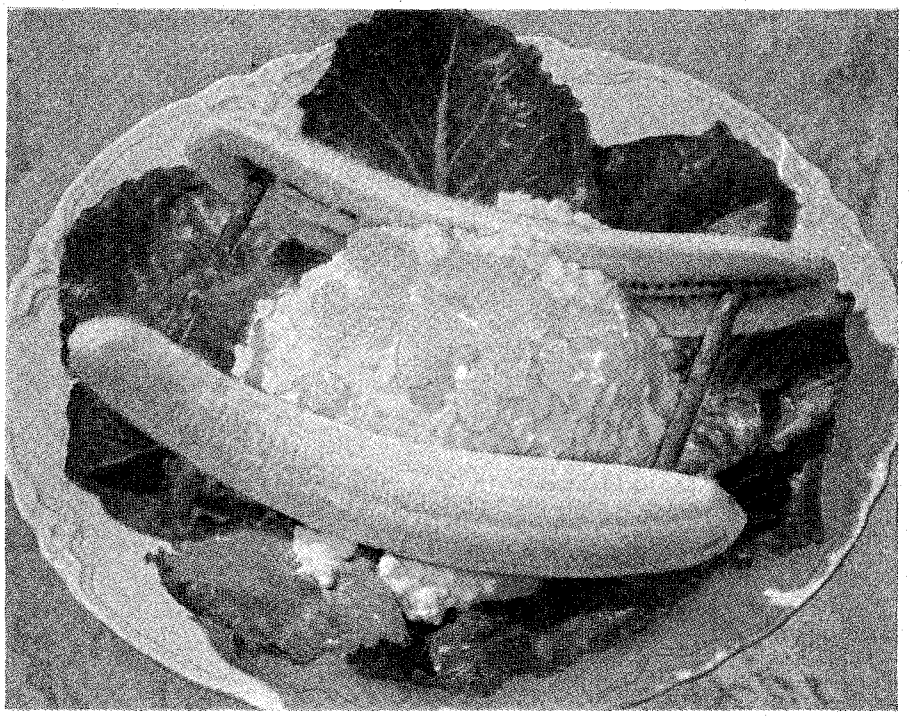

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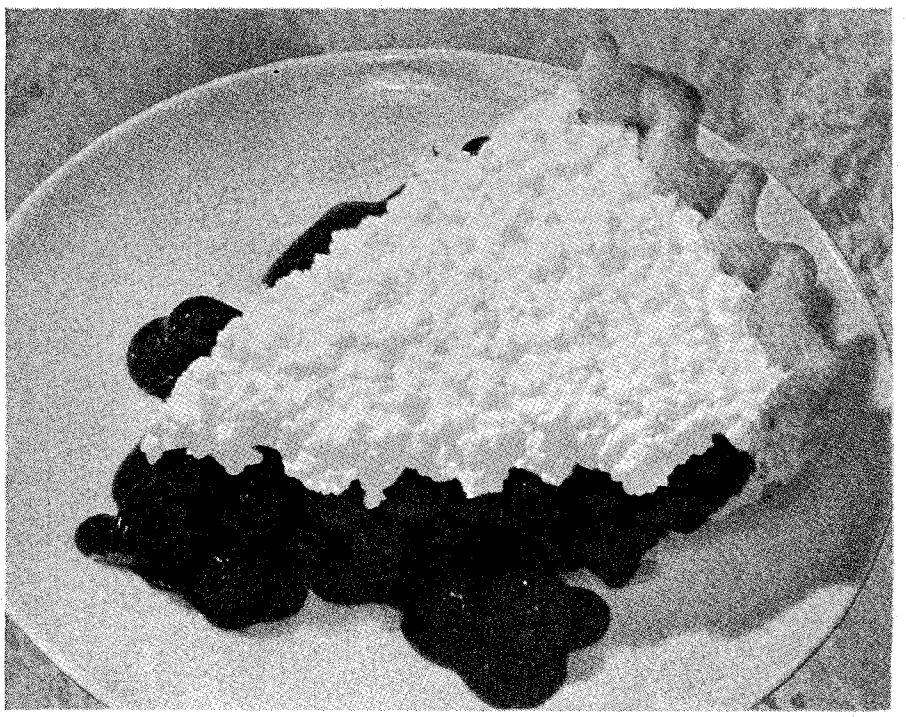

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Florida Thinks She's Got it Made

(Continued from Page 20)

All these things, of course, will eventually be worked out, and when they are, Mr. Smith says, Florida will enter a new age—the age of the atom, the rocket and the missile.

"In another twenty years, maybe ten," says Mr. Smith, whose power plants serve Cape Canaveral, "Florida will be the missile capital of the world. Atomic power, when it comes, and the missile, which is already here, will do for this state what the airplane did for California."

In this bold prediction, Mr. Smith is merely echoing what any visitor to Florida hears, whether he is listening to Governor Le Roy Collins or to a Miami Beach bus driver. Florida, they point out, has more water than she knows what to do with, but no water power, for her flat, slow-flowing rivers would not turn a child's flutter wheel, to say nothing of the great turbines of a hydroelectric plant. She has fossils—the sandy bottom of famous Silver Springs is littered with mastodon bones—but no fossil fuels, such as coal and oil, have yet been found. Ever since the atom first was split, therefore, the state has been waiting hopefully for the unlimited cheap power her citizens fondly believe nuclear fission can provide. To hasten this happy day Governor Collins has allotted $5,000,000 to two state universities for exploratory studies in the peaceful uses of the atom.

In this quest, the governor believes, the state's clean air has recently earned it an exceedingly lucky break. Harassed by ragweed pollen, which caused him to sneeze violently, Dr. Walter Zinn, one of the world's leading authorities on atomic-power reactors, resigned his post as director of Argonne National Laboratory, at Chicago, two years ago, and moved to Dunedin, on Florida's west coast. Financed by a New York group made up largely of executives of the brokerage firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, he set up his own firm—General Nuclear Engineering Corporation, known as "Genie" for short—in one wing of a large orange-juice-processing plant. There, assisted by a staff of brilliant young physicists and engineers, he is now designing power and research reactors for a dozen clients here and abroad—including McGregor Smith and his associates in the Florida Nuclear Power Group.

Someday, Mr. Smith is confident, Doctor Zinn will produce the design of a power plant the electrical companies can afford to build, and the millennium Smith envisions when he plays Swanee River on his harmonica will have arrived.

Though Florida's interest in the atom as a source of peaceful power goes back to 1942, when Doctor Zinn under the direction of Enrico Fermi, built the world's first atomic reactor in the stadium at Chicago, her concept of her destiny as the missile capital of the western world is a more recent revelation. Before the beep of the Soviet Sputnik sent the nation into a frantic scramble to launch its own earth satellite, the sprawling base at Cape Canaveral, where rockets were tested and fired, attracted little more attention in Florida than it did in Maine. Now, however, Floridians see Cape Canaveral as the nucleus of a mammoth missile industry, which, with its subsidiary suppliers, will spread throughout the state. There's no sense, Floridians argue, in fabricating these great birds somewhere and hauling them to Florida for testing, when any scientist or technician in his right mind would be happy to move to Florida to build them.

This willingness of all men everywhere to pack up their goods and chattels and move to Florida the state considers one of its greatest natural assets. When Pratt & Whitney advertised for engineers, giving them their choice of working in New England, California, Florida or the Midwest, the applications for Florida jobs outdrew the others by more than 20 to 1. The Pratt & Whitney Florida plant was located in the heart of a game refuge in the Everglades, a drowned and isolated wasteland remote from human habitation where the shriek of jet engines on the test stands could offend no living creatures except alligators, deer and great blue herons. This proved no handicap to the hiring office, for the amenities of West Palm Beach, and the clean surf of the East coast, were only twenty-odd miles away. When the Glenn Martin company was seeking engineers, technicians and top executives for its new $27,000,000 missile plant at Orlando, it got little response to its ads until the line was inserted, "Must be willing to live in Florida." Then the applications came in a flood.

"The whole United States," says Governor Collins happily, "is Florida's labor pool."

Aided and abetted by its climate, Florida in the past five years has added nearly 2000 new industries to its list, including such giants as G.E. and Minneapolis-Honeywell. Most of these have gone into the same areas that in the past have been favored by the tourists—Miami, Fort Lauderdale and St. Petersburg. The working population, it seems, in its off-duty hours, wants the same benison of sunshine, cool breezes, good fishing, water sports and horse and dog tracks that the vacationers find alluring.

Inevitably, of course, industrialization is having its effect on a state which once was the epitome of Sleepy Time Down South. Already manufacturing payrolls are pushing past tourist dollars as a source of income for Floridians, and many a drowsy little tourist resort is prodding the Florida Development Commission, asking the state's help in bringing a new factory to the town. Sociological patterns are changing too. Diapers now wave from St. Petersburg clotheslines, once the world's largest Old Folks Home. The lean and slippered pantaloons don't seem to mind the invasion of the baby-carriage set. In fact, one developer of subdivisions likes to plant a young family with lots of children in each block of homes he builds for retired folk. It helps to keep the old folks happy, he says. They pat the children on the head and make a solicitous fuss over the expectant mothers.

"It makes them feel they are still out in the stream of life, not stuck away in a backwater," the builder, a philosophical man, explained.

The industrial revolution is also reflected in the swift growth of Florida's permanent population. It is adding citizens at the rate of five hundred a day. Floridians are as fecund as anybody else, but this swift increase cannot be attributed to the baby crop. Nor is it due to the influx of retired folk, coming to Florida to live out their last days. It is due mainly to the fact that all over the United States young couples are loading their small fry into the station wagon and heading south to make a new life for themselves.

Most of them have good job prospects when they come. Others come hunting work, and are willing to do most anything to keep solvent, until they find something that suits them. Many of them find employment that in no way resembles their former trades. One Miami homeowner was startled to find that the amiable young man paving his asphalt driveway was a former Madison Avenue advertising man. A public accountant who came down looking for a bookkeeping job ended up happily running a fishing camp.

"It is the Land of Beginning Again for a lot of folks," says Governor Collins, who is always thinking up new ways of describing his state.

It is also a land where a man can indulge his whims. One Pennsylvanian, a bulldozer operator by trade, had always had a passionate ambition to own a race horse. He gathered up his wife and his life savings, and came to Miami, where he bought a yearling filly. The $2.25 an hour he now earns driving a road scraper for a real-estate developer buys oats for the filly and pays for its training. He and his wife live on the $100 a week she makes as a waitress. Both they and the horse seem happy.

"It may sound crazy, a workingman owning a race horse," he says. "But I don't drink and I don't smoke. I don't throw my money away, except on that horse. And if that makes me happy, whose business is it?"

Sometimes, in Florida, seeming luxuries may be absolute necessities. On Miami Beach there is an elderly cab driver who spends a fourth of his income to rent a cabaña at one of the better beach hotels. He never uses it himself, but his wife, a chronic invalid from heart trouble, sits there in the sun all day, quietly watching the sea.

"What else could I do?" he shrugs. "I had a good business up North. But she wouldn't have lived another six months up there. That cabaña keeps me broke, but it keeps her alive. And that's all I care about."

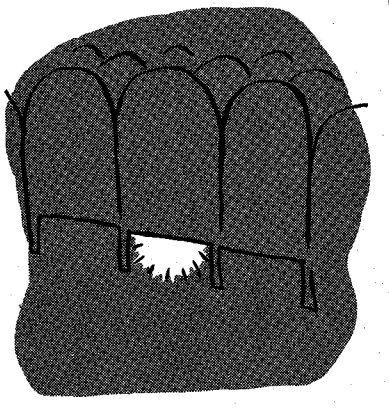
One of Florida's great selling points, of course, is based on the claim that the warm Florida sun puts new life in aging tissues and that the clean air relieves young and old of the allergies, wheezes and sniffles that flesh is heir to in the North. The first point, particularly, seems to be no exaggeration. Elderly retired gentlemen, determined to spend their sunset years doing nothing more strenuous than baiting a fishhook, after about a year of sun-soaked loafing, find themselves eagerly setting up a small business or spryly bustling about peddling real estate. The state's most nimble nonagenarian, of course, is Mr. Arthur Vining Davis, the onetime aluminum tycoon. After sixty-eight vigorous years as founder and head of the Aluminum Company of America, Mr. Davis retired to Florida in 1948, at the age of eighty-one. His "retirement" lasted about fifteen minutes. For the past nine years Mr. Davis, now ninety, has been buying, selling and developing huge holdings, building a real-estate empire estimated to be worth some $200,000,000. Some of his more grandiose plans he could hardly bring to fruition if he lived to be 120, but this does not deter him.

Florida also likes to boast that its business and political climate is as salubrious as its natural weather. With the politician's inborn instinct for plucking the goose whose feathers come loose most easily, the state's tax structure is rigged to favor the 4,000,000 who live in the state, rather than the 8,000,000 who visit there each year. There is no state income tax, either personal or corporate, no state tax on personal property, and the inheritance tax takes only a modest bite from the estates of citizens who, despite the rejuvenating sunshine, ultimately pass on. The tax on intangibles is only one mill, which leaves relatively unmolested the stocks, bonds and trust funds on which many retired folk live.

The bulk of Florida's $300,000,000 a year income must come, therefore, from excise taxes, which gives the visitors ample opportunity to contribute. A seven-cents-a-gallon tax on gasoline brings in some eighty-odd millions a year, Florida's lawmakers being well aware that 80 per cent of its out-of-state visitors come by automobile; another $20,000,000 comes from taxes on horse and dog racing, both sports heavily patronized by visitors, and another $32,000,000 derives from the tax on beer and other alcoholic beverages, which again falls largely on the tourists. (Floridians, in fact, are somewhat embarrassed when the Federal Government releases figures showing the per-capita consumption of alcoholic beverages by states. The figures for Florida are based on the state's permanent population, but the total gallonage includes that consumed by the tourists. The resulting totals would indicate that Florida's permanent residents stay permanently schnozzled.)

None of the above is meant to suggest that Florida looks upon its visitors as geese to be plucked. On the contrary, it treats them with the same tender solicitude with which the United States Fish and Wildlife Service welcomes the wild geese which winter on Florida's northwest coast. There, some 16,000 Canadas from the snowfields around Hudson Bay settle down, honking happily, on a great refuge along the St. Marks River, where, protected from poachers and predators, they spend the winter munching corn, rye grass and chufa nuts. The geese come down, riding the north wind, under the full moon of October. The tourists, motivated by the same desire to get out of the cold blasts, begin arriving some two months later. They are greeted warmly. Along all the main highways leading into the state, handsome welcome stations have been set up where the visitor is urged to guzzle all the freshly squeezed orange juice he can hold, and then is plied with information about Florida's wonders, such as Cypress Gardens, where he can witness a young man water-skiing on the soles of his bare feet. On his way back north he is urged to stop again, for another slug of orange juice, and to fill out a questionnaire. On it he is asked what he liked about Florida,

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



Phosphorescent Gum
(Helps you find your seat in a dark theatre)

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what he didn't like, how long he stayed, how much money he spent, where he came from, and whether he'd like to come back to Florida to live.

Nearly everybody, when questioned, said they like Florida fine, though there were some mild criticisms of the roads, many of which were not engineered to carry the high-speed traffic of today. A few of the squeamish, also, were made uncomfortable by billboards flaunting such incongruous come-ons as SEE PLAYFUL SPIDER—SANDWICHES AND CHILE, or DEADLY COBRAS AND RATTLESNAKES—HOT DOGS AND STEW.

The statistics on spending were somewhat surprising. According to the survey averages, the winter tourist stayed 13 days and spent an average of $5.80 per day. The summer tourist stayed 8 days and spent $6.54 a day. This, of course, seems incredible to anybody who ever tried to make out an expense account after a trip to Florida. The statisticians admit the figures look a little funny. However, they add, they include all sorts of tourists, including trailer dwellers who avoided fancy restaurants and fifteen-dollar-a-day motels, and freeloaders who spent a blissful fortnight as the guests of friends and relatives.

The figures which interest Floridians most were those which indicated that 5,000,000 of last year's visitors had every intention of coming back to Florida again, and that at least 900,000 of them planned to return to Florida to live permanently. Floridians with money to spend accept these expressed hopes at their face value. In the Miami area alone $75,000,000 worth of new hotels, motels and apartments are opening this winter, and there is talk of building a huge causeway across the lower end of Biscayne Bay which would open up another Gold Coast on the undeveloped islands to the south.

Any faint impulse a frostbitten Northerner might have toward spending his sunset years in Florida receives strong encouragement from Florida real-estate men and the building trades. For the past several years Northern publications have been flooded with glowing advertisements extolling the glories of new subdivisions where every prospect pleases and lots may be had for ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. All over the state huge developments are going in—on the West Coast, where the more conservative folk seem to congregate; the East Coast, which lures the blither spirits and the well-to-do; and in Central Florida, which seems to attract those who prefer the shimmer of man-made lakes to the slow tides of the Gulf and the booming Atlantic surf. The result has been an upsurge in Florida land values reaching the proportions of a boom.

It has, so far, been a steady, solidly based boom, however, and the state, remembering the wild speculative frenzy of the '20's, when lots were merely chips in a frenzied poker game, is determined to keep it that way. All advertisements appearing in out-of-state publications must be checked for truth and accuracy by the Florida Real Estate Commission, which sends inspectors to look over each development.

"We are trying to kill off the blue-sky boys," one official said. "We plead with the honest real-estate people to police their own business."

The law as written is tough enough. It provides a fine not exceeding $100,000, or imprisonment not exceeding five years, for any person who publishes, or causes to be published, any "false and misleading information offering for sale, or inducing any other person to buy, real estate located in the state of Florida."

The trouble is, even the wariest of Northerners seem to have the idea that Florida land is worth its weight in diamonds, or will be if they hold on to it awhile. Therefore, they read into the ads promises which are not there.

"An ad can tell the truth," one official complained. "It can say, in so many words, that the development is forty miles from nowhere, that the country club is an 'artist's conception,' and that the lake-to-be is still a bog. People still will buy, sight unseen."

The dreamy-eyed acceptance of a press agent's fantasy as gospel truth is not always so naïve as it sounds. Honest builders and developers do turn frog ponds and pine barrens into serenely beautiful subdivisions. In Broward County, north of Miami, a young Indianan named H. B. Layne, a onetime roofer who had made a fortune building prefab houses in the Midwest, paid a million and a quarter dollars of his own money for 580 acres of mangrove swamp so dense and dismal it would have terrified an alligator. He drained the morass by cutting deep canals, buried the mangroves under coral rock, poured on topsoil, sodded with grass, and created a complex of high, dry islands, interlaced with channels that give each householder access to the inland waterway. Lots range in price from $10,800 to $26,200 and are selling fast. Mr. Layne built the first house, a modest $100,000 structure with a swimming pool, patio and hi-fi music piped to every room, as a model which he hoped his neighbors would emulate. They are showing a gratifying willingness to do so. Around Mr. Layne's residence a community of unpretentious but extremely expensive houses is growing. Mr. Layne figures he will spend about $5,000,000 developing the land, will sell it for around $8,000,000, and the total value of the once-barren swamp, after the houses, apartments and hotels are upon it, will be about $75,000,000.

Mr. Layne's development, of course, appeals to people of ample resources—a Detroit importer of watch parts, a Chicago shopping-center developer, an ice-cream manufacturer from Indiana, a New York adman, a Chicago Heights funeral director. No long-term paper is involved. Mr. Layne sells for 10 per cent down and the rest in thirty days, and the lot buyers find their own builders.

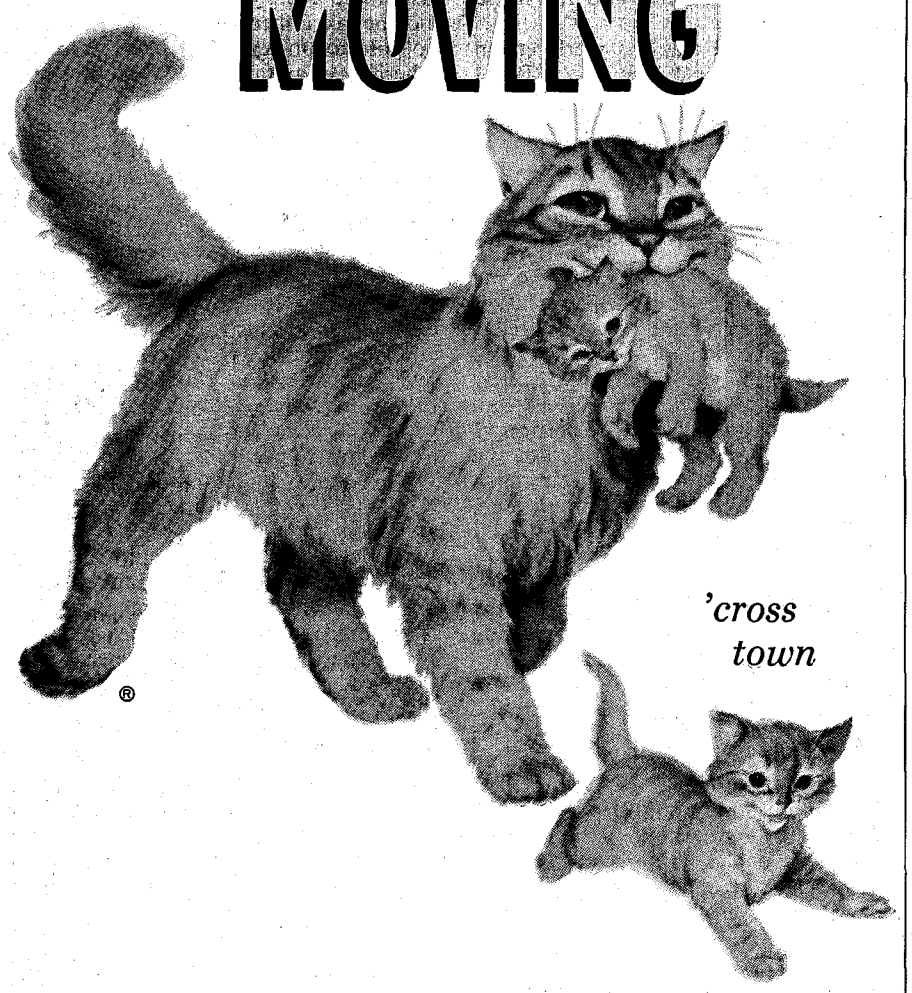
At the other end of the financial spectrum is a huge development at Port Charlotte, near Punta Gorda on the West Coast. There, the Mackle Company, doing business in Florida for fifty years, is converting 80,000 acres of range land into a mammoth subdivision where people of lesser resources also may live surrounded by palm trees, hibiscus and Bougainvillaea, along canals leading to deep water. Here 80-by-125-foot lots may be bought for $795, paid for ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. Purchasers may, of course, hold these lots until they are ready to retire some years hence. If they are ready now, the Mackle firm will build their houses for them at prices ranging from $6000 for a one-bedroomer up to $16,500 for a three-bedroom establishment, with two patios, a skylighted kitchen and an intercom system. Payments for the less pretentious houses are set as low as forty dollars a month.

The above, of course, indicates that Florida has long since ceased to be exclusively a playground for the rich. Many an elderly couple living in one of the huge developments that the Mackles, and others, have scattered over South Florida have little more to live on than their monthly Social Security checks. Economists, studying Florida living costs, figure a couple can live comfortably on $250 a month, provided they avoid the more expensive spas along the Gold Coast, once they've paid for their house and lot.

The pattern of Florida tourism is changing, too, the experts find. The Florida winter visitor used to be a well-heeled tycoon, come to spend the winter at his estate at Palm Beach or Hobe Sound. Today he is just as likely to be a shipping clerk or a sixty-dollar-a-week secretary, coming to Florida to stay a week, on a "package plan." Under these package arrangements, the vacationer pays the airlines, railroads or bus lines a flat sum covering transportation to and from Florida, plus the costs of a seven-day, six-night stay at a seaside hotel.

For ten dollars a day, for example, a winter vacationer can share a double room at a good Miami Beach hotel, with breakfast, dinner and sight-seeing trips thrown in. The more lordly pleasure domes, of course, don't encourage package planners during the winter season. They are happy to have them, however, during the fall, summer and late spring, for by this means they can keep their staffs working the year round, instead of

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



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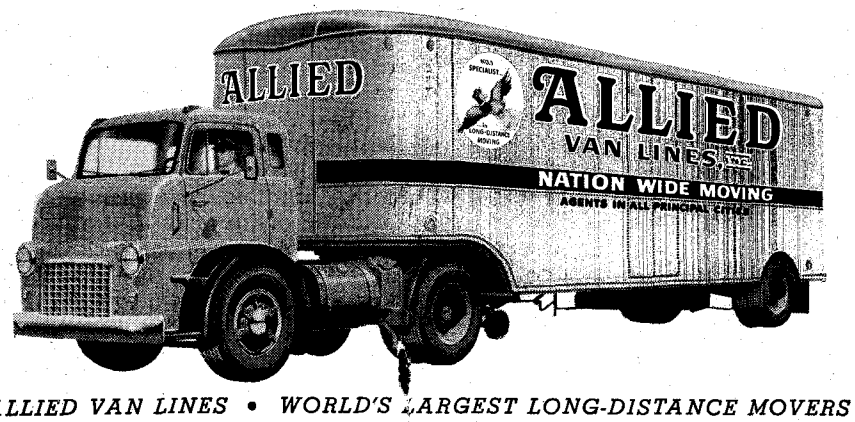
Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

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trying to recruit new bellmen, cooks and waiters each winter. The Fontainebleau, for example, which gets $46.50 a day for a double room during the winter season, cuts its rate to $47.50 per person per week for a double room sold in a summer package.

The boom in industry, in home building and in the tourist trade does not mean that one of Florida's great basic sources of wealth, its agriculture, is being neglected. Citrus growers have long since gone to the processing of concentrates, and from Cape Canaveral, where the missiles are launched, one mammoth juice-squeezing plant sends shiploads of orange juice north in specially built tankers. There it is bottled and delivered to the consumer's doorstep along with the morning milk. The Everglades muck farmers have lost some of their command of the winter vegetable market, due to the prevalence of the quick-freezing process, but Florida's big-scale agricultural operations still bring its farmers and ranchers a per-capita income of some $5100 a year, third highest in the United States.

The bony cattle which once scrounged for a living on the palmetto flats are rapidly being replaced by a mixed breed of Brahma, Hereford, Angus and Santa Gertrudis. The Mormon Church in the past few years has paid $3,500,000 for 300,000 acres of range land in Osceola County. There the Saints, by planting more nutritious grasses than the native range provides, plan to graze a cow to the acre. The old-line Florida cattlemen around Kissimmee, where experiments with heavier beef breeds and new grasses have long been under way, admit that the native Florida grasses lack nutrition. However, in the tradition of Floridians, who like to view their handicaps as assets, this is seen as a good thing. To assuage his hunger, they say, the Florida calf must consume huge quantities of grass. This causes him to develop an oversized digestive system, and when these big-bellied calves are sold to Northern feeder lots or to Texas as replacement cattle, they put on beef at a prodigious rate.

A more spectacular development in the field of animal husbandry is taking place on the gently rolling country around Ocala. There, nineteen race-horse-breeding farms have been established since the war, and the country, with its white fences, big barns, training tracks and green pastures populated by stallions, mares and yearlings is beginning to look like Fayette County, Kentucky, the Thoroughbred capital of the world.

All this is vastly gratifying to Carl Rose, a wealthy contractor who has been breeding race horses near Ocala for twenty years. Florida, he says, is uniquely qualified to be a great horse country. The Ocala area is speckled with limestone springs, whose water builds bone, and though the native grasses are weak, this can be cured by planting Pensacola grass, Bahia and coastal Bermuda. The main advantage is that a horse can spend its life out in the sun. A colt goes to the pasture with its mother the day it is born, and never suffers the distempers and stomach upsets which afflict a Northern colt when it is shut up in a stall out of the cold.

Under Florida's sunny skies, Mr. Rose says, the education of a young race horse is never interrupted by sleet or snow. Training goes on day after day, and the yearlings, who have short memories, never have a chance to forget what they learned yesterday. Also, Mr. Rose points out, mares in Florida can be bred in February or March, which means they will drop their foals early in the following year. Since all Thoroughbreds are one year old in the January following their birth, this means that Florida colts may be one or two months older, and therefore bigger, stronger and, presumably, fleeter of foot than their Kentucky cousins when they begin to race as two-year-olds.

Horse players, who are the world's most avid students of mathematics, have never noticed that Florida-bred two-year-olds run any faster than Kentucky, Pennsylvania or Delaware horses. This, Mr. Rose admits, is true. It is due, he says, to the fact that the great bloodlines still are concentrated in the North, but Florida, he insists, will soon catch up by developing swifter racing strains of its own. It hopes to begin this year with Needles, the great Florida-bred stallion who goes to stud for the first time this winter at the Bonnie Heath farms. Needles, first Florida horse to win the Kentucky Derby, Mr. Rose believes will give Florida's Thoroughbred strains the lift they have needed. Breeders in Florida, he admits, still are handicapped by a scarcity of top-grade mares, and Kentucky horsemen are reluctant to build up the Florida bloodlines by selling their own great producers, except, of course, at fabulous prices.

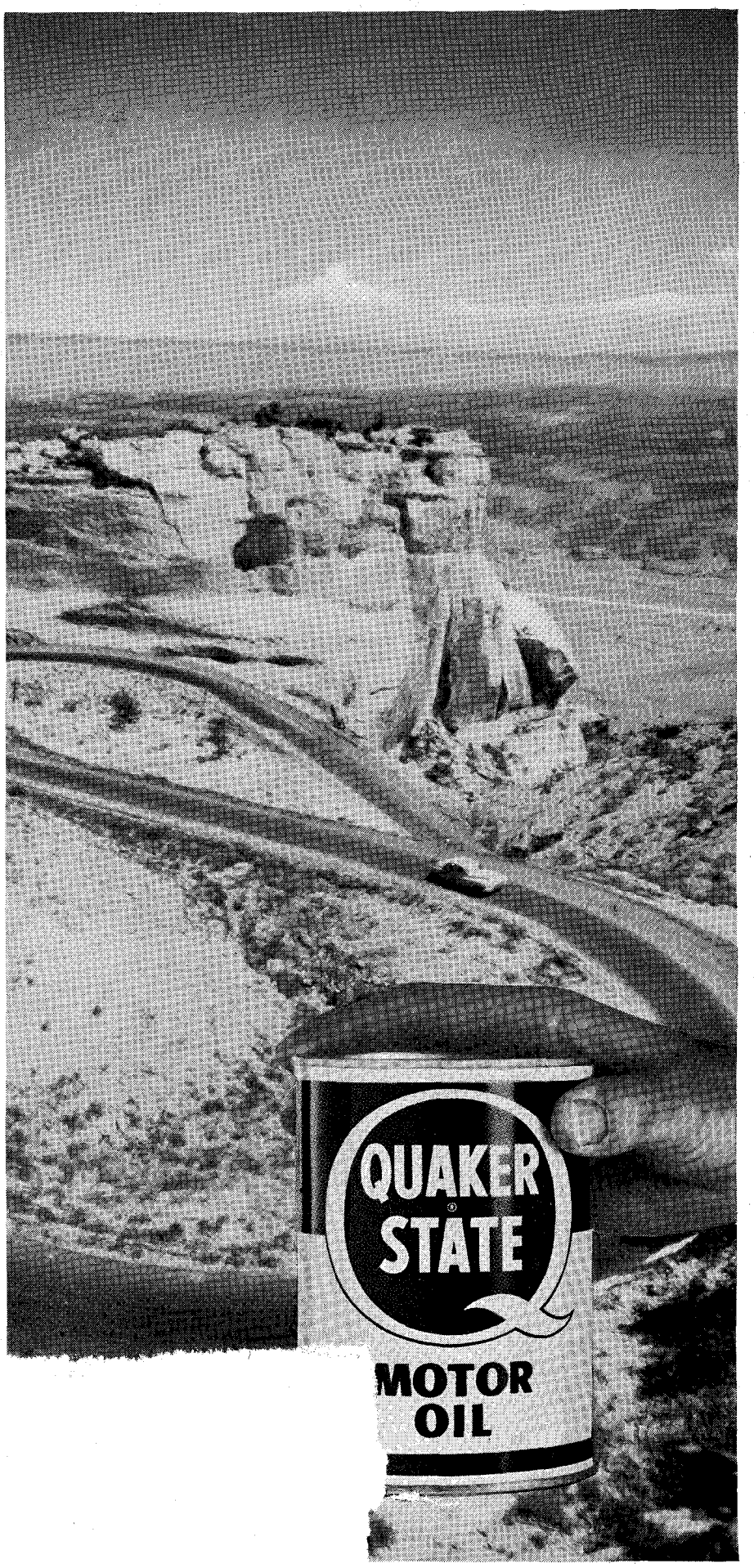
While Florida's ... ve ce st e ...

Make Room for Me

By William W. Pratt

Please, Valentine, don't be
among the scoffers
Who think an aging heart
must turn to stone.
This day, with all the thrills
and throbs it offers,
Has not been set aside for
youth alone.

My pipe and slippers leave me
discontented;
My thoughts are not in
tempo with a dirge,
So hear you this: a mind,
though somewhat dented,
Can still retain that February
urge.



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that this 100 per cent pure
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Roundup in Bloody Basin

(Continued from Page 37)

brought up to date. But in Bloody Basin the women of Zane Grey's pages are conspicuously absent. Few females ever come in, let alone those robust, ridin', romantic virgins Zane used to put on the open range.

Bloody Basin is forbidding to the modern, but 1000 years ago it was full of human life. Every high spot is littered with Indian ruins, prehistoric cairns, walls, dwellings, shards, points, artifacts. Lonnie Howard, partner in the Randall Brothers outfit, has notes on more than 700 ruins in the area that the Randalls ride. The ancient Indians evacuated the basin during the lethal drought that lasted, according to scientists, from 1276 to 1299.

The Randall range covers fifty-five sections of leased Federal land in Bloody Basin and across the Verde River—35,200 acres, two and a half times the land area of New York's Manhattan Island. This range is cut up into canyons and mesas, ridges and washes, incredibly rough terrain 4000 feet above sea level with peaks going to 7000 and the Mogollon Rim marking the edge of the Colorado Plateau in the distance.

When old Alfred Randall came here in 1877 he brought along cattle and courage and less than $100. Randall's cattle wore the Muleshoe X iron. Today's 700 Randall Herefords and their offspring, totaling more than 1000 head, are direct descendants of Randall's stock, swum across the Colorado at Lee's Ferry and brought out of Utah through the Navajo country into the Pine Mountains. The herd still wears the Muleshoe X, but the Randalls have added FK Bar, X Cross, ½, ED and G2, and the cattle don't look much like the old long-legged, long-horned range cattle, having been upbred through generations of Hereford bulls into fine, sleek, straight-backed, squat-legged whitefaces. Once in a while you do see a set of long horns to remind you of their heritage. And they're wilder and more independent than any other Herefords you ever saw.

Old Alfred Randall was born in Illinois, in Nauvoo, fateful Mormon city dominated by Joseph Smith, and came west to Utah when the Mormons migrated in 1847. In 1877 the church "called" Alfred Randall to go down to Arizona and settle there, and he took his cattle to that wild frontier where every man went armed and the unregenerate Apaches were opposed to the very idea of white settlement.

Four years later Alfred brought his wife and family after him to the new frontier. Today his son, Walter, age eighty-two, is the patriarch of the Randall clan; he is a God-fearing, frug rough-tongued, gentlehearted Latter-d Saint. He has seen the whole story fro Geronimo and the Apache Kid and t Pleasant Valley cattle-sheep feud to jeep jets and jive in one long, rich, rugge lifetime.

Pine is east of the Verde River acros from Bloody Basin. There Walter con ducts the Randall cattle business from a old rolltop desk. He can still put in hard day on a horse, has served a tern in the Arizona legislature, been a bishop' counselor, sired nine children, seen th number of his grand- and great-grand children grow into dozens. His partner in the cattle business are his middle-age son, George, and a younger Idaho-bor son-in-law, Lonnie Howard. Georg manages the herd, and Lonnie, who liv in Mesa, is the equipment-and-supply e pert. From its modest beginning the ou fit has built up to an over-all worth $450,000. It earns $40,000 a year in no mal times, has hit $50,000 when catt brought high prices, and has just come through calamitous drought and a depressed cattle market with head high and credit intact.

Zane Grey was in Pine in 1918, again in 1919 and 1920, looking for background and anecdotes for his fiction. He found plenty of both. The Ohio dentist had by then forsaken forceps for fountain pen, and scored a sensational success with Riders of the Purple Sage, which had made him Jack London's 1912 rival as No. 1 he-man American author. Then as now, the way to uncover literary pay dirt in a place like Pine, Arizona, was to be accepted by the locals as a man's man, so that people forgot the stigma of a dude method of income such as writing novels. Zane came to Arizona as a hunter and sportsman and hired Ben Copple as guide. Ben, half Indian, presently gave Grey his cachet of approval; the author broke down the local reticence toward strangers, and out of it came not only good hunting for deer, bear, elk and mountain lion but material for two novels, Under the Tonto Rim and To The Last Man. Ben Copple got a hunting rifle, a gift from Grey which he treasured till he died; he ended his days as caretaker at the Randall home ranch.

Despite Zane Grey's romantic style and the fact that he was not a historian, he did a much better job of portraying Arizona life than he is usually given credit for. People who disparage Zane Grey simply haven't seen places like Pine, don't know how honestly he tried to draw that country from life. It wasn't Zane's fault that the age of pseudo-realism soon had New York critics castigating him as a literary pariah. In 1957, as in 1918, Pine abounds in Zane Grey types, and the Randall Brothers cattle operation could be straight out of Zane Grey's pages.

Apart from the fifty-five sections in Bloody Basin and the Verde Valley, Randalls lease eight sections at Willow Valley in the Coconino National Forest—they have a summer-grazing permit there—and they own patented land near Pine where they grow barley to fatten market cattle. Grazing rights on the sixty-three square miles of leased Federal range land cost roughly $4000 a year, calculated by a Department of Agriculture scale based on the livestock price index. The number of cattle allowed on the leased range is determined by the local [illegible] and is a perennial subject of debate, rarely high enough to suit the rancher nor low enough to suit the Forest Service. The Bloody Basin-Verde permit used to be for 930 head, is now down to 700. Calves don't count for pay purposes until June first of the year following their birth year. If Zane Grey were writing now he'd probably use the relation between the Forest Service and the ranchers as literary material.

The Randalls have improved their big range by putting in more than 100 miles of barbed-wire fence to control the cattle, and have built corrals, water tanks, bunkhouses and a headquarters building. To handle the cattle they maintain thirty head of working cow ponies, seven trucks and pickups, a number of tractors of all sizes and much farm machinery and equipment. The object of it all is the annual cash crop of Randall beef, which, in round numbers, is 500 head—300 yearlings, 100 cows, 100 calves.

The art of making the operation pay is called herd management. This calls for an intimate knowledge of every bull and cow in the herd and their offspring. Practice solid eugenics and your herd thrives. Let nature take its course and you go broke. There's a bull to every twenty-five cows. Bulls are bought as purebred yearlings for $200 to $250, matured with the herd, replaced after three to four years' activity as sires to prevent inbreeding when their own female progeny reach breeding age. Herd cows are culled out at the age of nine or ten as their teeth begin to go bad in the rough red-granite country—offspring of these old cows don't do so well as those of younger stock. Replacement cows come from the herd, as strangers simply can't cope with the rugged environment. Of 200 cows bought to replenish herd losses during the recent drought, twenty-two stood up against the fence and died of starvation because they didn't know how to rustle a living in among the cactus and cedars.

As for the yearly calf crop, it must be dehorned, ear-marked, vaccinated, branded and the males castrated before the calves are old enough to leave their mothers' sides. This means roundup twice a year, spring and fall. Roundup lasts six weeks, goes on from daybreak to dark every day, no days off. In earlier times when cowboys worked for thirty dollars a month, a crew of a dozen would go in to Bloody Basin for the job. Nowadays, when top hands are almost unobtainable and a cowboy's monthly wage is $200 and found, George Randall and Lonnie Howard do the job with a crew of four, borrow extra hands or get family help when more men are needed to move the rounded-up herd.

Roundup riders must know the Bloody Basin terrain as you know your own street. It is taken for granted that they are superb riders, also that they know that vanishing art, how to shoe a horse. The cowboy provides his own saddle and pad, his bridle, lariat, chaps and bedroll. If there's no bunk, he sleeps on the ground. He is not choosy about rations—he'll eat beef and biscuit twice a day and make out on a can of juice for lunch. He doesn't shave, doesn't worry about baths or changes of underwear or the sanitary details of his drinking water. He puts in ten hours a day in the saddle, sometimes twelve. He gets off his horse to wrestle lusty beef critters to the ground, tie their feet with his piggin' string after a bout that makes rodeo riding or Spanish bullfighting look like play; he then brands them with a running iron carried on his saddle. If he hangs up in a lariat tied fast to his saddle horn and misses death only because his horse stands instead of dragging him off, it's something to joke about. He goes right on tying his rope to the horn because "when we get seagrass on a steer we want him to stay roped."

Hard on a cowboy? Well, the roundup's hard work all right, but a cowboy has a funny feeling that he's lucky to be there. If he doesn't feel that way, he quits—many a boy has walked off the job in Bloody Basin. You sure couldn't hire anybody to do it for money. But Billy Helm flew all the way back from Alaska at his own expense—gave up a good job there—so as not to miss the Randalls' 1957 spring roundup. And Wendell Randall, known as "Jake," could earn twice the pay doing some easy job in town, but he's all cowman by nature. And young Lee Hunsacker and his cousin, Denny, they're only around twenty-two and haven't hit their prime as cowboys yet, but every year they get to come along and learn the range a little better. Being in Bloody Basin is like playing ball for the Braves or Yanks—it's the big time of real old-fashioned cowboying. Ask anybody in Arizona who really knows. These boys, incidentally, are all thoroughly familiar with the outside world. Military service took care of that.

The cowboy in Bloody Basin has three or four changes of horses. Horses are always going lame or getting hurt or sore-backed in this rough work. There's no sparing them. Some days when cattle are wild the horses have to run till they're plumb beat out, stand there heaving for breath and trembling all over. They'll eed a couple of days' rest, maybe three, fter a workout like that. The best horses re bred right on the ranch, spend their hole lives in that rough country, learn ıe calf-roping game, the cutting-out ıme, how to run dodging, squirming earlings. Cowboys love to ride horses ke that. Apart from the ranch's own eeding, the Randalls prefer horses ought in from Mexico from a rough-ountry, below-border outfit they have ng dealt with.

Each cowboy shoes the horses he will de, trims hoofs with nipper, knife and sp, cold-fits the shoe, then nails and inches it. The first day of roundup is an rgy of shoeing. Some horses take it hilosophically. Some fight and kick with ars back and nostrils flaring, have to be ed and held with elaborate cowboy rigging, tail to pastern and rope around eck, to an accompaniment of elaborate owboy epithets.

The actual roundup is like a minor military operation. Each day begins with a strategy conference, discussion of the terrain. The trouble is, there are more cattle than men. (*Continued on Page 104*)

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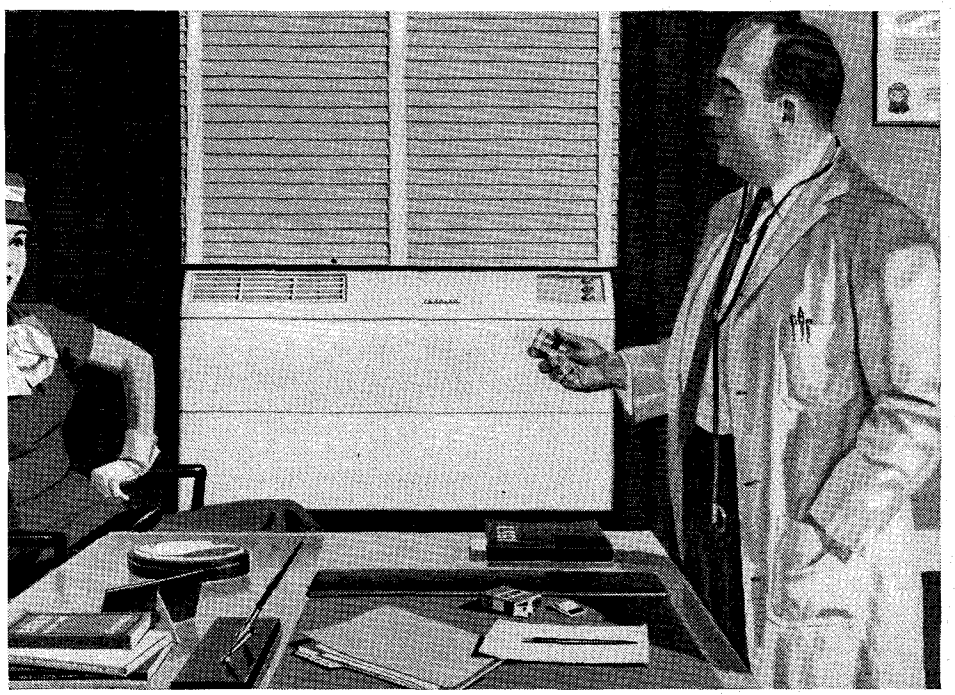

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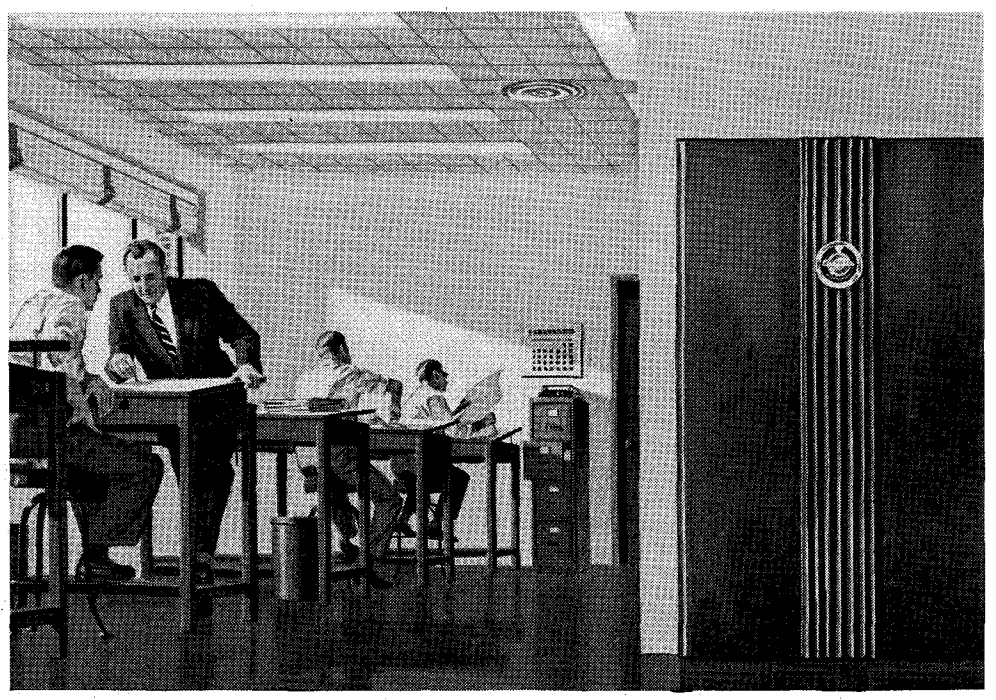

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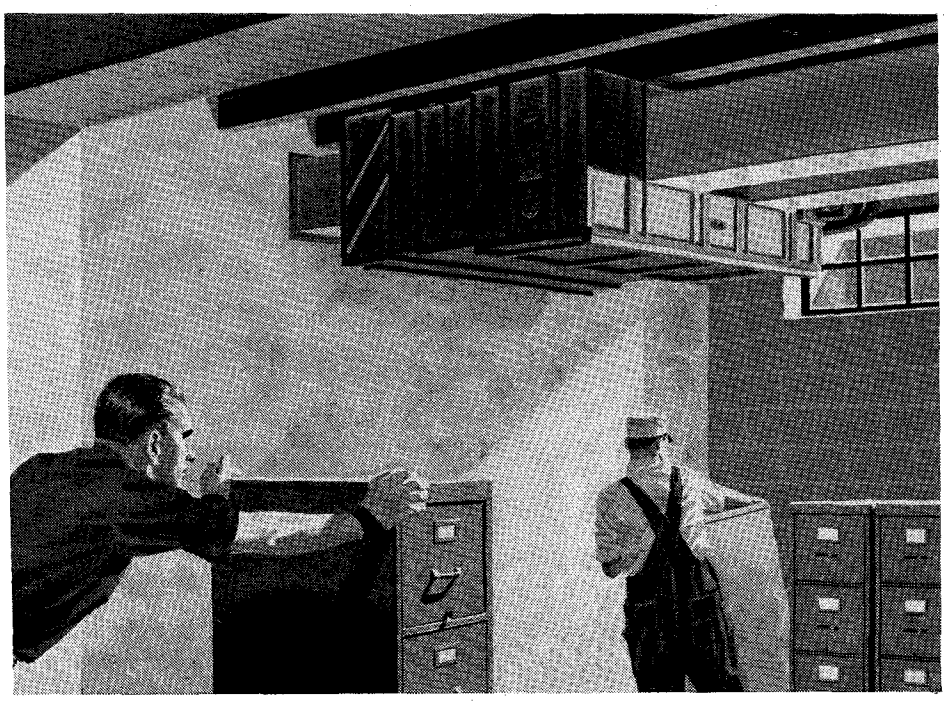

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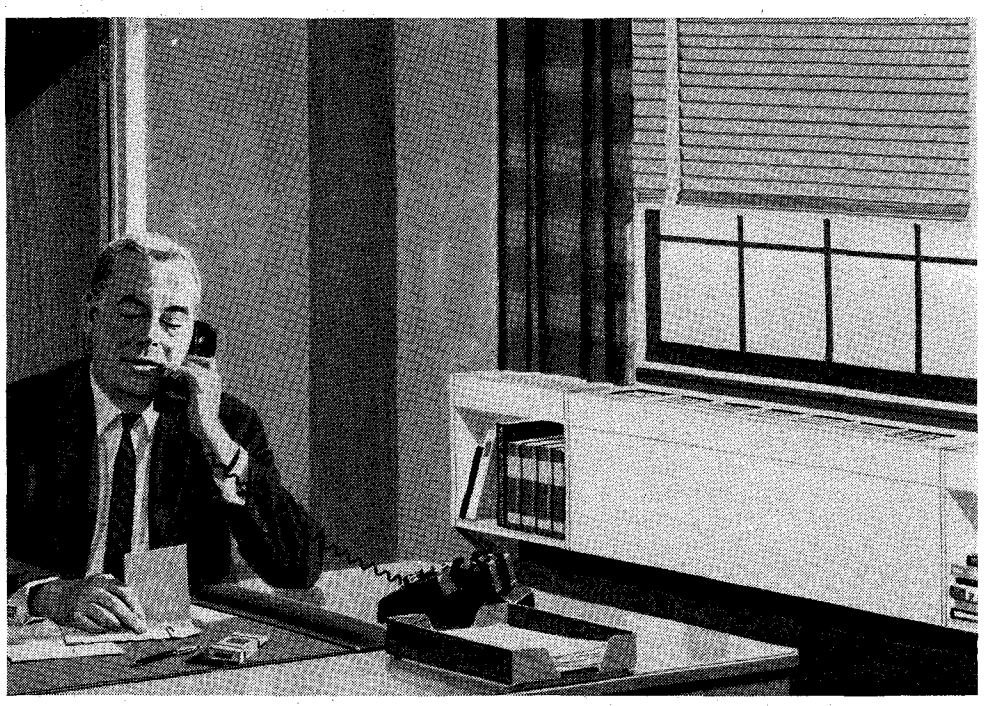

Do you own a large building? A Carrier Weathermaster System with neat Modular room units like this one will give the occupants of every office control of their climate in every season of the year.

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(*Continued from Page 102*) And the country is bigger than big, and sheerer than sheer, and brushy and wild and cut up. A day's riding covers six or eight square miles of range; day after day the whole country is covered, and the trick is to keep cattle from breaking through into a part of the range that has already been ridden. George Randall, the roundup foreman, assigns horses, details riders to specific tasks; some men riding the ridges, some the canyons, some lying in wait at places where cattle, who know the country better than anyone else, will try to break through.

There's no way of knowing in advance how many cattle are in each day's area. It's no use trying to get a count from an airplane, as there's too much cover for cattle to hide in. What George does know accurately is how many cattle were on the whole range after the last roundup, how many offspring should have been added, how many accidental or predatory deaths can be expected. He doesn't expect one riding to bring in all the cattle from an area, only about three-fourths. The cattle are wild, strong, resourceful and freedom-loving.

Because of the thick brushy cedar, mesquite and manzanita vegetation, cowboys take cow dogs along—ranch collies crossed with Australian cow collies, intelligent, self-possessed, instinctively cow-conscious. A good cow dog is worth two extra cowboys in country like this. Six cow dogs were part of the team in Randalls' 1957 spring roundup.

A day's riding usually starts at the highest part of the roundup area, up on the mountain slopes, and works down. Two riders take the sides of the watershed, two the low country, two wait at the saddles to forestall breakout. Cattle hear the harsh grating of shod horses' hoofs on stones and hide in brushy thickets. Dogs smell the cattle, go in after them, barking furiously, and suddenly two or three Herefords come out on the run and a horseman rides hell for leather to intercept them and turn them down country.

Sometimes cattle seem docile and start moving along quietly until half a dozen have been gathered. Then, as if on signal, they scatter in different directions. Cattle can run nearly as fast as a fast horse, and if there's brush and cover the cattle dodge, fake and feint in and out of the cedars like good open-field runners. If a cowboy can't head the critter any other way, he lassos it and drags the animal back to the herd or perhaps binds it to a tree with a tie rope, to be collected later.

Once cattle are in a herd of twenty or more they lose much of their independence and become herd animals bound together by a curious bovine cohesion. Cows and their calves bawl to keep in touch with each other. Young calves, being weaker, gravitate toward the rear and end up in the "drag" with the dogs nipping at their heels, and the mother cows, irked at the commotion, turning with horns lowered in fierce indignation. Stronger animals are in the lead. George rides up front to indicate the trail, one or two cowboys take each flank, the rest bring up the rear. The cowboys talk to the cattle, whistle softly, make soothing sounds, keep the herd pace slow, stop often for rest and grazing. It isn't compassion, but a hardheaded wish to keep the "shrink" down—that is, have "the stuff" lose as little weight as possible while traveling.

Sometimes half a day's riding goes by with no cattle at all to show for the work. A long hard day of roundup by six men should bring in twenty or thirty, seldom more on this huge range. At the day's end the gathered stock are herded through a gate into a pasture lot, held there until three or four days' riding has gathered 100 head or so, when they are moved to corrals for cutting out and branding. George Randall and Lonnie Howard do the cutting out. George rides into the milling herd. Lonnie, ahorse, faces him, ready to pick up and hold the critter. What George does is unspectacular, but the cowman knows that this scrutiny of each animal is the essential core of the cattle business.

Sell this yearling. . . . Turn that pregnant cow back on the range to have her calf. . . . Move this poorly heifer up to the other end of the range where the feed is better. . . . Sell that bull. . . . Sell that stag-horned steer. . . .

Unbranded stock is cut into the branding corral, which reeks of wood smoke and burnt hair and frightened cattle, noisy with the anguished bawling of animals. George and Lonnie, mounted, do the roping. Lee wrestles the downed cattle and ties them up. Denny tends the fire. Bill and Jake brand and vaccinate. The ranch's six brands are all used as an aid to internal bookkeeping and herd management, each calf being ironed with the brand worn by its mother. Accurate tally is kept of the brand and sex of each calf branded.

Only two years ago a rough jeep trail was bulldozed into the basin, making it possible to truck in corrugated iron and lumber and put up simple bunkhouses at Red Creek and the Horse Camp. Before that, the roundup camp lived outdoors and cooking was done in the open in Dutch ovens. Now each bunkhouse has an old-fashioned, wood-burning kitchen range. At Red Creek there's even an old refrigerator, but no ice and, of course, no electricity. Light comes from a gasoline lamp. Lonnie Howard has built crude bunks of two-by-fours with old double bedsprings stretched across, and some of the bedsprings even have mattresses.

One hundred and fifty dollars' worth of groceries and staples and thirty dollars' worth of horseshoes come in at the start of the roundup. The fall roundup lives on deer meat, as hunting season is then open and the country is game-rich. In the spring, beef is killed and butchered to provide the staple beef and biscuit. George Randall is biscuit maker, and Lonnie Howard is beef specialist and bean boiler.

After supper, dishes are pushed aside and a game of high-low-jack, played with greasy old cards, determines who will be dishwasher, who will turn out and build the morning fire and get the coffee on, and who will jingle the horses into the corral in the dawn and grain them for the next day's ride. By 9:30 the men are stretched out in bedrolls, talking shop until they snore off to sleep—talking about that brockle-faced heifer that give Jake such a run, and did you see Bill's horse when that young bull brung up with a jerk, and when Bill got down that bull took after him, and away Bill run with chaps aflyin' and that bull's horns six little inches from his tail.

After two weeks of 1957 spring roundup the Bloody Basin country west of the Verde had been ridden over once, and some 300 of the 400 cattle assumed to be on that part of the range had been brought in. One hundred of these had been turned back onto the range—heifers, pregnant cows, cows with calves—and the remaining 200 were herded down a cattle trail and across the river, some bound to summer pasture in the north, the rest to the sale lot.

The two weeks had lamed three horses—one a day for the first three days when the horses were soft and the cowboys full of hell and hard riding. Poultices and rest had taken care of these injuries. Jake Randall had had a narrow squeak when he hung up in his rope and his horse dragged him and trapped him against a cedar; he was lucky to get out of it with a sprained arm and some scratches. Billy Helm had run an ear-marking knife almost all the way through the fleshy part of his left thumb, and the resulting swelling handicapped him for a couple of days. Nobody noticed the beards everybody had grown until Glenn Randall and Stan Fuller rode in from Pine, clean-shaven and clean-clothed, to help move the herd across the river.

The Verde River isn't very wide, but the trail down to it is steep, losing a couple thousand feet of altitude in a couple of miles, and the current is swift and there are deep holes. Young cattle are terrified of it. Born up on the Bloody Basin range, they have never seen water except in muddy brown collection tanks and in rivulets and washes after cloudbursts.

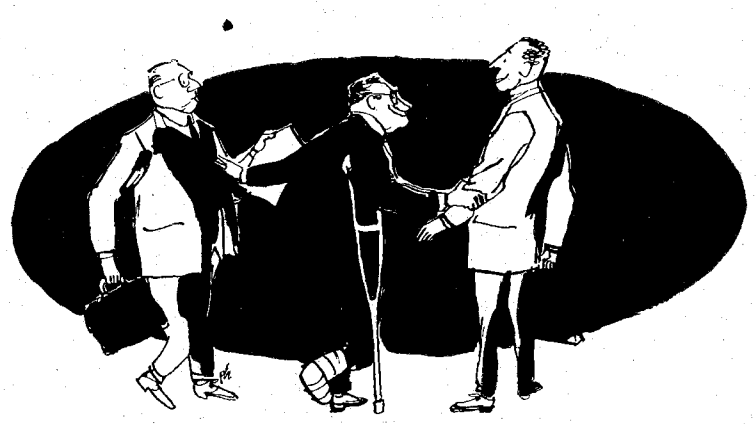
They stand in stubborn mutiny at the prospect of crossing the Verde. Older cows wade in, plow across stolidly. Small calves take the plunge after their mothers, swim over in panicky innocence. The horsemen ring the herd, crowd close to those stubborn yearlings, yell till they are hoarse, try to spook the cattle into the water. Sometimes there's nothing to do but get down and wrestle with the mutineers, throw them into the water by force. Then, to their amazement, the yearlings find they can swim.

Zane Grey fell in love with this world—fell in love with the flashy bird life among the thorny vegetation, the cardinals and mockingbirds and the incredible hummingbirds. He fell in love with the cool clear dawn light, the fresh air of early morning, the baking dusty heat of midday, and with the deep night blue of the sky and the golden twinkle of all the stars in the heavens.

Zane Grey had a love affair with the people, the rugged uncomplicated men, the forthright natural women, the sturdy kids. The Ohio-born dentist discovered the long days of hard work salted by humor, a rough world in which anger is rare and exasperation is tempered by philosophy; a world in which the weariness of the day's end is answered by the kind of deep sleep that regenerates.

Zane Grey's world is still there, still a pretty good one. It's not for everybody. You have to be pretty tough to enjoy it—or for that matter even to get a look at it. Up above Bloody Basin the jets leave long vapor trails across the cerulean blue of the Arizona sky. To the north the tourists are looking at Montezuma's Castle, and to the east they are visiting the spectacular Tonto Natural Bridge, and to the west they are playing cowboy at the dude ranches of Wickenburg. In the early morning Billy Helm's plastic portable radio brings the roundup camp news of the world.

But Bloody Basin, with its ancient Indian ruins, is a timeless place. When you pull your chaps over your pants and ride through Zane Grey's Wild West you feel that the world is going to manage, somehow, to keep on going for a long, long time, and that perhaps man and his cattle, there on the Western range, will outlive all the tensions and extravaganzas brewed together in the faraway national capitals. THE END



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Murphy, injured in an automobile accident, hired Lawyer Smith to represent him. He agreed to pay Smith one third of any out-of-court settlement or 45 per cent of any sum obtained by suing. Smith got a settlement offer of $3000. Murphy rejected it. As Smith was preparing to sue for more, Murphy told him he was fired and engaged another lawyer. The other lawyer sued and obtained $8000. Smith promptly went into court and claimed 45 per cent of the amount as his fee.

"Murphy broke our contract by firing me without reason," he argued. "If he had not done so, I would have gone ahead and sued and gotten the $8000 for him."

"I'll pay Smith one third of the $3000 settlement out of court that he negotiated, but not a cent more," Murphy replied.

If you were the judge, would you award Smith 45 per cent?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Smith won. The court held that he had done his job as a lawyer "faithfully and competently" up to the point where he was "discharged wrongfully and without just cause." Therefore, it ruled, he was entitled to substantially what he claimed.

Based upon a 1957 Arkansas case.

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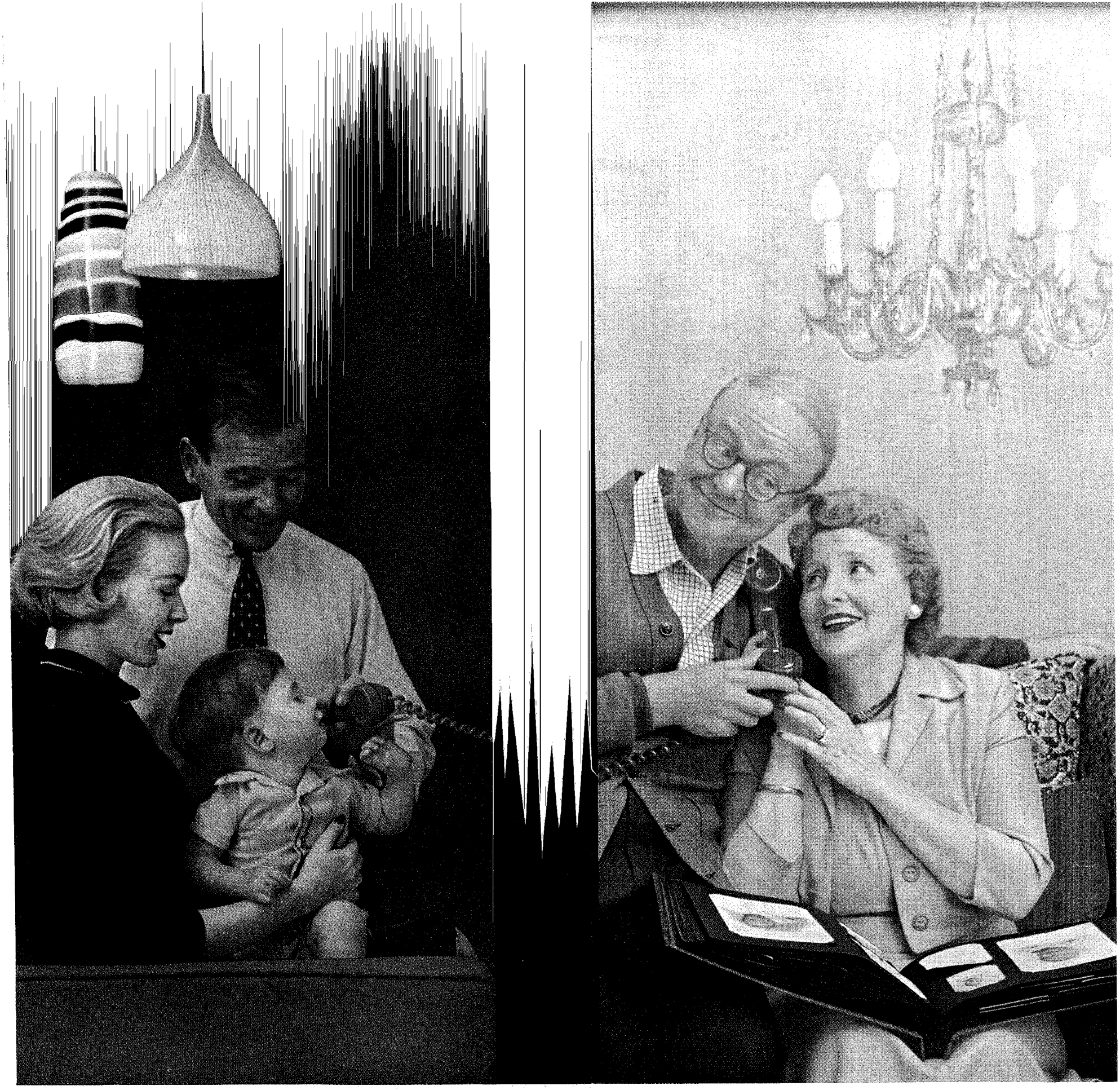

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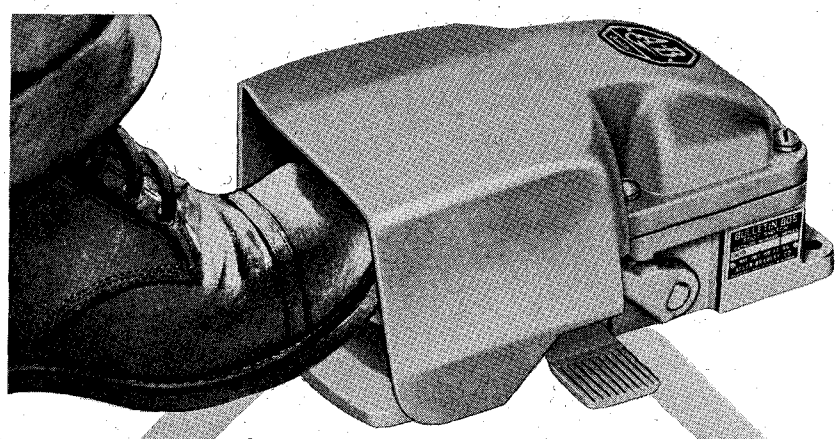

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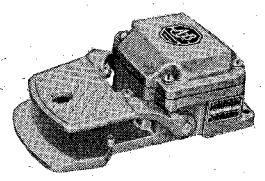

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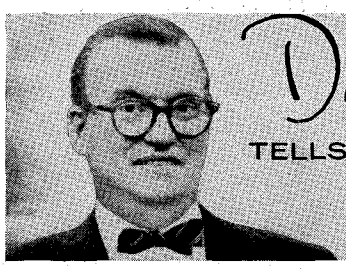

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On My Own (Continued from Page 33)

dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir, Mr. Nehru was completely emotional because of his personal ties to Kashmir. I felt he suffered a stoppage of all reason on that particular subject and contradicted the high ideals that he normally expressed in regard to the right of people to decide their own destiny.

To an extent I had never before witnessed, Mr. Nehru has the power to concentrate. Once at a dinner, I noticed that he seemed to have completely detached himself from his surroundings. He ate, but he obviously was "not present." He was far away and thinking about something entirely unrelated to the dinner-table conversation. On another occasion, I observed that he was really not listening to what I was saying to him and, for the moment, was even unaware that I was trying to carry on a conversation. This power of self-detachment and concentration is less unusual in India, but it was something I had previously observed only in persons who had been a long time in solitary confinement. Mr. Nehru has the viewpoint of a man educated in the West, but at heart he is very much an Indian as well as very much a human being.

It seems to me that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' method of dealing with Prime Minister Nehru has been unfortunate and unwise. You have to remember that India is newly independent and the Indians are highly sensitive in regard to their independence. You have to remember, too, that since the Communists came into power in China, India is the only large non-Communist nation in Asia. Mr. Nehru firmly expects India will remain non-Communist, and this is of great importance to the West. Yet Secretary Dulles has, in my opinion, made several grave errors in dealing with India. When negotiating the Japanese treaties, for example, he visited various Far Eastern countries, but did not go personally to India. Mr. Nehru felt this was an obvious slight, and I cannot see how it was wise to create resentment toward us in such an important country. Then when India and Pakistan were in conflict, we sent arms to Pakistan, theoretically at least for defense on her northern borders. It created more bitterness against us in India, and it might well have been avoided by limiting our aid to Pakistan to the economic field. I cannot help but feel that Mr. Dulles fails to understand the feelings of many of the peoples with whom we must deal—that he lacks antennae with which to reach out and sense the attitudes of others at times when such attitudes may be of utmost importance in our struggle against Communism.

To a lesser extent, this same lack of understanding marked the official tour which the State Department planned for King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, when they visited the United States in 1953. I had met the king and queen earlier the same year when, during a visit to their country, I had been invited to lunch with them at the palace near Athens. Our embassy made all arrangements for my visit and, as usual, they sent me to the palace in a very dignified-looking but slow-moving automobile. We were rolling sedately along the road when there was a great roar of motors behind us and a racy sports car zipped up the highway and passed us at very high speed. It was followed by several other cars that were straining to keep up. I got a good look at the driver of the first car and realized that it was the king, dashing along as if he were a racing driver out for a morning's test spin. He went so fast, in fact, that before we got to the palace we had passed two of the automobiles which had been accompanying him, but which had found the pace so swift that they had broken down.

I found the queen charming, warm and intelligent. Perhaps the king's personality is not so warm as hers, but he is an able man and greatly interested in the young people of his country, so many of whom are orphans from war and natural disasters, and so many of whom are hungry. I believe I receive more letters from Greece asking for help than I do from any other country and I know they need so much. At luncheon, the queen told me of her efforts to alleviate this situation and added that someday she hoped to visit the United States and see our rehabilitation hospitals, where great progress has been made in helping handicapped children.

When she and the king did make the trip, they were escorted many places by representatives of the Department of

People are Like That

It is well established that young husbands today become fathers earlier and more frequently than in the past. But what about middle-aged husbands? Do you suppose they father more or fewer children nowadays?

Middle-aged husbands are contributing mightily to the population increase. Statistics comparing birth rates of 1940 and 1955 reveal that in the latter year husbands between the ages of forty and forty-five became the fathers of 43 per cent more children. Only among husbands past fifty-five did the birth rate decline, by 12.9 per cent.

Arthur Larsen

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State. I noticed, however, that they reserved five days at the end of their official visit for an unofficial tour on their own in New York City. So I wrote her a note when they arrived in New York, recalling our conversation in Greece and inquiring whether she had been able to see the things she wanted to see.

Goodness knows what the State Department had shown them at great expense and effort, but she replied that she had not seen anything that she really wanted to see.

I then said that I would arrange a short tour for her, and one morning Mrs. Joseph P. Lash and I guided her to several institutions. We went to the new hospital where Dr. Howard Rusk has done so much to help the recovery of crippled children. The queen was wonderful with the patients. One little boy who had had polio attempted to show her how he had learned to walk again, but he was in such a hurry that he fell. It was the queen who got to him before anyone else and picked him up, saying, "Don't worry. Many of us fall when we try to show what we can do. But I'll help you up and you show me again."

We also visited the Alfred E. Smith housing project, which includes a settlement house, and stopped at the apartment of a second-generation Greek couple. The queen seemed impressed and, upon leaving, remarked, "I wouldn't mind living here myself." Later, visiting the Henry Street Settlement House, we were walking—a sedate little procession of officials accompanied the queen—from one building to another when we passed a city fire house. Looking through the big open door, the queen saw the brass fire pole and paused.

"Do you think they would mind if I went in?" she asked.

I said I was sure they would be happy to have her and I introduced a fireman on duty to her. She seemed so interested that I then asked the fireman if it would be possible to demonstrate how the men answered an alarm. He rang the bell and, an instant later, the men began sliding down the brass pole from the second floor to jump on their trucks. Then, last of all, their big cat came sliding down the pole. The queen laughed and clapped her hands in delight. Then she said good-by, we rejoined our dignified little procession and walked sedately on down the street.

One of the royal families of Europe I enjoyed visiting was that of Holland. I had always admired the former queen, Wilhelmina, for her stanch courage during the war and her insistence upon being a good Dutch housewife as well as a capable ruler. Even when she was the sovereign, she often went by herself to a small cottage that she owned and, for a week or so at a time, did her own housekeeping, cooked her own meals and, I suppose, even made her own bed. I must confess that I have never understood the Dutch manner of making up a bed. When I stayed at the Dutch summer palace I was given a historic suite, built several centuries ago and usually reserved for distinguished guests. The rooms were delightful and I enjoyed staying there—except when I tried to sleep. There were wonderful linens on the bed, but I can never escape the feeling that the Dutch go out of their way to make themselves uncomfortable at night. There usually is a long bolster placed at the head of the bed and it is tucked in so firmly when the bed is made that I can never find a way to remove it. Then, in addition to the bolster, there are big pillows. This makes such a mass of things at the head of the bed that you do not have room to lie down and stretch out unless you are a short person, which I am not.

Struggling with this problem on one occasion, I tried sitting up to sleep, but that is not satisfactory for me. About all I could do was to curl up as comfortably as possible with my feet against the footboard. Perhaps I just don't understand the sleeping habits of the Dutch.

I have a very special feeling about Wilhelmina's daughter, Queen Juliana, because, like Princess Martha of Norway, she came a number of times to stay with us at Hyde Park with her husband and children. Franklin was godfather to their third daughter. She and her husband have brought up their children in a democratic way and part of the time they have attended the public schools. Once when two of the children and some small friends were walking home, they passed an orchard where they picked up some apples which had fallen outside the fence, but which, of course, did not belong to them. The owner called the police and a little later the police telephoned the palace and informed the then Princess Juliana that her children were more or less in custody.

"Very well," she replied, "you must deal with them just as with the others. Then telephone me again and we will come and get them."

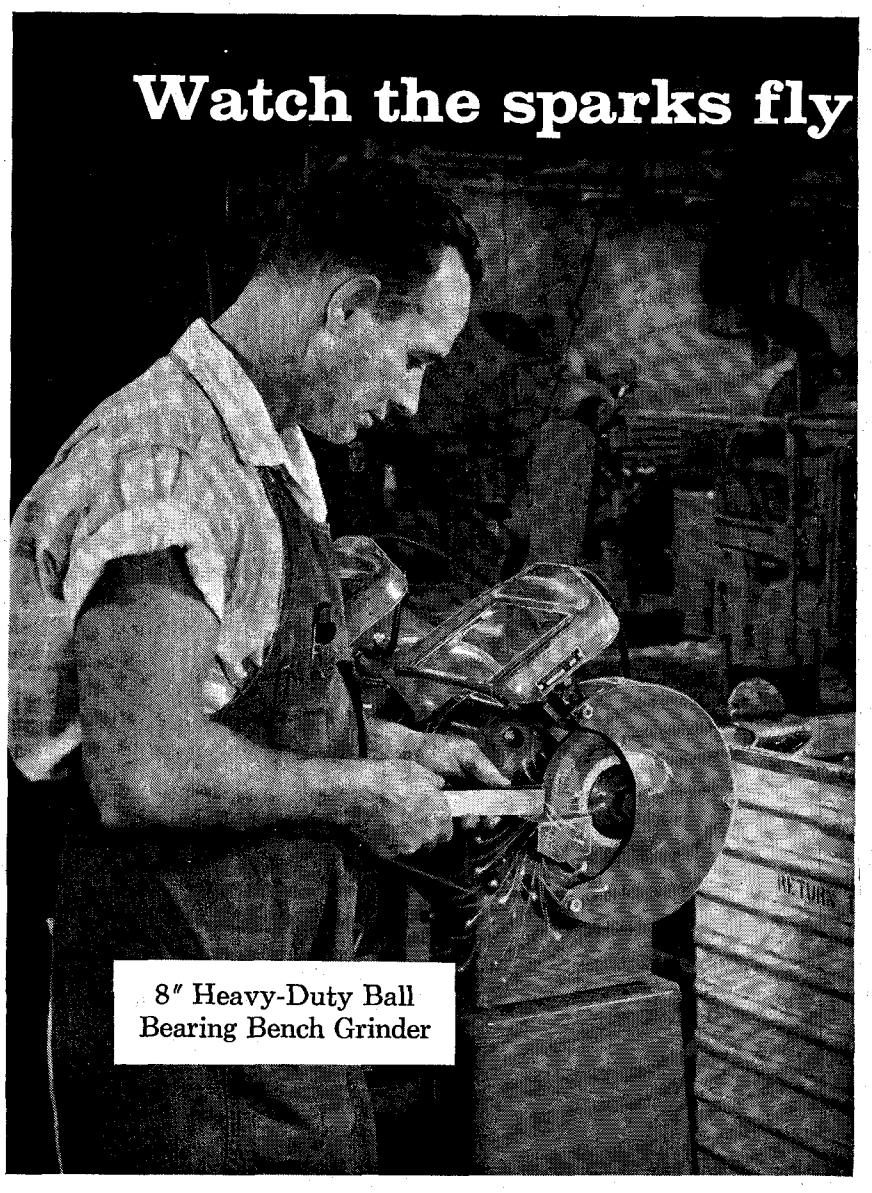
All the children were reprimanded by the police and at least a couple of them received additional punishment at the hands of their parents when they got back to the royal palace.

I was the guest of Juliana before she became queen, at the time the University of Utrecht awarded me a degree of doctor of laws. It was a colorful ceremony and at the end of it the princess and I drove in a carriage drawn by four horses with great pomp and ceremony to the women's house of the university. The women were very proud because it was not often that a woman was given a degree, but on this occasion they not only participated in the ceremony but we had women as outriders accompanying our carriage. The princess was at the students' house with me, and I look back upon this particular incident with a great deal of pleasure.

As queen, Juliana has worked vigorously to help develop a spiritual understanding among Europeans. She has sought with other European powers to awaken the people of Europe to their responsibilities. Her government has been influential in the Council of Europe and she has led in the humanitarian efforts of her country to help refugees. The pages of history will record that she was a woman who loved her fellow human beings.

Another remarkable woman for whom I had admiration and affection is Madame Chiang Kai-shek. She had stayed with us at the White House and she came to Hyde Park after Franklin's death. She once told me that she and her husband felt it was their duty to establish democratic government in China and that they should carry on to the bitter end from Formosa or anywhere else in the struggle toward that goal. She always seemed to me to be a woman of great ability, but I never ceased to be perplexed by her ideas about the establishment of democracy. I think that intellectually she understands what democracy means, but despite the fact that she went to college in this country she does not know how to live democracy.

I remember when President Truman sent Gen. George C. Marshall to China during the critical days of the civil war, to attempt to persuade Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to inaugurate governmental reforms in an effort to unite all factions. General Marshall later told me



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that he would get the Generalissimo to agree to various changes that could further a democratic form of government, but the next day Chiang Kai-shek would talk to some standpatter war lord who would persuade him to forget the whole thing. As a result, the idea of democracy was projected, but never put into practice.

Many things have been written about Madame Chiang's wartime visits to the White House which were not completely accurate. She was ill much of the time and had to have trained nurses and special care. She had with her as secretaries her niece and nephew, who were not always as understanding and careful as they should have been about the comfort and convenience of other people. On the whole, I found Madame Chiang a warm and able woman, but when she was dealing with matters of state she could be completely cold and completely determined to achieve what she felt was necessary for her government's good.

Some of my pleasant memories are of visits with members of the British royal family. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth came to the White House before the war and later visited us at Hyde Park. I shall never forget the day they left Hyde Park. It was in June, 1939, when the threat of tragic events in Europe already weighed heavily in all our minds. Franklin and I went with them to the Hyde Park railroad station, where their train was waiting. Nobody had arranged anything special, but, of course, the public knew the time of their departure and crowds had gathered. The steep little knolls rising on each side of the railroad tracks were simply covered with people, who waited, rather silently, until our good-bys were said. But then, as the train pulled out, somebody began singing Auld Lang Syne and then everybody was singing, and it seemed to me that there was something of our friendship and our sadness and something of the uncertainty of our futures in that song that could not have been said as well in any other words. I think the king and queen, standing on the rear platform of the train, were deeply moved. I know I was.

Of course, I saw the king and queen in London during the war when they refused to leave Buckingham Palace to escape the mass bombardment of their capital, but it was not until after the war, in 1946, that I first visited Windsor Castle. In one way I rather dread the formality of any palace visit, but on this occasion some of my friends were there and everything we did was so interesting that I did not have time to think of my shyness or lack of preparation for the visit.

One of the things I worried about, of course, was what kind of clothes I would need. Queen Elizabeth always had such a wonderful wardrobe and always looked as if she had just a moment before been in the hands of a skillful maid and hairdresser, as, indeed, she usually had been. When she was at the White House she was accompanied by three maids and there were hardly enough closets to accommodate all her dresses properly. I myself could not travel in such style, and I did not have much experience to draw on as to what I would need as a guest. I remembered that during the war clothes had been a very unimportant question when I visited England. I was flying then and I was permitted to take very little luggage. Furthermore, there was no elaborate entertaining during the war and I did not need many changes. Even so, I was a bit taken aback when I arrived at Buckingham Palace and was shown my dressing room with huge closets all around the walls. The maid who unpacked my luggage was well trained, but I could see that she was surprised when all she could find to hang up in the enormous expanse of closets was one evening dress, one afternoon dress, a few blouses and an extra skirt.

Remembering that earlier occasion, I felt that no matter what I did this time—in 1946—my wardrobe might be rather skimpy for peacetime. One thing helped me greatly, however. I was in mourning and a black dress is a black dress. No one sees much difference in what you wear in such circumstances. So I took only one dressy evening dress in black, one less dressy evening dress in black, one afternoon dress, a kind of rough country suit and coat, and a simple black dress and long coat. I had two black hats, one designed to withstand the ever-rainy English weather and one a little more dressy for special occasions. As I look back, I am quite sure that I was right and clothes made no difference, for all black dresses look alike. I did not succeed, however, in looking as beautifully perfect on all occasions as the queen did in the United States.

The king and queen were kindness itself. They showed me to my bedroom and sitting room and told me that Queen Mary, the king's mother, was staying over at Windsor Castle to greet me. During my visit, breakfast was brought to our rooms, but luncheon and dinner were served in the big dining room, and at dinner the Highland piper, dressed in kilts and bonnet, came in to march once around the table, playing his bagpipe. There was, of course, much formality, but I was impressed by the easy manner of the king, dressed until dinnertime in tweed jacket and slacks, like a country squire relaxing on the weekend, and by the skill of the queen in keeping their family life on a warm, friendly level even in such a historic setting as Windsor Castle. There were, in fact, many occasions when I felt that I might have been in almost any well-to-do British or American home. Princess Margaret, for example, had some young friends in and they promptly turned on the phonograph to listen to popular records. And I was amused to notice that, like most fathers, the first thing the king said when we came into the room was, "Meg, the music is too loud. Will you please turn it down?"

On our first evening at the palace we were taken on a tour of the galleries after dinner. I observed that, like my mother-in-law at her Hyde Park home, Queen Mary knew where every painting and *objet d'art* was placed—or at least where she thought each one should be placed. As a matter of fact, not everything was in the same place that it had been when she was the mistress of Windsor Castle. She promptly observed with no particular pleasure that the king had changed the hanging of several paintings. Then she must have noticed that some art object was missing, because she asked her son what had happened to it. Perhaps with some hesitation, he replied that the object in question was behind a curtain. It made me realize that the king, like any other son, must watch whatever he does in the light of his mother's interest.

During our tour, we came to a long gallery with a striking portrait in one corner. The king called Princess Margaret to join us and got a stool, which he placed for her to stand on under the portrait. It was a painting of one of the princess' distant ancestors—I simply cannot recall who—and there was a quite remarkable resemblance between the picture and the handsome young girl standing on a stool beneath it. The king seemed pleased to demonstrate the resemblance and doubtless Princess Margaret was accustomed to being asked to climb up on the stool.

The next day we went through the library at Windsor. To me it is one of the most interesting I had ever seen, because of its historic documents, and I was pleased to be shown one of the newer manuscripts, which will one day be a historic document too. Princess Margaret took it out of a case to show it to us. It was an account of the coronation of her father and mother written by Princess Elizabeth, who was a small girl of eleven at the time. It was charmingly done, and later, when Elizabeth herself was crowned, I thought how often her account of that other coronation must have come to her mind.

I was particularly struck by the then Princess Elizabeth, just twenty at the time of my visit, but very serious-minded. She came to me after a dinner given by the Pilgrim Society and said, "I understand you have been to see some of the homes where we are trying to rehabilitate young women offenders against the law. I have not yet been to see them, but could you give me your opinion?"

I told her I was very favorably impressed by the experiment in which the government had taken over some of the country's historic houses that the owners could no longer afford to maintain. These houses had been put under the care of young women prisoners, who, with expert guidance and advice, had done the work of rehabilitating the houses and gardens to preserve them as national monuments. Thus it was hoped not only to maintain these monuments to the past but in doing so to assist the young women to rebuild their own lives in a useful way. What struck me at the time was that this young princess was so interested in social problems and how they were being handled. My old friend, Lady Stella Reading, has an extraordinary organization of women doing voluntary work in England, and she had, I am sure, an influence on the young princesses in helping them to understand the social needs of the country.

One evening at Windsor was particularly interesting to me because Prime Minister Winston Churchill was there and after dinner we played The Game—a form of charades which is also popular in America. Queen Elizabeth acted as a kind of master of ceremonies and picked out the words which the rest of us were called upon to act out in such a way that they could be guessed. She puzzled for some time over various words and occasionally turned to Mr. Churchill for assistance, but without success. The prime minister, with a decoration on the bosom of his stiff white shirt and a cigar in his hand, sat glumly aside and would have nothing to do with The Game, which he obviously regarded as inane and a waste of the time of adults. Not even the queen's pleas for advice could move him to take a small part in the activities. He just kept on being glum.

Mr. Churchill—now Sir Winston—is, of course, one of the very unusual figures of our time. He was frequently at the White House during the tense years of the war and he and Franklin had many interests in common—not counting winning the war—so that they enjoyed each other's company. They could talk for hours after dinner on any number of subjects. My husband, however, was so burdened with work that it was a terrible strain on him to sit up late at night with Mr. Churchill and then have to be at his desk early the next day, while his guest stayed in his room until eleven A.M. I suppose I showed my concern about this at the time, and the prime minister probably remembered it when he said to me, "You don't really approve of me, do you, Mrs. Roosevelt?"

Looking back on it, I don't suppose I really did.

I said good-by to everyone at Windsor Castle on Sunday evening, as I was leaving early Monday morning and did not expect to see them again before my departure. But Queen Mary did not say good-by. Instead, she raised her eyebrows in a question.

"Are not my son and daughter-in-law seeing you in the morning?" she asked in a surprised voice. "I shall see you, in any case!"

I protested, but, to my horror, the next morning she was up and dressed to perfection, her white hair perfectly waved in a kind of pompadour, and waiting in the big corridor to say good-by to me. And she had made her son, the poor king, get up also to see me off!

"Don't tell me there's nothing wrong, young man! I was in failing health before you were born!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—This is the second of five articles. The third will appear next week.

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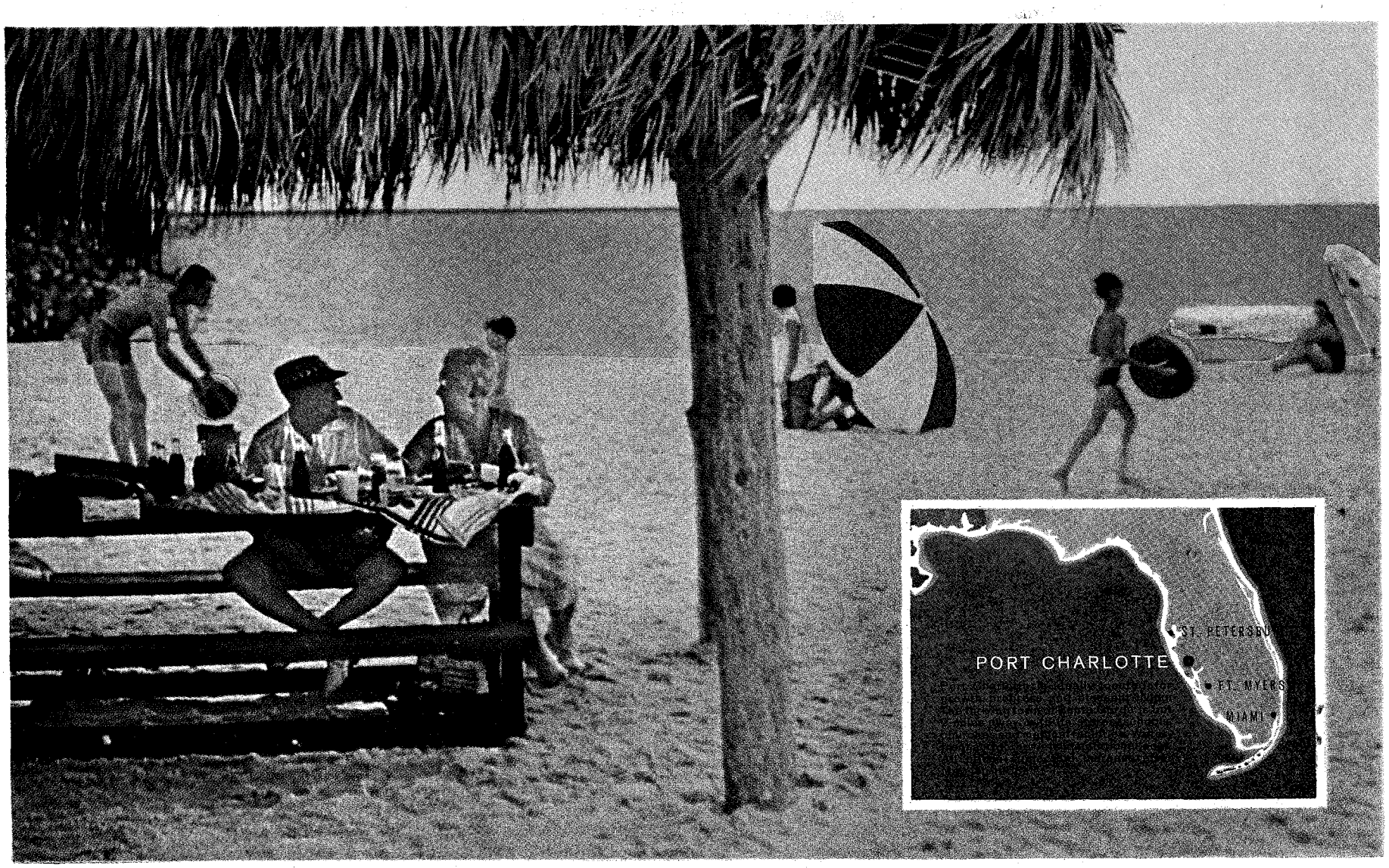

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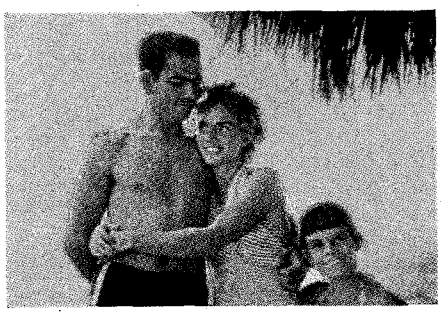

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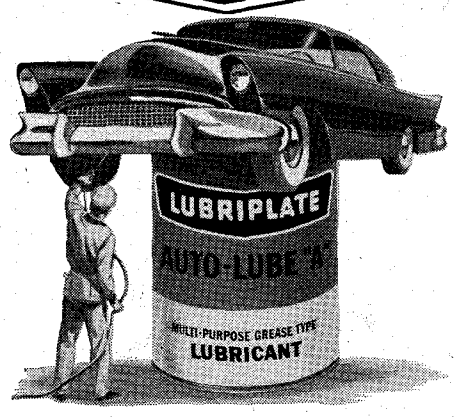

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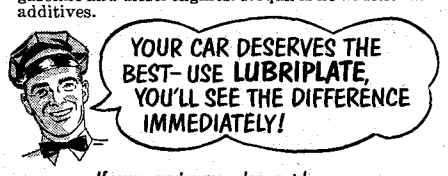

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To take hard knocks
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Cotton's comfort—
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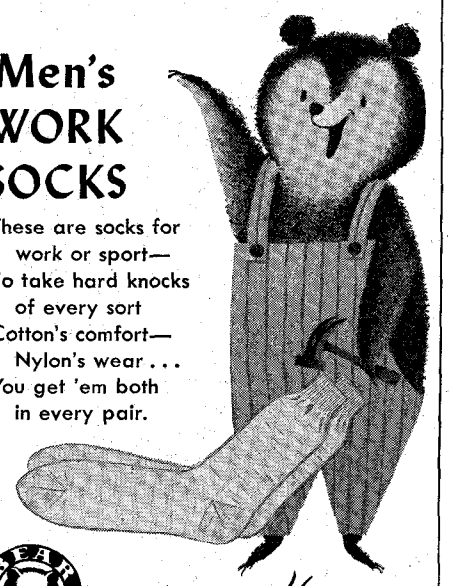

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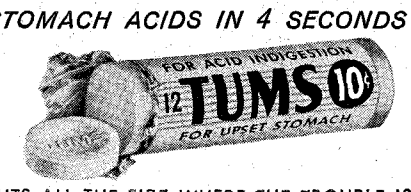

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

Rough Road Home (Continued from Page 30)

newspaper, a bottle of shampoo—all the thousand items which smooth the wheels of family life.

And in a large family, there may, at any moment, be yet another emergency: the pitchfork through Pat's foot; Mary Lee's unidentifiable head-to-toe rash; Pat's chopped finger—"Mother!" Pat called politely, outside my window where I was typing away, "I hate to bother you, but this is an emergency; I chopped off my finger!"—which turned out to be not chopped off completely, but the speed with which Pat plus finger tip reached the surgeon in Hanover had a lot to do with the fact that Pat and finger tip are now firmly grown together.

By fall of '52 our car gave every sign of premature aging. It whined and complained it had lived out its time and wanted only to die in peace. Did we need a pail of calf feed? It couldn't care less. Running low on shingle nails? Too bad. The old buggy is all tuckered out.

I can't see how the car knew if it was a male or female toe pressing the starter, but it did. Many a time the car would start for Longin when it wouldn't start for me, and he didn't touch my adjustment of the choke, either. I found this infuriating, glad as I was to have the car start this one more time and be off on my errands.

Then the vehicle took to not starting unless shoved. Or pulled. Longin would get out the tractor, and tow the car, while I played with clutch pedal and choke like a musician coaxing music from a pump organ.

This would work as long as there was no ice. But when the driveway was slippery, we would have to go the other way, and drag the car toward the field. It was all one to me which direction we went—as long as the car did start.

Once it didn't. Start the car rolling as Longin would, I could not get the motor to catch. We reached the brink of the hill, and still the motor played dead. Longin unhitched the tractor and moved it out of the way, ordered me over into the passenger seat, started the car rolling with a mighty shove, and leaped in.

We jounced down the hill, the car bucking and bobbing over the bare, frozen ground, the motor turning over . . . turning over . . . refusing to catch . . . refusing —— "Hurray! She's started!" I cried in relief. There was nothing ahead but swamp and a stone wall. Coughing, the car announced sulkily that it would go back up the hill under its own power. A good thing it did too. Otherwise it might be there yet.

It was in December of '52, and I had an appointment with the dentist. The roads were packed with snow, the kind we often get that early in winter, snow which halfway melts, and then freezes again, polished to a high sheen. The car of course balked, and Longin tried to conjure it into starting, by oath and legerdemain, but without success. So it was out with the tractor and haul the thing toward the road once again. And could I coax that motor to run? No, I could not.

It was bitter cold and my gloved fingers grew stiff. It was even colder up on the tractor, I knew, where Longin's ears were turning crimson in the wind. After every jerk of the tow chain I had to be very careful not to let the car roll into the tractor, and Longin's face, as he watched my clumsy efforts with clutch and brake, was growing ferocious, and I was growing correspondingly nervous. The wind and the noise of the tractor motor confused me. I couldn't hear what my car's motor was doing. Once I thought it had caught, but I did the wrong thing, and it died. I smiled at Longin in desperate apology.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself!" he roared savagely. "What the hell is so funny, I'd like to know?"

I burst into tears of fury. "I certainly am not enjoying myself!" I sobbed. "I loathe this car. Why does it have to act so, and why do you have to be so hateful?"

We had reached the top of Bests' hill, and Longin was so incensed he decided to start the car by rolling it down that ski jump. I refused to get out. I said he could darn well put up with me in the car; I wasn't going to hike after him like a squaw. Down we plunged, and halfway down, the car began its cheery throbbing racket.

At the bottom of the hill Longin got out and I drove off, neither of us bothering with the amenities. All the way into Woodstock I counted over my grievances as a miser counts gold. How could I stand him? So arrogant, so moody, so hateful! I loathed him!

An addict of fiction on film could have told me what ailed me. I was suffering from Plot One, Grade B, of course. It's a wonder I hadn't seen it for myself.

... ...

Rest Period

Fidget, wiggle, squirm and
jiggle!
Wriggle, wriggle, squeal
and giggle!
Alas, relaxing only serves
To get on healthy
children's nerves!

Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

Howsoever, we worked it out. We turned in the old car for a jeep station wagon, and we decided to get married.

But not right away, of course. Because we couldn't get married until the farm was paying for itself. Gracious, no. It isn't done.

Why isn't it? I don't know. We just had this vague feeling that it would be so much nicer if the farm were a going concern, showing an actual cash profit, not just the intangible kind, full freezers and bushels of potatoes and pork from our own pig and the daily two to three gallons of milk for the kitchen. I pointed out how much healthier we were all getting, full of prance and dance. But even if we put a cash value on feeling full of the old zzazz, Longin said, we were still a long way from recouping our investment in land, barn, animals and machinery. I agreed.

Now in 1953 many dairy farmers were making less than thirty-five cents an hour, not counting the labor of their wives and children, and I don't suppose a decision made at that time to postpone marriage until farm is profitable could really be defined as rational. It was purely an emotional one, based on nothing but the fact that we had a certain pride. And pride, in the country, comes at the very bottom of the list of necessities. As a matter of fact, it ought to head the list of handicaps!

On the other hand, if you are going to live in the country, you must have self-confidence, an unshakable faith in yourself, faith that somehow, come what may, you can take it, you can bounce back, too dumb, if you like, to know when you're licked. Longin and I both have this amateur's ignorance which prevents recognition of defeat, and we both have the kind of self-confidence which blithely assumes we can do anything if we just try hard enough.

Another thing. If you are going to be happy living in the country, you have got to keep clearly in mind that that is where you are—in the country. I think it's nothing short of simple-minded to move from the city and then fret because the country is different. Of course it is. Different, mind you—not worse. Different.

So I am simple-minded, because at first I did a lot of fretting. I kept my nails lacquered, for example. I had worn them that way for years; they were part of "me," I thought. And I tried to keep them that way, and would put on gloves when gardening, if you please.

It finally seeped into my mind that the state of my nails was of little cosmic importance; if I had to grow vegetables, and harvest them, and put them up for winter, then I had to, so enjoy it, and the heck with Pink Passion Polish. You can't grow anything, I found out, if you're afraid to get your hands in the dirt, and that goes for children as well as Swiss chard.

When I went down to New York to get myself a dress to get married in, I decided to live it up and I had my hair done and my nails too. The chic little maiden picked up my paw and gasped, "What has madame been doing with her hands?"

"Using them," I told her happily.

Human beings could use some of that amazing stuff you pour around the roots of a plant newly moved from one location to another. It cushions the plant against the shock of being transplanted. Keeps the plant from wilting, from losing its *joie de vivre*. A little would help us poor human transplants, yanked forcibly out of one environment and told to grow and like it, adapt yourself, and no neuroses, please.

This period of transition, when the shock of having been transplanted is wearing off, is a painful period, not because of any large-scale adjustments you are called upon to make, but because of the little ones. The big things—the silence, the time to think, the sweep of the seasons and the imperative demands of the weather, the feeling of being far away from crowds—these are the reasons you moved to the country in the first place. These things come naturally. It's the little things.

For me it was paper napkins instead of cloth. Not bathing every day. Longin not shaving every day. Home haircuts. Seldom if ever attending a party limited to adults. Ordering my shoes by mail. Utterly new topics of conversation.

When, at last, I spent an entire evening discussing the virtues of different kinds of fertilizer, analyzing the wisdom or stupidity of the soil-conservation people, and orally tarring and feathering the villain in the Criminal Case of the Price of Milk, I knew I had weathered the worst of my uprooting, and was beginning to feel at home.

I am very much afraid, though, that in order to enjoy, or even to become used to, the number-one topic in country conversation, I should have been born here. I mean, of course, health. Ill health, that is. In Vermont, where it has been said it's bad manners to die before ninety-five, almost no one will admit to feeling well when asked, and the innocent greeting "How are you?" brings forth such a detailed description of the begreeted's bowels, digestive process, advancement of pregnancy, heart, lungs, shoulder joint, knees, teeth, throat, head, eyes and nerves—which are sluggish, touchy, still not certain, givin' out, weak, lame, swollen up, ripe for pullin', raspy, heavy, spots

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before, and all wore out—that it's no wonder Vermonters are chary of opening a conversation with a stranger. Let *him* ask how *you* are.

I don't know why Vermonters are so proud to be sick. Not all, to be sure. I heard one spare old man reply, dryly, "Oh, I ain't complainin'. Wouldn't do me no good if I did—nobuddy'd listen."

It was as refreshing as a swig of hard cider.

And there was another old man, an independent fellow who took to a cabin in the woods, who, when asked by passing lumbermen how he did, replied, "I hear tell I'm s'posed to have lost my mind." He waved away their offers of sympathy. "I don't keer if I have," he drawled. "I cain't say as I've missed it!"

Another thing that was hard to get used to is the way Vermonters talk about other Vermonters. Men are seldom praised, even by other men. Once in a while you may hear (cautiously) that So-and-So is a hard worker, but that is as far as anyone cares to go. If a man escapes being described as drinking too much, being free with his money, chasing other men's wives, or even being an outright thief, you can assume he is sober, prudent, faithful and honest.

When a woman is well spoken of, she is invariably "a good worker"—for the P.T.A., the Grange, the church. Should she stick close to home, "she minds her own business." If she doesn't criticize anything (publicly), she "fits in nice." A woman's figure is never mentioned in an approving way; if she's slender, she "looks all wore out," and if she is stout, she "sure has let herself go." I have never once heard a Vermonter describe any woman, native or newcomer, as gay, or lighthearted, or a fascinating conversationalist, or charming, or beautiful, well-dressed, clever, well-read, entertaining to know.... Never, not once. If there is a woman here who has any of these qualities, her friends are very loyal and never mention the disgraceful fact.

Oh, well, I really don't want Vermonters to be like everybody else. Humanity wouldn't be as much fun, all homogenized.

There was a young man visiting at Turners' once, a very young man from down country, full of the joy of living, and he used to stroll the roads and sing. The local rumor was that he was crazy. Once in a while, in sheer exuberance, he would shoot off a gun at the sky. Crazier than a skunk at moonrise.

I shudder to think what must be Longin's reputation. Longin sings too. When he rides the tractor hour after hour, plowing, harrowing, mowing, raking, he sings. You can't make out the words above the sound of the tractor motor, but it's perfectly obvious he is glad to be alive, and not ashamed to show it.

When he was shingling the barn roof, you could hear him half a mile away, chanting in Polish in time with the pounding of his hammer. "What were you singing?" I asked once.

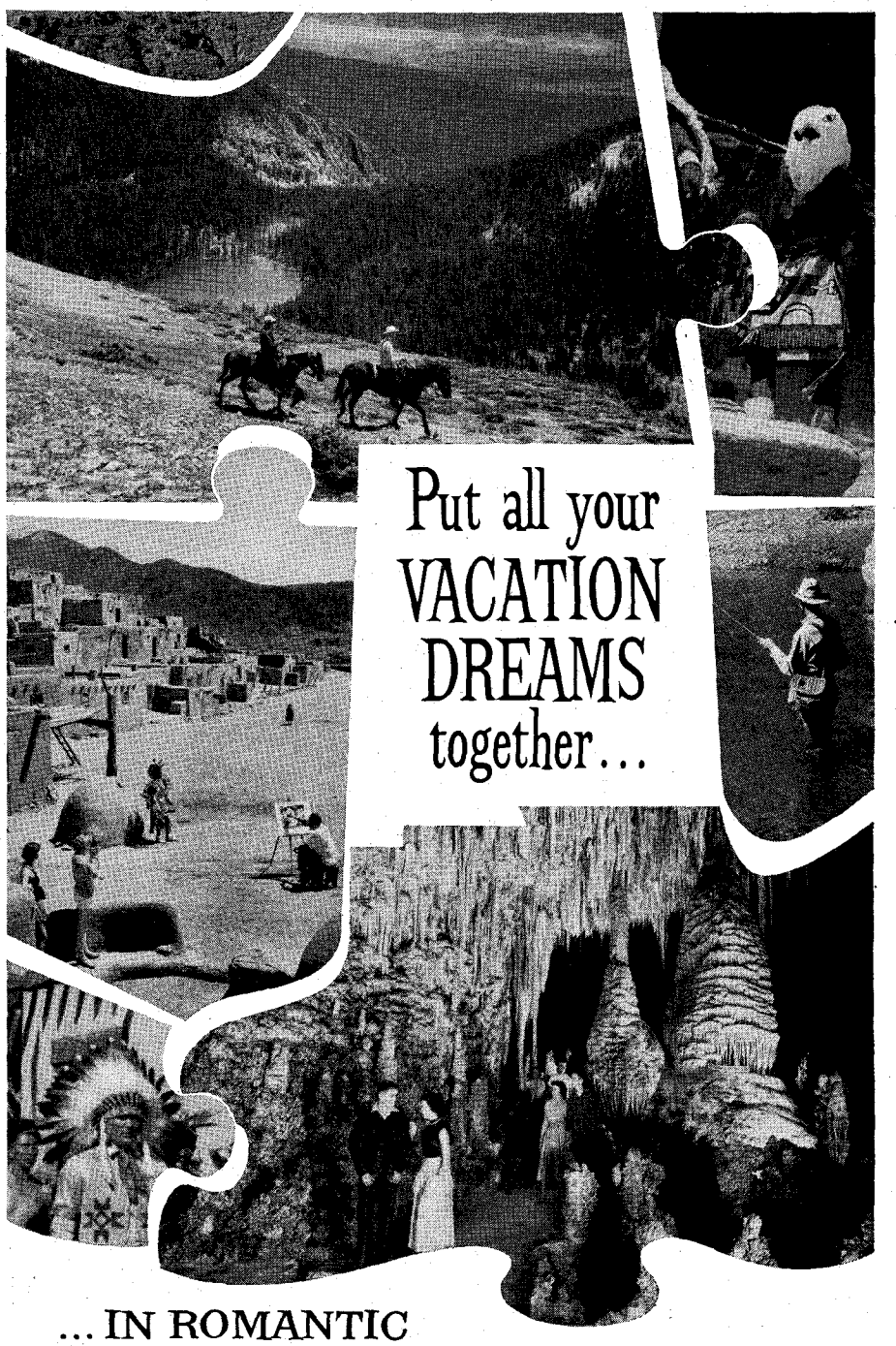
"That's a song about a dog roaming the fields, happy because he isn't married," he answered, grinning wickedly. When he goes after his cows, he sings. Loudly. Very loudly. "My cows, my cows, my beautiful, beautiful cows." In English, what's more, thus confirming everybody's fears about his mental health.

We had discarded old ways and standards, we had managed more or less to accept new ones, but our visiting friends and relatives had not, and I felt for them. Everything was such a shock. "We don't open the front door in the winter, darlings, come in this way"—this way being through the workroom, past heaps of laundry being sorted for the wash. "Can you climb over that board? We hook it across the stairs because of the baby." ... "We can sleep two of you in the living room, and set up the cot in the workroom, and if we spread the sleeping bag out of the way in the dining room, no one will walk on you in the night." ... "I'm awfully sorry, but we haven't any water for a bath. No, I don't mean hot water, I mean we haven't any water. Just as soon as I get the roast in the oven, I'll drive you down to the brook and you can sponge off."

Sometime early in the spring of 1953—it was well before we sprayed the new apple trees, because I remember that very clearly, feeling very gay at the time, and laughing and talking the while, and unaware of inhaling spray, until the next day, when my lungs were on fire, and Longin, reading the label on the can of spray, turned white and said, "My God, this is more poisonous than the Army's poison gas!"—sometime before this near-suicide

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's of a personal nature."



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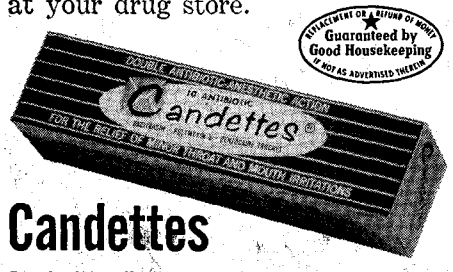

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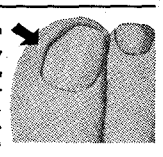

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of mine, as I say, it rained, and then it seemed to be giving it up, like a bad habit, because it didn't rain again until long after corn-planting time.

The field where we had had our grass fire was to be a permanent mowing, and Longin planned to plant it first to corn and then to grass. So he plowed, and spread lime and fertilizer, and harrowed, and harrowed again; but he could plant only the corn; it was too dry to plant the grass further down the slope; the soil was like powder.

I had planted my vegetable garden, and the children and I lugged water by the bucketful every other night, soaking the thirsty soil along the rows of spindly seedlings. If we could only keep them going, we thought, until their taproots had sunk down to the moisture a foot or more deep, perhaps we could save some of the garden, anyway.

The children developed primitive superstitions, and performed every trick they had ever heard of which might bring rain: they killed a frog, tossed salt out of doors, beat on my rain tom-tom—a relic of my handicraft days at Girl Scout camp—and did what they claimed was a rain-making dance of Aztec origin. I, too, tried to appease the angry rain god, and left my washing on the line overnight, and the station-wagon windows rolled down.

The corn seed wisely remained dormant. Longin, digging gently through the powdery soil, could find no sign of swelling life in the dry, hard seed.

Once in a great while we would be promised "possible thundershowers," and the sky might cloud over. But no rain fell. Once a single huge black cloud came and crouched directly over the farm. Then, as we watched hopefully, blue sky appeared along the eastern horizon and began to shove the cloud back. Here and there a single drop of rain splattered into the dust—I felt one on my face—and then the cloud moved sullenly off, and released a downpour on West Windsor that lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Longin was nearly beyond speech.

Then the wind swung to the north, and for several days blew hot, dry and strong. And day after day the dark clouds rose over the fields, clouds of soil, tons and tons of priceless soil, centuries of soil, blown away on the wind, blown away forever. Wherever I worked in the house, I could hear the wind, never stopping, robbing us of our wealth, our treasure of soil, irreplaceable in our lifetime or in several lifetimes.

At last the wind died, and it was possible to go outdoors without the taste of soil in one's mouth, the grit of soil under one's eyelids. Longin and I went to look at our fields, and we were heartsick. The corn seed, which had been planted inches under the surface, was exposed, row after row. We walked along, poking the seed under, stunned by the knowledge that more than three inches of topsoil had been blown right off the field.

One Friday evening I decided to start painting the barn. Perhaps that would bring rain. I recruited Pat and Chris and we began. It was a very hot and sultry day, ninety-six degrees in the shade, and the entire kitchen garden began to look dehydrated. Toward evening, storm clouds gathered. They don't mean a thing, I thought bitterly, taking down the washing and going indoors to do the supper dishes. I'm sick of being disappointed, I refuse to get my hopes up.

Then I heard the children screaming joyfully. "It's going to rain, it really is, it really is!" I rushed outdoors. Toward the northwest I could see a gauzy curtain between earth and sky—rain! Across the valley it was, it really was raining!

And then we could hear the rain coming, rustling and rushing through the woods, drumming up across the pasture, and at last it swept across the parched lawn and reached us where we stood. The children stretched their arms out to catch the falling water. O blessed, blessed rain!

Longin had his eyes closed and his mouth wide open, and his upturned face wore an expression of sheerest bliss. My hair flattened and dripped delicious wetness down my neck, and I slipped off my shoes and pranced about in the soaked grass like a happy savage. The children leaped into swim suits and splashed noisily in the puddles that appeared like magic in the driveway.

It was only a thundershower. Before dark the rain stopped, and in the morning, when we probed anxiously into the ground, we found that the moisture had penetrated only a few inches.

Every now and then I read about water shortages in the suburbs. Folks aren't supposed to wash their cars, it seems, or water their lawns, or change the water in their swimming pools. Newspaper editorials advocate that civic-minded men skip shaving every day.

That is not a water shortage. A water shortage is when you turn on the faucet and nothing comes out.

When our spring went dry in July, we had a goodly choice of things we could do. We—that is, Longin—could dig deeper, hoping to find another vein of water. The only other time this spring ever went dry—a statement which bewildered me, because I could distinctly remember being told this spring never went dry—the only other time, Burke or Bowers or whoever it was living here at the time, Clifford said, started digging and the water came in so fast he nearly drowned before he could climb out.

So Longin dug down, and down, and down, with pickax and crowbar and spade, and rented the town's air hammer, and drilled through rock, but all he accomplished was to get the mud at the bottom of the hole to be a little bit wetter.

During this time Longin was hauling water from the Meteses', who had very kindly offered us as much water as we needed from their overflow, but in due time there was no overflow; and the Bests' spring was threatening to go dry.

Longin, who meanwhile had made a trailer for his tractor, borrowed some of Clifford's extra milk cans and hauled water for the cows from the brook nearly a mile away, and, for the house, from the spring just below the cemetery. We didn't bother to have this water tested for purity; all we asked was for water that was wet.

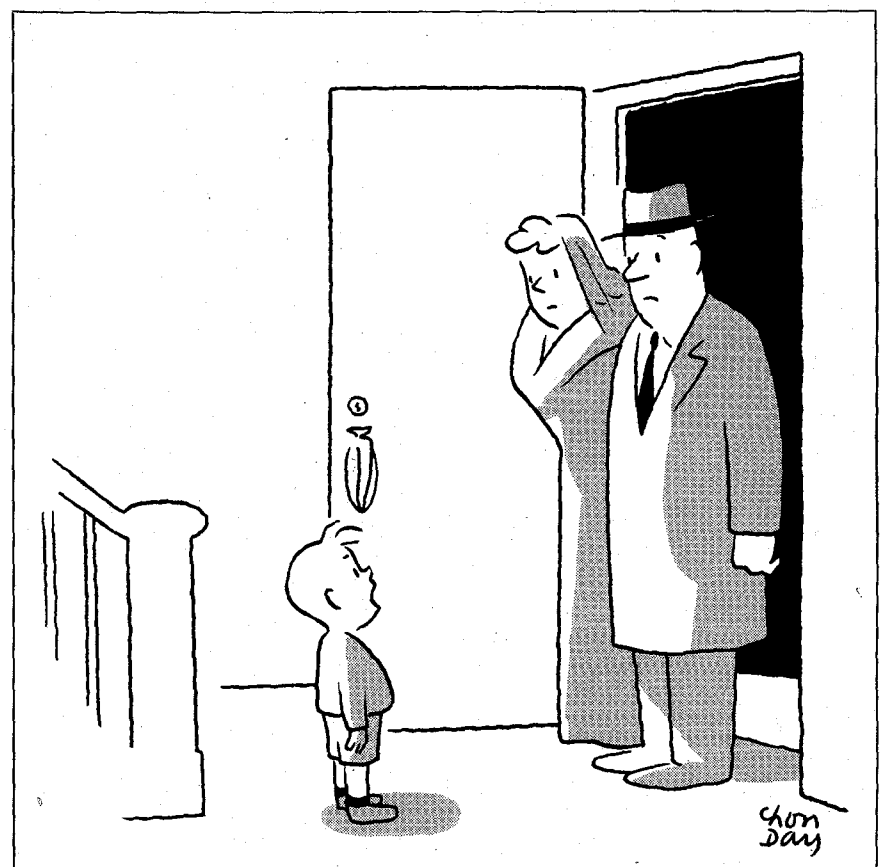
Another thing we could do was to inquire about ponds, and the digging thereof, and the paying therefor. A pond might trap some of that water seeping so wastefully below the spring, water which had turned nearly two acres into a swampy place too wet for pasture even if the cows wore galoshes.

A pond, we learned, costs hundreds and hundreds of dollars; not only must we pay the cost of excavating and the cost of transporting enormous machinery miles and miles to get here, but we must pay for the lumber to prop up the bridges on the lower road so that the enormous and expensive machinery will not collapse them.

It was at this point that we heard a most enchanting rumor. The Government—whoever that is—is all in favor of farm ponds. Every Farm Should Have a Pond. The Government is so very much in favor of farm ponds that it, or they, will go shares with a farmer wanting a pond, provided, of course, the farmer wants his pond for practical reasons such as conservation of water, irrigation, watering livestock, and so on.

If the farmer—or, more likely, his children—wants the pond for fishing, canoeing, swimming, ice skating or as artistic background for a barbecue, he would be advised not to mention this until after he has his pond. And then he would be advised not to mention this to me.

We put in our application for a pond. Then we waited for the proper surveyors to come and survey. The Government likes to be sure the pond will be dug where water will flow into it, and where water will stay in, once it gets there. While we waited, the bridges were propped up with sturdy lumber for the passage of road-building machinery working nearby. Once



"The sitter chickened out at 9:15."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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this job was done, the lumber might be removed.

"We ought to dig now," Longin said. "It wouldn't cost us anything to get the machinery over the bridges."

His impatience increased as the dragline arrived at Bests' to dig a drainage ditch. "Dragline is right next door!" he exploded. "I have surveyed, I know where pond should be, soil there is good clay. Why don't the surveyors come?"

We didn't know what to do. We needed water desperately, and we needed it at once. Would it cost us less to go shares with Clifford on transportation and pay the whole cost of excavation, or wait until later, pay all transportation costs, and have Government help on the excavating costs? But after all, what if we had not chosen the pond's site wisely? What if we should spend all that money and water wouldn't stay and there we'd be with a huge expensive hole? We decided to wait.

Late in August the surveyors got around to surveying and they said Longin's site was excellent. Pond site was approved; pond construction was approved. Now we had merely to wait for our turn at the machinery, which, by now, was miles and miles away.

So we waited. We waited through the fall of '53 and the winter and the following spring, and into the summer, when at last we received a communication concerning our pond. Approval for assistance for our pond had been withdrawn, said this communiqué, because our farm carried insufficient cows to justify the expense.

Longin's temper flared like a skyrocket. Why couldn't they have said so when the dragline was right next door? How did they think the farm could carry more cows until there was water for more cows? The hell with aid from the Government.

Longin called Leslie Lyman in North Hartland, who enjoys a splendid reputation locally for having great skill with a bulldozer, and Lyman came, bringing his bulldozer, and in exactly one day, or, to be more precise, four and a half hours, he bulldozed out not one but two ponds—true, not large, but the cows can drink from them—and a ramp for loading cattle on the truck, and a lane over the hill to the far-west field, and a smooth place in the barnyard where machinery can turn to go into the pole barn. The bill: $29.

"The hell with help from the Government," I echoed.

I used to think, when I was young and slightly more foolish than I am now, that it is absurd to live in a house with an attic. I no longer think so. Now I long for an attic, where the sounds of life in the rest of the house reach only faintly, where it is quiet, and cluttered with memories, and crowded everywhere with all the things I have learned at last not to be so silly as to throw away, because I shall need them again sometime.

The children's cribs, high chairs (we have two of each), rocking horses; pup tents, bedding rolls; sleds, skis, ice skates; various battered suitcases; ski boots; lamps with broken necks; Bob's letters from overseas in '44–'45; my letters from England, '39; the puppet theater I made at the age of ten; the box of Nazi decorations and such which Bob picked up on his trip through Belgium and the Siegfried Line, except for his Luger pistol, which was swiped by the moving men when we left Monroe; my wedding dresses (two); the box of beautiful baby clothes my mother made for my brother Ted, with the yards-long baptismal dress worn by all her children and all mine—except Chris, who was enormous—and which, pray God, my many, many grandchildren-to-be will wear.

Oh, an attic is something that I long for now. Because all these treasures of this family are now stashed around here and there throughout the house, wherever the roof doesn't leak, in boxes under the beds, crammed underfoot in the clothes closets, stretched out on the joists of the garage.

I got to thinking about attics, and how Every Family Should Have an Attic, because there is a special kind of attic which the family living in the country ought to have, and that is storage space for Necessities and Other Useful Articles Needed on Short Notice, such as several dozen flashlight batteries.

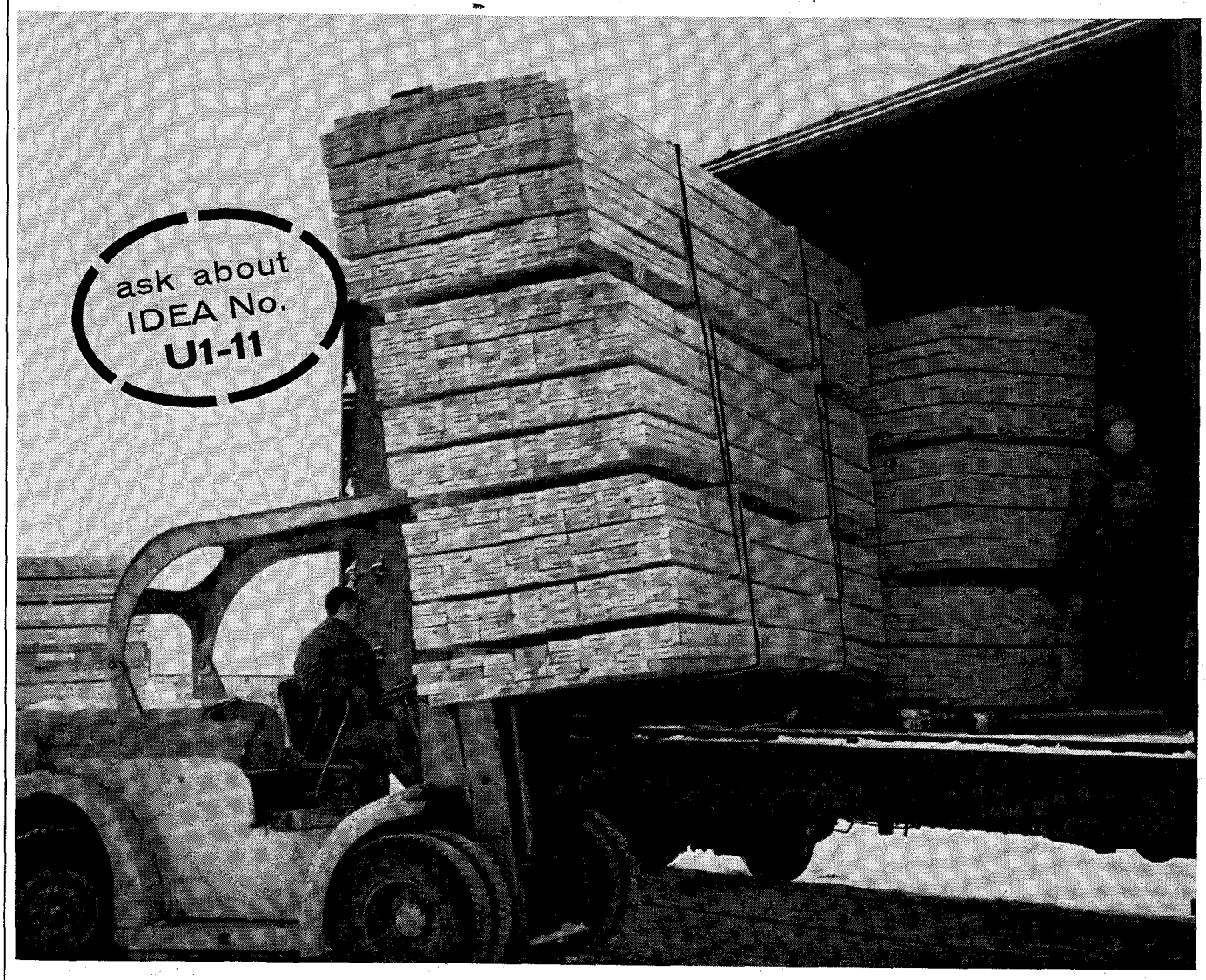
There are occasions in the country when the electricity does go off, such as the times after supper when two or three of the smaller children are playing porpoise in the bathtub, and blink! no lights.

Or peace has descended at last, at nine-thirty P.M., and you sink gratefully down onto the sofa—which sinks gracefully down onto the floor—and you just get one character murdered by means foul and Lord Peter Wimsey has strolled in—— No lights. At times like these, flashlights are imperative, and in our house somebody has always just turned it on to see if it still works—and left it on.

Hence the supply of batteries to fix the flashlights so you can find the matches and the kerosene and the lamps—which have to be kept hidden; and if there isn't any kerosene, then for goodness' sake find the box of candle ends, isn't it in the carton of Christmas wrappings?

No, it isn't.

Once in a great while the power fails in the winter because of snow on the lines, and this is a delight. There is brilliant,



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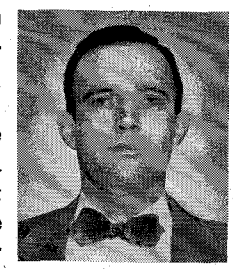

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dazzling white glittery beauty from every window, and inside the house such peace and quiet as to be almost tangible. No rattling heater in the bedroom, no pulsing oil burner, churning washing machine, rumbling freezers, patient, complaining refrigerator. There is no sound from outdoors; no cars pass, no one is cutting wood in this wet snow, and if there are soft cluckings in the hen house or gentle sighs in the barn, the sounds are too faint to travel through the storm windows.

I'm afraid my idea of a storage place for Useful Articles Likely to Be Needed isn't such a very good idea, because the things one may need the most can't be stored anywhere. Such as the ability to read the future, for instance. A small dollop of this would enable me to buy, this trip, the replacement for the spool of yellow silk which is going to roll into the crack in the floor next week, without which Chris cannot finish that dry fly for trout or smallmouthed bass, a task of highest priority because it's only five weeks to fishing season and gosh, he has only seven dozen flies on wires strung across his wall now.

In a large family, it would be so much easier to keep the peace if one never never had to hear the wail, "But when are you going to town again? I have a great big rip in my rubber boots!" Or, "But I told you every single pair of my socks is too small! I suppose you want me to go to school barefoot."

Off I go again, grimly wishing I could read people's minds, read the future, or read the riot act; effectively, I mean. Off to town again, and I swore I wouldn't go in again this week.

Driving over our roads, which sometimes are so savagely rutted and jagged with rocks that I wonder if I wouldn't be better off driving on the stone walls that border them, I can understand how it came about, before the advent of paved roads, that a man's house was his cherished refuge. No wonder it was cherished, no wonder it was considered almost sacred. It was so doggoned difficult to get there.

I feel the same way about our house, every time I return from town. I'm never really sure that I'm going to make it. Even when my vehicle remains intact, there is the possibility of impassable drifts, of super-slippery hills, of hub-deep mud.

When at last the car and I pant exhausted but triumphant to the top of Bests' hill, and I can see the house once again, windows wandering casually and skinny chimney and the bushes all crushed from last winter's snow, it may be just a plain, rather bleak, and certainly crumbling house, but it is ours and I am home and I say, "Well, look at that nice house! I wonder who lives here?" And the children say (I almost always have some of the children with me), "Probably somebody pretty nice!" And they giggle.

Once, when I was alone, I thought to come home from Woodstock the short way, only ten miles, versus seventeen the long way through Four Corners. Here in the spring the water runs down the center of the road and you feel like an adventurous trout. Let there be a rainy spell, and the road makes like mud season and is exceedingly difficult even in four-wheel drive, low gear. Well, this time that I speak of, there had been rain and the road was muddy.

I was churning along at four miles an hour and feeling rather anxious lest my speed slacken to nothing, the nearest tractor being at least a mile and a half away; and I was dodging as many chuckholes as I could, and endeavoring to pick the shallower ruts, when I spied a spotless new sign perched on the bank. "Hartland," it read, "speed limit 35 miles per hour."

The Metes boys once talked of putting a sign at the top of Bests' hill. "Congratulations! You made it!"

Speaking of Bests' hill and road conditions, let me tell you about our wedding.

Longin and I did, of course, come to our senses and realize that to wait until the farm made a profit was a highly impractical plan. So when at Eastertime in '53 dad came to spend a few days, he and Longin had a very formal talk, both being sticklers for tradition. After that we decided that Saturday the second of May would be a convenient date, relatives and friends thus not having to lose time from work, and the children could attend the ceremony without missing any school. This sort of reasoning, my dear children, is the ghastly kind of practicality that afflicts people past thirty.

I was rather anxious to see what Bruce, Ted and Mary would think of all this. Bruce, the laconic type, never expressed himself one way or another, as I can remember. Mary said to me, "Lucky, lucky, lucky you," which was precisely how I felt too. And Ted wrote: "We're both awfully happy that you and Longin have decided to join forces. It is seldom that a bunch of children get so adequate an opportunity to break in a new papa. . . ."

Ah, so. Very true.

I don't suppose many weddings have been planned with such blithe disregard of what is done. We did send off announcements to the newspapers of our coming marriage, giving pedigrees and blood lines of the principals, and we phoned and wrote a number of people to urge them to drop in after the ceremony.

And then I went off on what Longin has always referred to as my honeymoon, a week in and around New York during which I spent two days helping Mary clean the attic in our old home in Essex Fells, ate a number of festive meals with friends, saw some shows, and shopped every store on Fifth Avenue—windowshopped, that is. I even managed to accomplish what I had gone for in the first place—I bought my wedding dress, hat and shoes.

Dad drove me back to Vermont, where I promptly came down with Virus XYZ, and for two days, if asked, couldn't have said if I wished to live or die. On Thursday the last day of April, I sprang from my bed and began slicking up the house.

On Friday I drove to Windsor for groceries and flowers for the table, and returned home to find dad hacking away with a sledge hammer at the ledge on Meteses' hill. Longin was in the cellar propping up the beams.

"Can't you make dad stop?" I said. "He's out there with a sledge hammer."

"You make him stop," Longin said. "You've known him longer than I have." He was hammering away at a prop under the kitchen. "It will give very common tone to our wedding if everybody falls through collapsed floor."

After a while my father came in, tossed his cap jauntily onto a peg, and announced that that ledge, at least, would give no trouble to city-bred cars. He seemed very pleased with himself.

Saturday morning the second of May dawned cold and snowy. It was what I always like to think of as a typical Vermont wedding day: four inches of snow, caps of white on the daffodil blossoms, clusters of snowlike cotton-wool on the lilac buds.

Long before I was ready to leave for the church, I could see that children are most impractical to have around before the wedding.

For example:

KITTY: You mean you and Longin are going away alone? Without us? Well, I never heard of such a thing!

CHRIS: Why do us kids have to have separate punch? What's going into the grownups' that we can't have?

PAT: Gee, mother, you sure are all dressed up. Hey, Longin, you ought to see how dressed up mother is. She sure is taking this seriously!

KITTY: Mother, shall I just go and see if Longin has the ring?

ME: No! Leave him alone! Leave me alone! Go away and get yourself ready! Brush your hair, wash your hands, but go away.

CHRIS: Why can't I wear my blue jeans? They're clean.

ME: Because I'm getting married, that's why.

By nine-thirty Longin had finished his chores and was ready to leave in the station wagon, taking with him Pat, Kitty and Chris. I was to follow with dad and Mike. I was ready by quarter to ten, which was cutting things a bit fine. And then dad, overcome by caution, decided to go the long way round. The road was frosted lightly with snow, and we got stuck on the ledge. Back down and try again. . . . Stuck. Back down and try once more. . . . Made it!

I was only twenty-five minutes late to the church.

I shed my boots and put on my slippers and we all walked up the aisle. The church was icy cold, I was told afterwards, but I never noticed. The ceremony was brief and very beautiful. I could only think how wise and good is God to give us such overflowing fountains of happiness to enrich and bless our days on earth, with no nonsense about whether or not we deserve it or have earned it.

It was raining when we reached the door of the church. Everyone clustered about, laughing and talking, and we managed at last to divide up the children into various cars. Longin and I went on home ahead of everyone, and we reached home without adventure, and so did everyone else, except the Krebs, who got stuck on Bests' hill, and Lloyd came rushing out with the tractor and hauled them to the top.

In spite of the sleety roads, the house was jammed with friends, new and old. Ted took pictures of the Ogdens presenting us with homemade champagne; of the children hunched on the stairs with plates of ice cream and cake; of folks sampling the punch, which I was told was sufficiently heady, though I wouldn't know, being intoxicated with joy and nervous exhaustion; of the cake itself, a triumph baked by Mrs. Levy of Three Corners; of the daffodils with their ridiculous caps of snow; of Longin coming in from chores in the barn; of Longin and me leaving for our twenty-four-hour honeymoon, courtesy of dad, who volunteered to milk Jenny that night and the next morning.

The Meteses remembered rice, and some of our more jovial new friends attended to the string of tin cans. Off we went, windshield wiper snapping at the snow, station wagon in four-wheel drive.

On Sunday the third of May the sun came out, and we drove into the White Mountains, and there were ten inches of snow, and we passed a snowplow. Shortly after noon we turned back and headed home.

"I wonder if children are all right," said Longin.

"I miss them," I said in deep contentment.

"Jeepers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

EDITORS' NOTE: The author's "deep contentment" with life in Vermont continues.

This May second (1958) will be the fifth wedding anniversary of Melissa and Longin Ambros, and on that day they plan to move fifty yards up the hill to the new eight-room house that Longin has built with lumber sawed from their own timber. There from her kitchen window Melissa will be able to look far out over Lull Brook Valley north into Vermont.

Because Mike, now fifteen, still cannot talk and has a mental age of twenty months, he has been placed in a school for retarded children where he is safer and happier, unable to harm himself and where his world is geared to his mental level.

Since her marriage to Longin, the author's family (originally the five Coughlin children: Mike, and his twin, Pat, fifteen and now in high school; Chris, thirteen; Kitty, ten, and Mary Lee, six) has increased by two: Victor, four, and Theodore, two. In addition to these, the farm now supports fifteen milking Jerseys, two pigs, 50 hens and two roosters, seventeen cats, and Madeline, an English shepherd that is successor to Butch.

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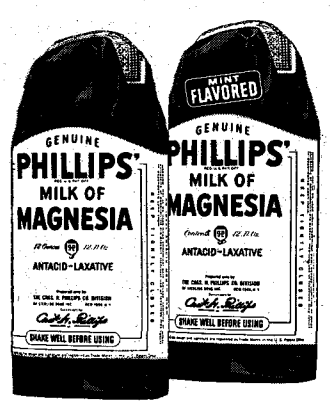

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Keeping Posted

Photographer Joern Gerdts and his favorite models: Mrs. G., Christopher and Stefanie.

Double-Duty Photographer

Let's consider the talented photographer, **Joern Gerdts,** whose pictures grace two of the articles in this week's issue. But first let's consider his wife, Louise.

One day Mrs. Gerdts was sitting in her dentist's chair in Salt Lake City looking horrified. To get the lady's mind off her teeth, Dr. R. L. Sweeten told her about a trip he had taken with his cousin, rancher Lonnie Howard, into Arizona's wild and woolly Bloody Basin country. The subject so diverted Mrs. Gerdts that she proposed it as an article idea to **Paul Schubert,** who has teamed with her husband on other Post pieces. So on page 36 is the result of Mrs. G.'s excellent helpmating. Gerdts' other job this week falls on page 30—the final installment of the superbly illustrated Melissa Mather Ambros series.

Gerdts was born and reared in Germany, but he had to get out of there, because on the day he was graduated from high school (when he was already a successful magazine photographer) he playfully rigged up a picture of Hitler's face on the body of a donkey. He finagled a student's visa to America, and arrived just in time to have his cameras impounded as a World War II enemy alien. He tried to join our Army, but couldn't—nearsighted. So he got a work permit and ran a ski shop on Donner Summit in California; and an American lady named Louise, a skiing fan, too, happened to be working there, which is how they happened to get married. In Joern's postwar photography, his wife doubled uncounted times as a model; then baby Christopher came along to help her, and later sister Stefanie showed up to help *him.*

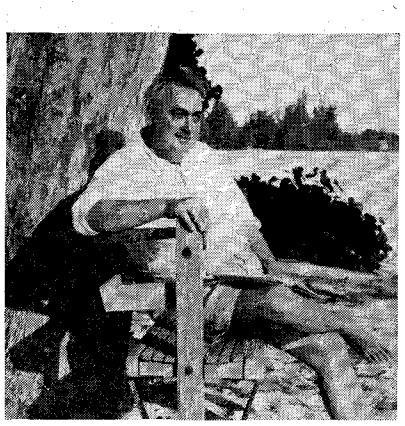
Louise says Joern is a dedicated photographer, who must have everything just right; hence he spent a whole month on Mrs. Ambros' Vermont farm last fall. One problem was that the maple leaves didn't turn crimson on schedule—some of the trees came through three weeks late, and some just dropped their leaves green.

You Get the Best and the Most in the Post

In 1957, 66 books were published which contained material previously or simultaneously appearing in the Post. Nine of them made The New York Times best-seller list, including the top four nonfiction items throughout most of this winter, and four were book-club selections. Total print order: 6,474,022 books.

Tales of the Authors

Tish, Leigh and Mrs. Marshall Skinner.



"Photo of me at work," says Robert Standish.

Marshall Skinner (she's a Mrs.) graduated in journalism from Louisiana State U. after an interruption—she was suspended for objecting to Huey Long censoring the college newspaper. Later, while working as a congressional clerk in Washington, she acquired a husband and an idea for the story on page 34. "In recent years my main creative efforts have been Letitia, 15, and Leigh, 9." They all live in Northbrook, Ill., but, disliking cold weather, they vacation at the warmer end of California, "where we expect to go instead of to heaven when we die, if not before."

Robert Standish, page 28, says that while gathering material for a book, he and his wife drove 4000 miles through a pretty dark part of Africa. In Tanganyika a lioness, who had cubs to defend, just yawned at them, and in Uganda they had to drive around a thoroughly bored elephant. "Nothing ever happens to me that would interest Keeping Posted readers." Well, don't give up.

Joe Reichler, page 21, thinks that baseball fans ought to know that record books, the press and letter writers all spell pitcher **Burdette's** first name "Lew," but that for autographs, checks, letters, everything, *he* signs it "Lou." Why doesn't Lou correct the error? "What's the difference?" he philosophizes. "They can spell it their way, I'll spell it mine."

NEXT WEEK'S POST: "What a Mess I've Made of Things!"

What's behind this singer's battles with the press? What about his alleged underworld connections? Vic Damone will tell you.

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